

LAS
IA
a public
March 2025


DON'T BE SURPRISED!
THE FULL VERSION OF THE MAGAZINE
Only I sell it and it is through my email
enrique.rojas.roman@gmail.com


THE PACK
CAN BE
DOWNLOADED FROM
THE FLEA FILES
FOLDER

ARTBOOK'S - VINTAGE - VIDEOS - PELÍCULAS - HENTAI - ARTE -

CINE - EROTISMO - PORNOGRAFÍA - LIBROS - NOVELAS GRÁFICAS - REVISTAS -

CORTOMETRAJES - MÚSICA - MANGAS - ARTBOOK'S - VINTAGE -

LIBROS - NOVELAS GRÁFICAS - REVISTAS - CORTOMETRAJES - MÚSICA - MANGAS -



LASCIVIA

una publicación para gente grande

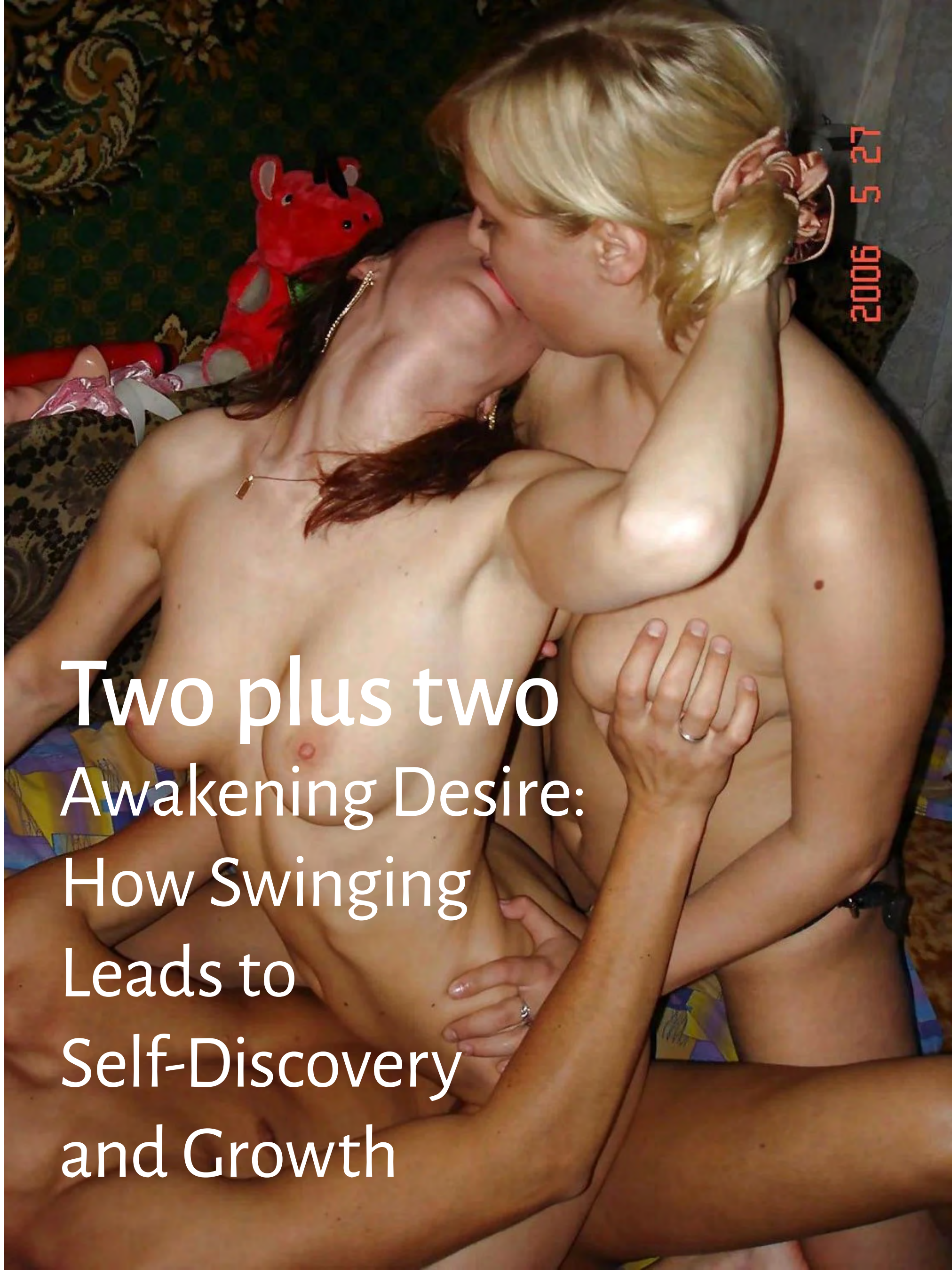



CONTENT
March / year 11 no.125
EDITORIAL

THE FLEA

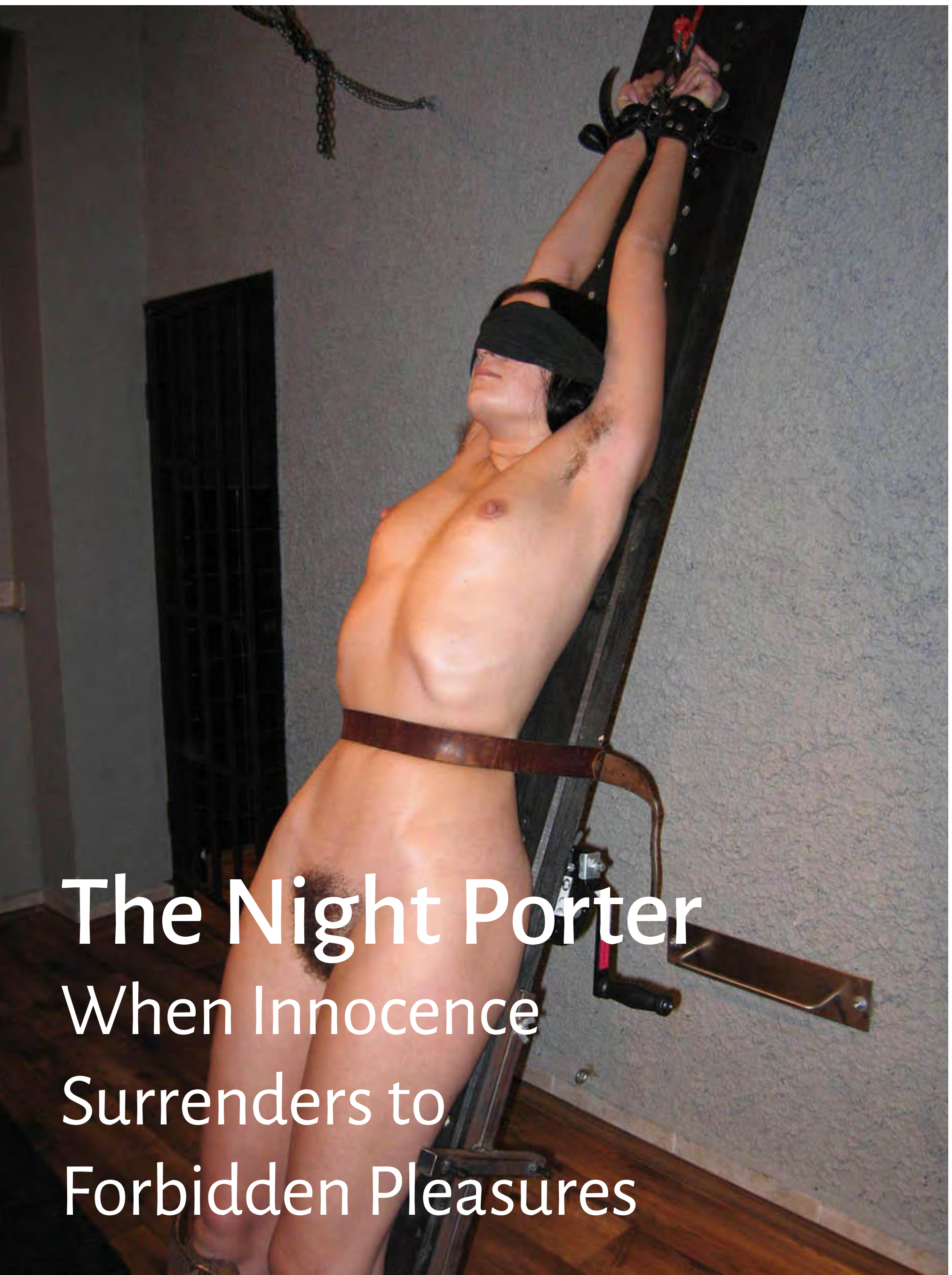


Books, music, comix, art, and short films



Two plus two

Awakening Desire: How Swinging Leads to Self-Discovery and Growth



The Night Porter

When Innocence Surrenders to Forbidden Pleasures

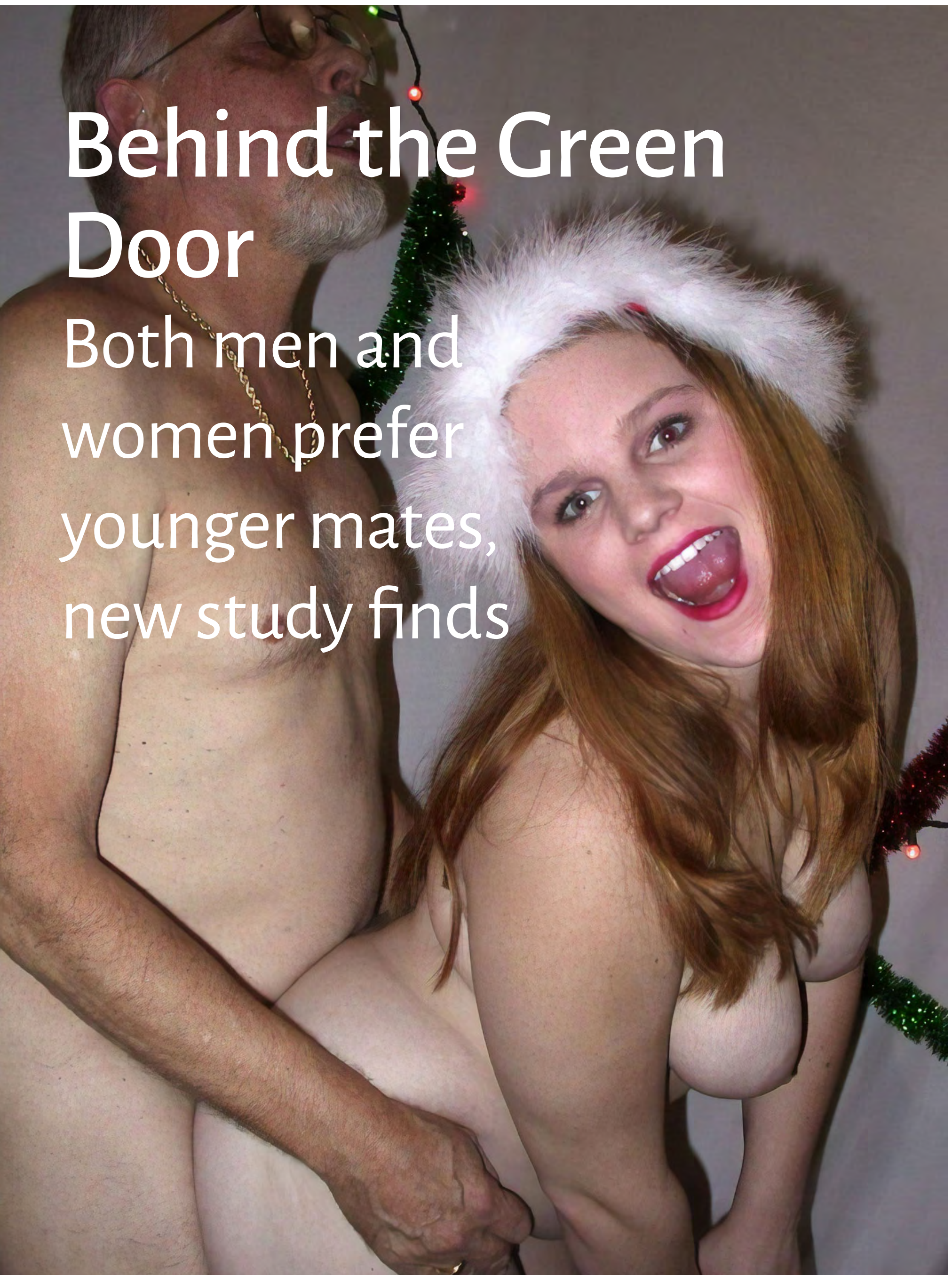


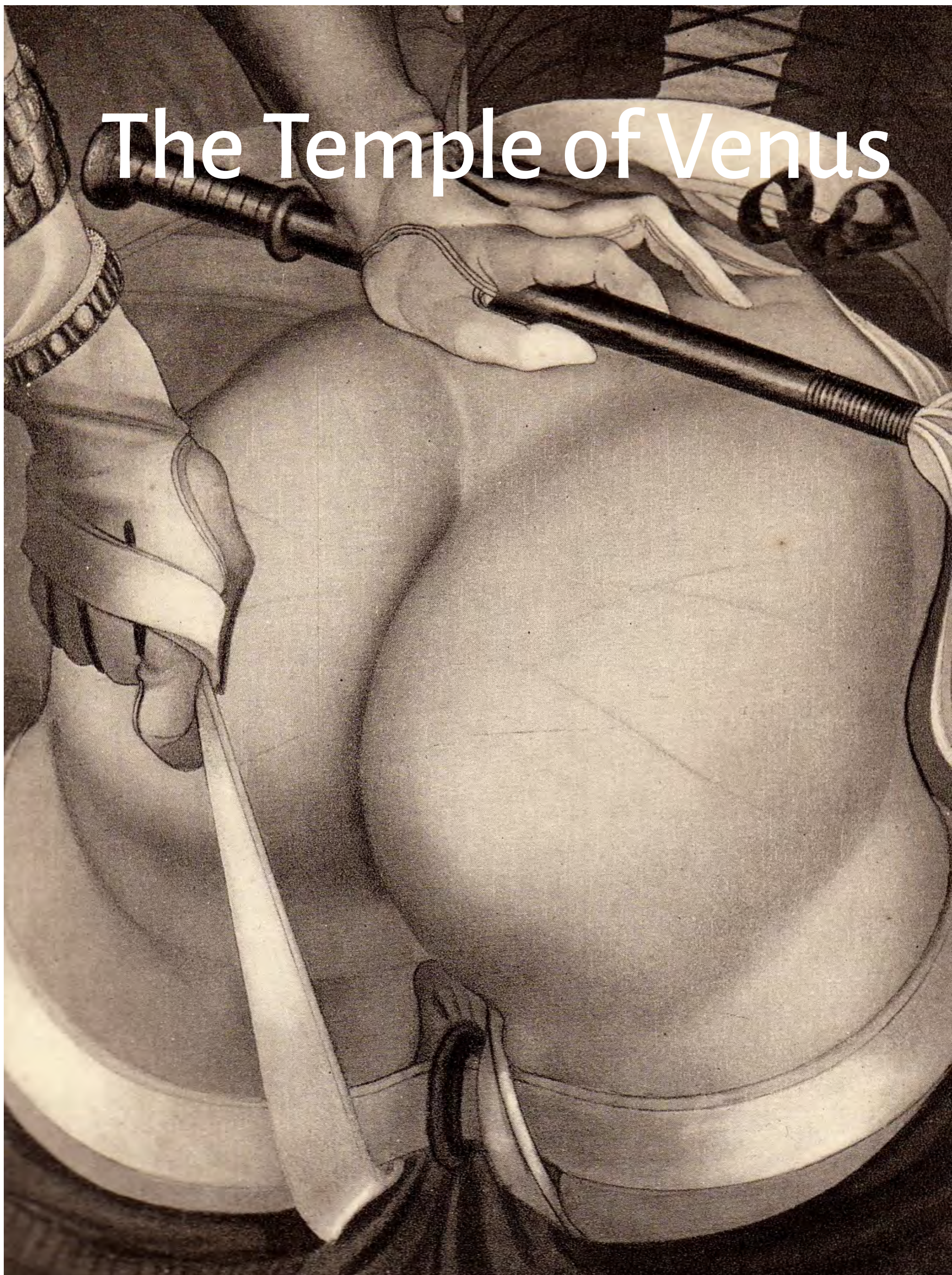
The Voyeur

The Etiquette of Hotwife Hookups: Dos and Don’ts Explained


Tokyo Decadence
Why So Many
Marriages in Japan
Are Sexless –
And What You
Can Do About It

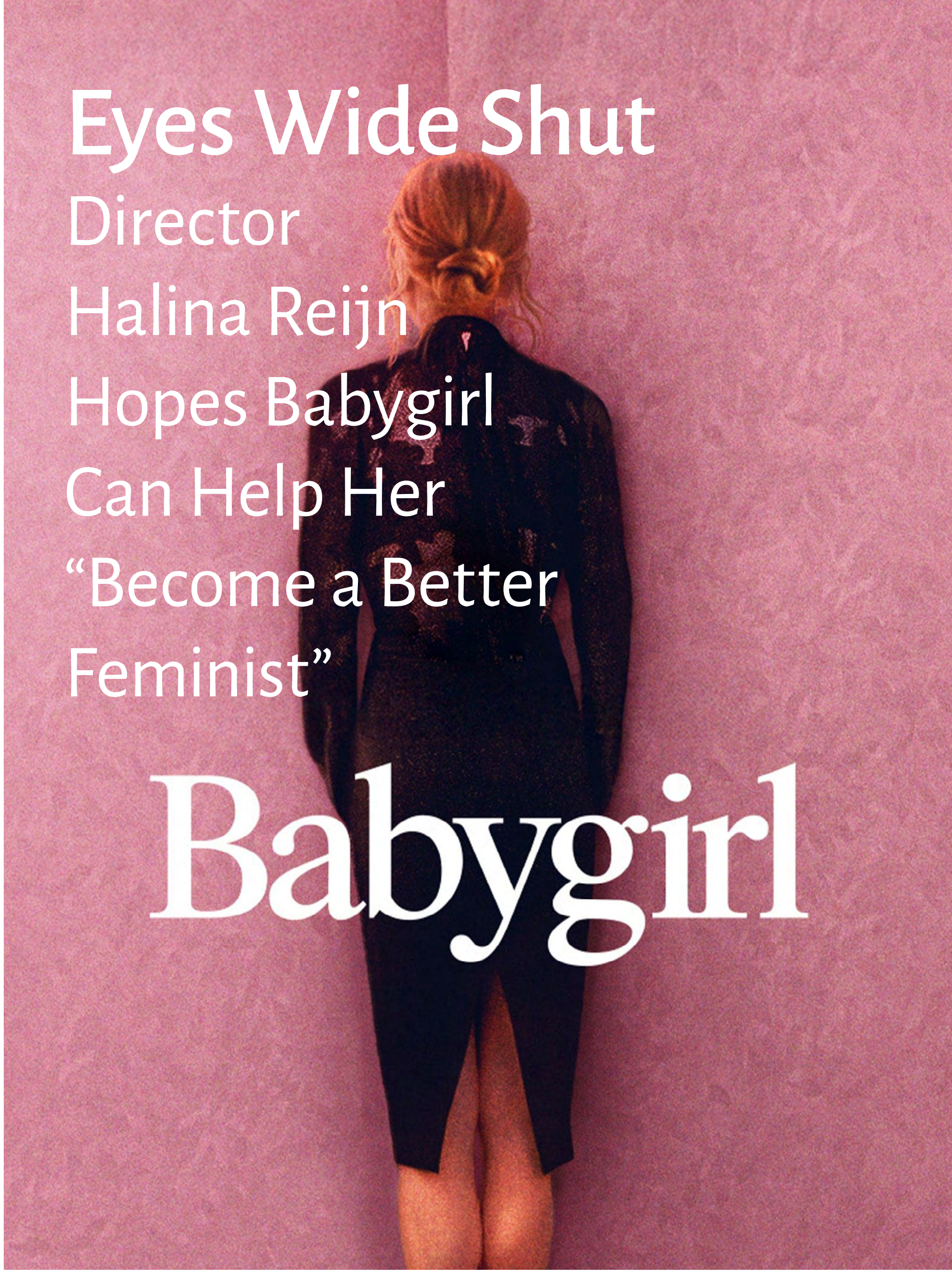

Pandora’s Box
Once and Again


Behind the Green
Door
Both men and
women prefer
younger mates,
new study finds


The Temple of Venus

The gates of Twilight

Sexual pleasure in teens: Yes, gender matters



Eyes Wide Shut

Director Halina Reijn Hopes Babygirl Can Help Her "Become a Better Feminist"



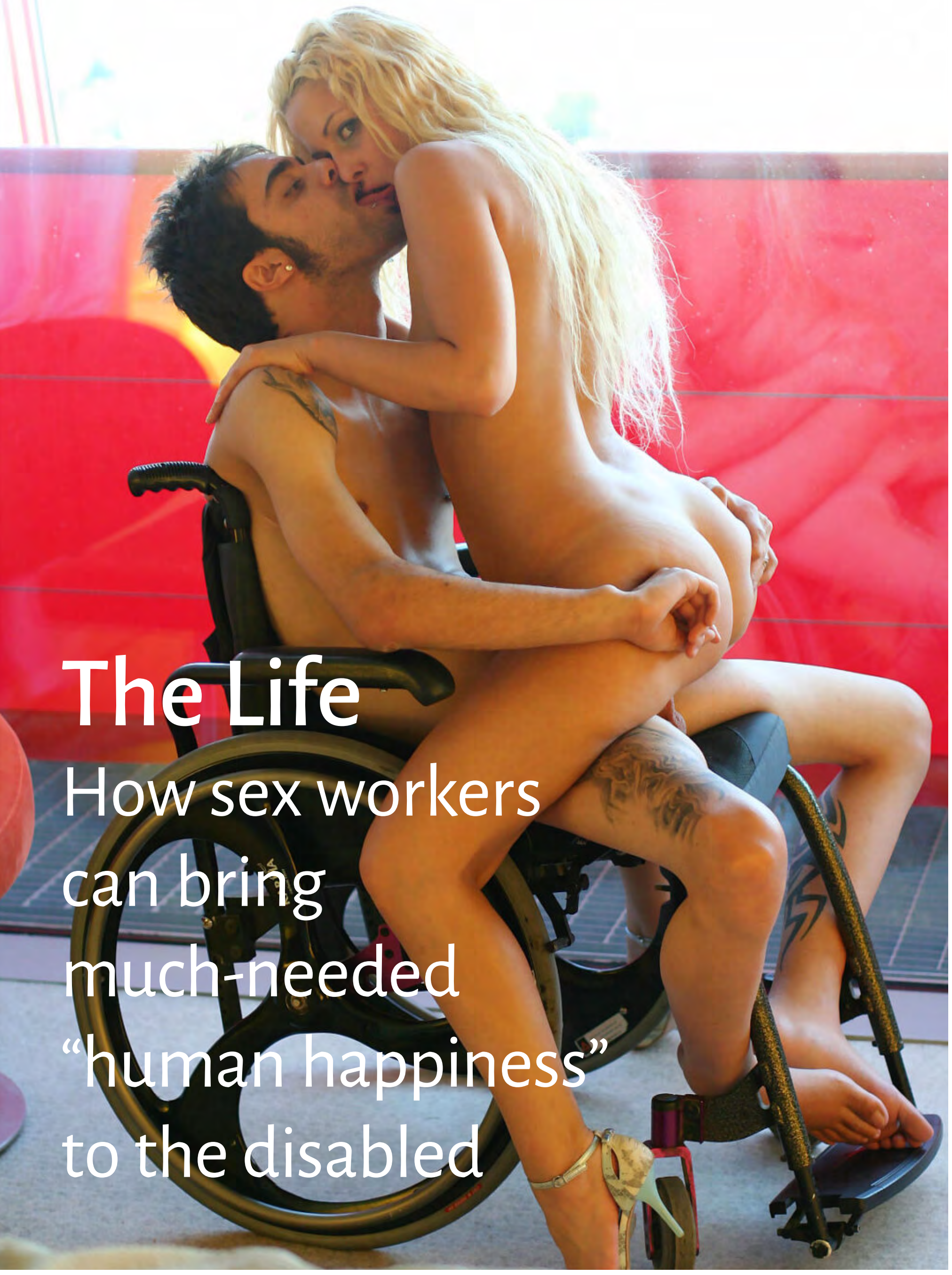
The Ninth Art

Top 10 Famous European Comic Artists Who Shaped The Industry



Last Tango in Paris

Alf, The Neighbourhood Grandpa Part Two


The Life
How sex workers
can bring
much-needed
"human happiness"
to the disabled


Jungle Fever
Perverse Fantasies
More Common
Than We Thought


First Desires
Imperfections


Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian
ON OUR BACKS
Winter 1987
$4.00
Room in Rome
40 Years Ago,
Lesbian Erotica
Magazine
'On Our Backs'
Paved the Way
for Horny Sapphic Art


El trazo erótico
PepoMerc


120 Days of Sodom
22 Sex Acts
You Didn't Know Existed


Deep Throat
Is Porn Destroying Us?


The Key
Gabistaniak/Luabunny

EDITORIAL

Dear friends, sponsors and casual readers of this magazine LASCIVIA, you can find me today in the early morning finishing the March issue, which has always been complicated for me because of February and its 28 days. Incredibly, I have already had two leap years in the 125 issues produced to date. As I was saying, I am in the early morning finishing the issue and reviewing the pending issues on the blog. My time has been drastically reduced with the English version, but I have seen interest in that version and that has given me the push to continue with the plans to make it permanently in that language. There are still three months of testing left, but if things continue as well as they have been until now, we will surely continue with this new adventure.

Like everything, this addition to my routine has taken its toll on my physical exhaustion, nothing that time and rest adjustments can't solve, but it has also raised certain questions or doubts about whether the way I communicate with you is effective or even correct, different people have written to me to ask how to acquire the magazine, what the cost is, how to download the material, different suggestions have been made to me to improve the final file, include indexes to the PDF, look for additional material, in English, etc. And as you know, all of this requires me to dedicate time to answer each and every one of these questions, but perhaps the most exhausting thing is when these requests are made to me in a demanding tone and frankly in a rude manner. I want to tell all of you who read and buy the magazine that I am more than willing to read you, to help you with your doubts, to correct any mistakes I have made, to re-upload the material that has been deleted for some reason and to listen to your suggestions, but what I cannot do is accept the rudeness, the demand. I will try to incorporate the improvements that have been suggested to me, but I will do it in my own time and at my own speed, and if for some reason I do not do it, it will be because I do not have more time available, because I remind everyone and inform the new buyers that this magazine only has one worker to select the material, look for the articles, look for the images, put together the entire magazine and now translate each of the

parts of the magazine, and the only thing I ask is understanding, patience and good education.

I inform you that on March 15th, a new special issue will be released, this time dedicated to the topic of cuckolds and hotwives, that is, to consensual cuckolding. I hope you are interested and that you buy it. I owe this publication to one of the most loyal buyers of the magazine and although I have taken a while to keep my promise, the time has finally arrived. You know, the magazine has allowed me to meet many people, whom I dare to call friends today, who have gradually told me about their way of seeing and living their sexuality and I assure you that many times the imagination falls short of their adventures and personal experiences. I will always be grateful for your trust. Also, as I have mentioned on past occasions, it has allowed me to meet very talented people in different forms of art. Your words and support have always fed my heart and my mood. Thank you, dear artists, and although our exchange of words is not as constant as it could be due to all our obligations, I appreciate you with all my soul, my great friends.

Finally, I want to ask you if you have had time to visit the blog, to appreciate its changes, if you have had time and patience to watch the videos I am making weekly, if you have been able to judge me and what grade you have given the blog and my ramblings. I am really very interested in reading them and knowing your opinion. I wish you the best in this month that begins, that the weather is benevolent, that your loved ones are well and if possible, that you take a few minutes and recommend the magazine to your acquaintances, in the forums you frequent, in the social networks you visit and allow us to continue being present and growing in this wonderful invention that unites us despite the distance and the difference in time zones and languages. I will read each other next month or before if you write to me. Happy March.

Enrique Rojas Román
ImagenObscura


WE ARE
LASCIVIA
WE ARE
THE BEST
SEX


WE ARE
FOR
BIG
PEOPLE


LASCIVIA
THE ONLY MAGAZINE
porno-erotic
WITH DOWNLOADABLE
content
your best decision!



CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER

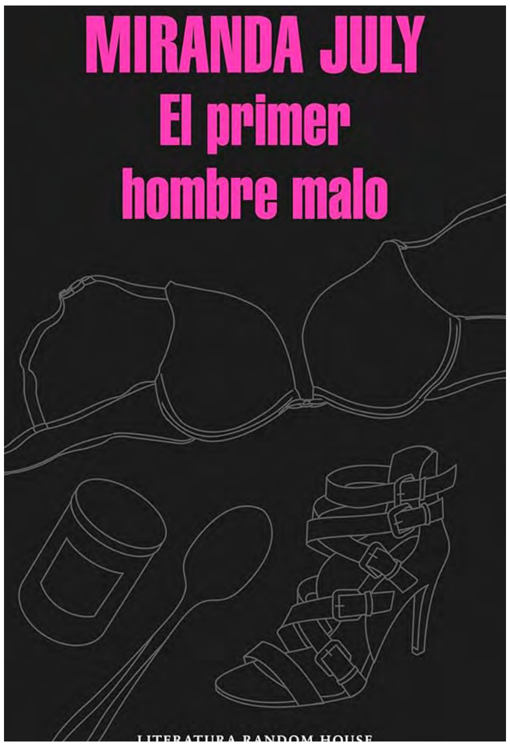
LA PULGA:

LIBROS, MÚSICA, COMIX, ARTE, Y CORTOMETRAJES



LA PULGA

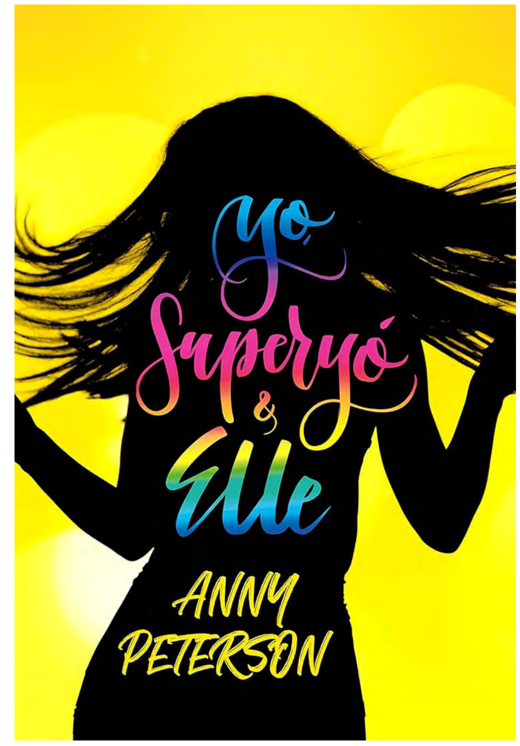
NOVELA ERÓTICA



El primer hombre malo
Miranda July



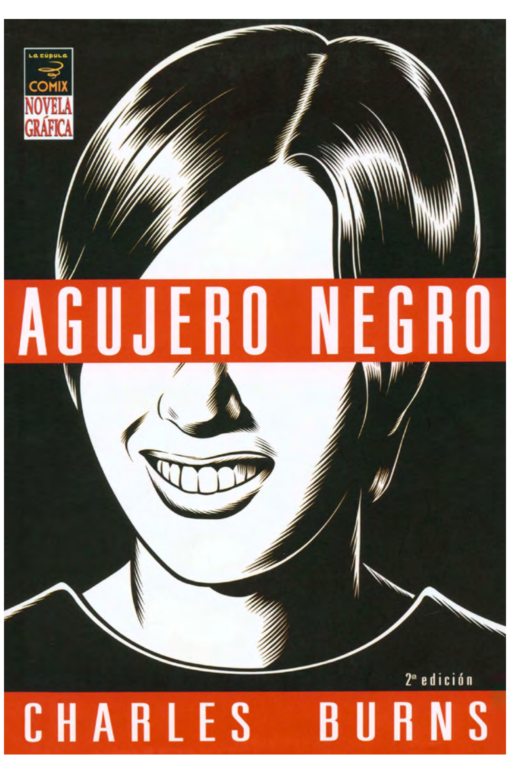
Relaciones escandalosas
Sylvia Day



Yo Superyo y Elle
Anny Peterson

LA PULGA

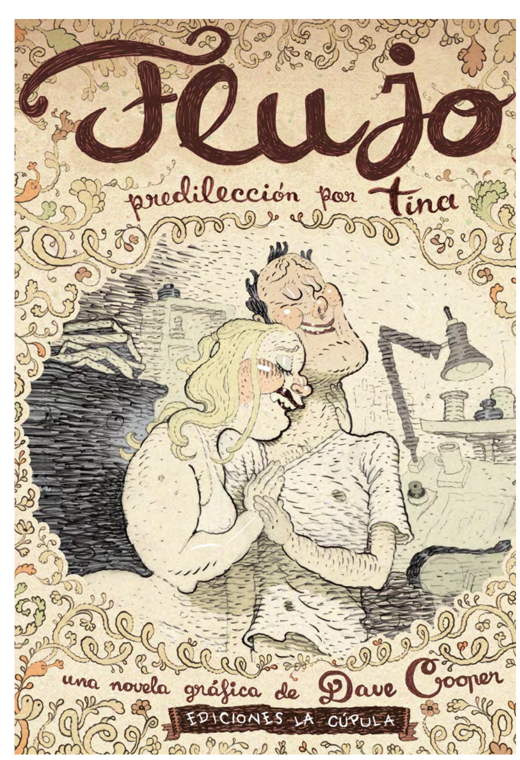
NOVELA GRAFÍCA



Agujero Negro
Charles Burns



El oro del tiempo
Rodolphe & Hernández

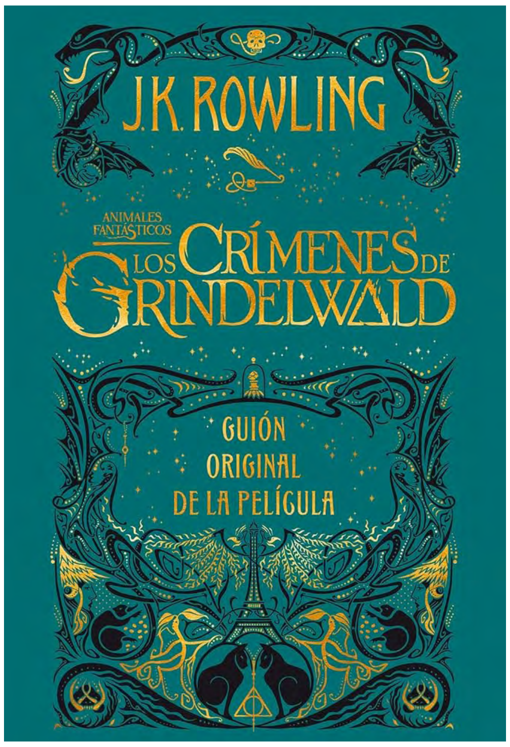


Flujo
Dave Cooper

SERIE FANTASÍA



Animales fantasticos y donde encontrarlos
Rowling and Kloves



Los crimenes de Grindelwald
Rowling and Kloves



Los secretos de Dumbledore
Rowling and Kloves

LA PULGA

REVISTAS



Barely Legal Feb 2025



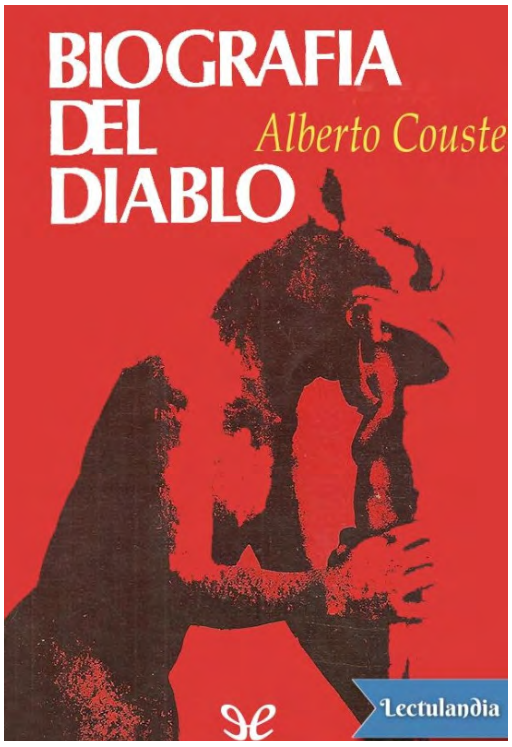
Hustlers Taboo Jan-Feb 2025



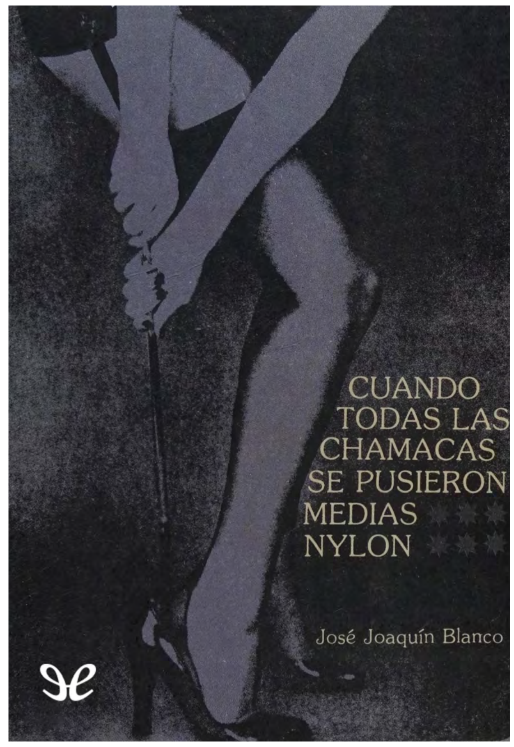
NUDE Magazine Issue 49 2025

LA PULGA

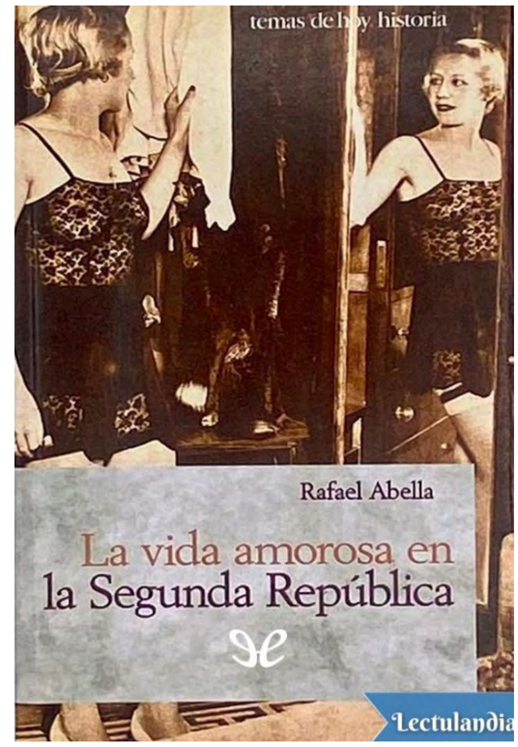
ARTE Y CULTURA



Biografia del Diablo
Alberto Couste



Cuando todas las chamacas se pusieron medias nylon
José Joaquin Blanco



La vida amorosa en la Segunda Republica
Rafael Abella

LA PULGA

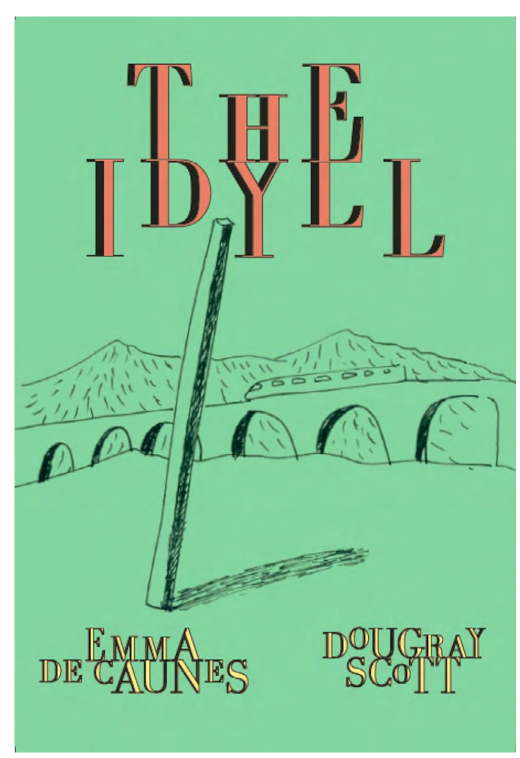
CORTOMETRAJE



Fuck 2018
Danny Morgan



Largo 2012
Stergios Paschos



The Idyll 2016
Justin Anderson

LA PULGA

MUSICA HISPANOAMERICANA



Buscando America 1984
Blades & Seis del Solar



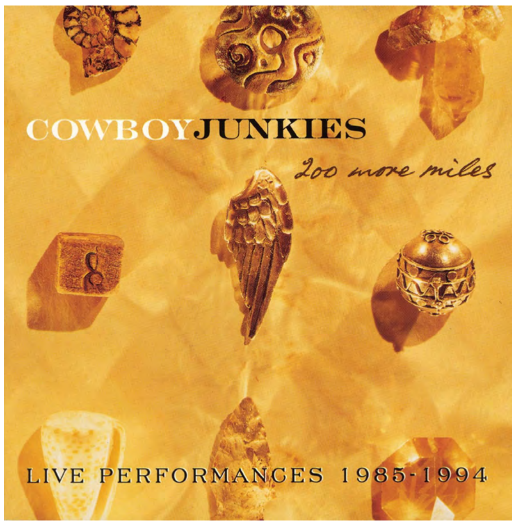
Donde Estan Los Ladrones 1998
Shakira



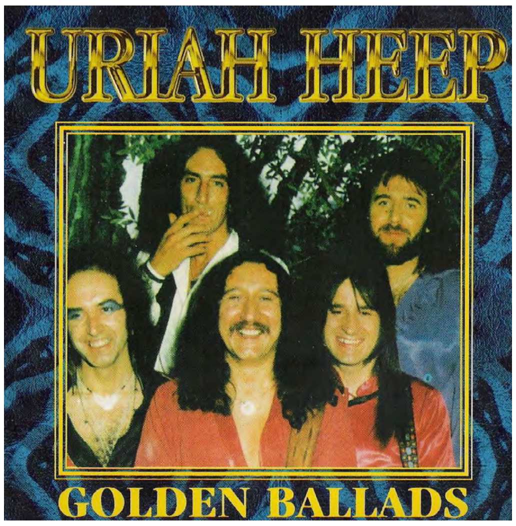
Hasta la Raíz 2015
Natalia Lafourcade

LA PULGA

MUSICA EN INGLÉS



200 More Miles Live Performances 1985-1994 1995
Cowboy Junkies



Golden Ballads 1996
Uriah Heep



62 Classics From The Cramps' Insane Collection 2016
VV.AA.

CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER

MANGA HENTAI



Ally-san wa doko demo ikitai!!



Kaede to Suzu 1-8



Gal to Meccha Nama-hame Nakadashi Ecchi Suru Hanashi

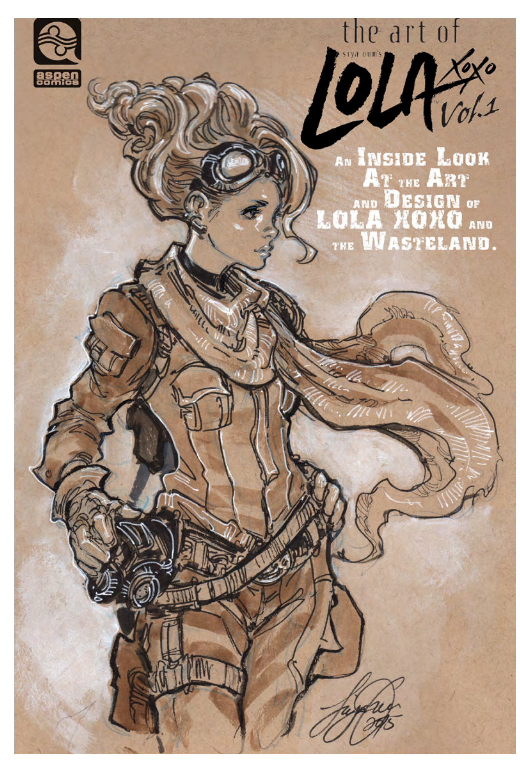
ARTBOOK



Shining Showtime - Art Works
VV.AA.



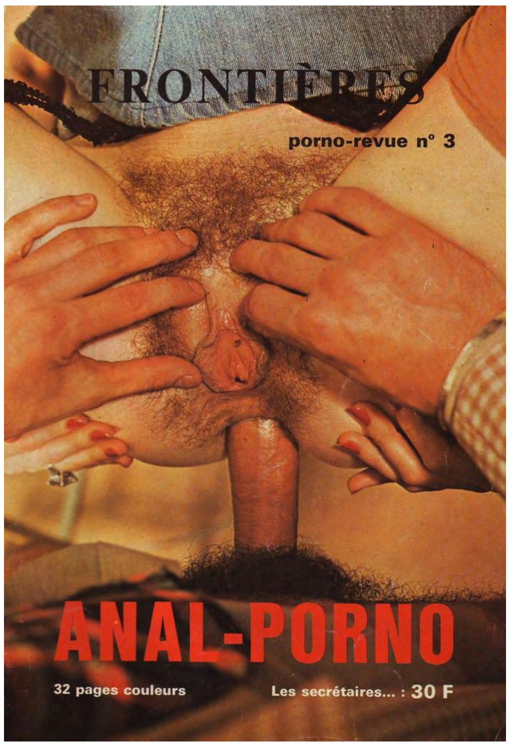
Street Fighter - Pin-up Special 2019
VV.AA.



The Art of Lola XOXO Vol. 1
Siya Oum

LA PULGA

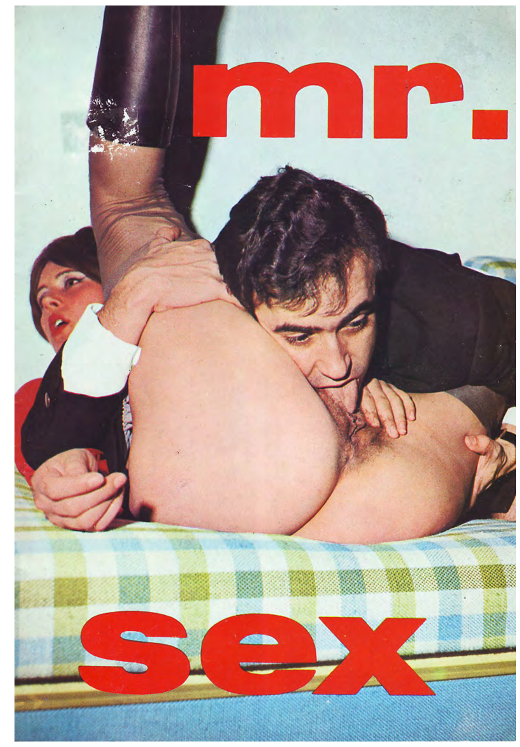
VINTAGE MAGAZINE



FrontiKres 3



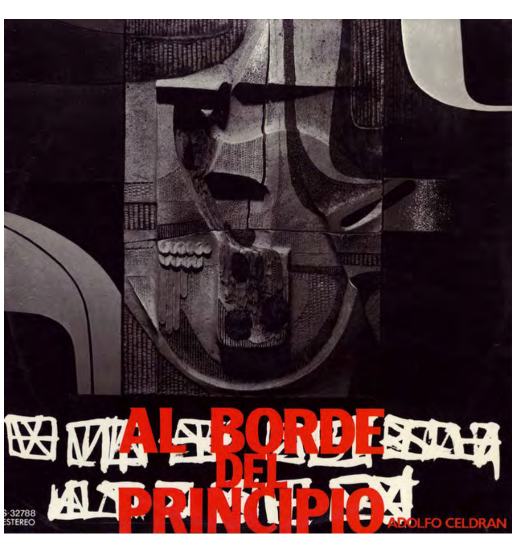
Gina 21



Mr. Sex

LA PULGA

TROVA



Al borde del principio 1976

Adolfo Celdrán



Dame la mano y vamos ya 1991

Cuarteto Zupay



Salteño Viejo 1996

Chaqueño Palavecino

CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER



Undress in the light, so slowly, that my desire tries to spur you on, and when I half uncover myself, each part must slow down its impatient momentum.

Francisco Álvarez Hidalgo

LASCIVIA — TWO PLUS TWO

Awakening Desire: How Swinging Leads to Self-Discovery and Growth

---

By Abby

In the world of consensual non-monogamy, swinging stands out as a unique path for couples and individuals to explore sexual freedom while deepening self-awareness. More than just an exciting recreational pursuit, swinging can be a powerful tool for self-discovery, enabling people to uncover hidden desires, challenge societal conditioning, and broaden their understanding of intimacy. In this post, we'll explore how engaging in swinging can foster personal growth, self-awareness, and a healthier approach to sexuality.

We'll dive into how swinging can expand sexual horizons, challenge societal norms, foster emotional intimacy, and empower individuals and couples to take control of their sexual autonomy.

Swinging for Self-Discovery

One of the key appeals of swinging is the opportunity to experiment with sexual experiences in a safe and consensual environment. Many find that swinging allows them to step outside the confines of monogamy and explore their sexuality more freely. Whether it's trying out new fantasies, embracing voyeurism or exhibitionism, or simply enjoying variety, swinging creates a space to explore sexual selves in ways they might not have previously considered.

Jake and I have been together since we were teenagers—we met in our senior year of high school. While we weren't virgins when we met, we certainly weren't sexually aware. We grew and explored together, figuring out what turned us on and how to please each other. But after about 15 years of monogamy, both of us started to feel like something was missing. We still loved each other deeply, but the passion and excitement had faded.

That's when the idea of swinging came up. After hearing about it from friends, we did some research, talked extensively, and decided to give it a try. At first, we were nervous and unsure what to expect. We'd never been with other people before, and the thought of seeing each other with someone else was both exhilarating and scary. But we were committed to exploring this lifestyle together, knowing that communication and honesty would be critical.



We started by joining a local swingers club, which provided a safe and discreet environment to meet other couples. Slowly, we dipped our toes into the swinging scene, discussing desires and boundaries with others. Our first experience with another couple was nerve-wracking at first, but once we got into it, it felt natural and exciting.

Many couples, like us, experience a renewal of excitement in their relationship as they explore new facets of their sexual identity. Watching a partner enjoy new experiences can evoke feelings of compersion—joy in their happiness—which can lead to deeper intimacy. Swinging can help couples rediscover passion for each other by exploring desires through shared and individual experiences.

Challenging Societal Norms and Embracing Authenticity

Society often prescribes a narrow view of what "acceptable" sexual relationships look like, which can stifle personal growth and lead to shame or repression. Swinging challenges these conventions, allowing participants to step outside societal constraints and rewrite their sexual narratives. This can be incredibly liberating, as individuals grow more confident in articulating and embracing what they truly want, instead of conforming to what they're told they "should" want.

I was raised in a very traditional home. My mother had an open attitude toward sex but instilled clear expectations: sex was reserved for marriage with one person of the opposite gender.

In my teenage years, I realized my desires didn't align with what I'd been taught. While my friends talked about crushes and dating, I secretly fantasized about both men and women. It was confusing and exciting. Over time, through books and online forums, I explored my sexuality but felt disconnected from societal norms about "acceptable" behaviors. Being bi-curious or interested in non-monogamy was considered distasteful in my community, leading to years of guilt and shame—even into my marriage with Jake.



Through swinging, I could finally embrace my authentic self. I learned that my sexuality was fluid and multifaceted, and it was freeing to explore these parts of myself without judgment.

By questioning societal expectations, many people find a more profound sense of self, free from the pressures of conformity. This journey toward authenticity can unlock not only sexual fulfillment but a more genuine understanding of personal values.

Swinging as a Mirror for Self-Awareness

Engaging in sexual experiences with others naturally brings up emotions like excitement, nervousness, and even insecurity. In this way, swinging is a mirror, reflecting parts of yourself you may not have fully explored. Some discover previously unacknowledged desires, while others face emotional triggers or insecurities they weren't aware of. These moments of self-reflection, though challenging, are essential to personal growth.

I've always struggled with self-image. Despite Jake telling me I was beautiful, I often doubted it. At swinger events, seeing confident, attractive women triggered my insecurities.. I compared my body to theirs and worried that I wouldn't measure up in the eyes of potential partners.

Through deep introspection and open communication with Jake, I realized these feelings stemmed from societal beliefs about beauty. Over time, I learned to accept my body and understood that my worth wasn't tied to external standards. Jake, too, faced insecurities, feeling pressure to perform or experiencing jealousy when he saw me with other men.

By confronting these emotions, we grew stronger as individuals and as a couple. Swinging helped us build emotional resilience and self-compassion, extending beyond our sexual lives.

Enhancing Communication and Emotional Intimacy

Swinging requires a high level of communication with partners and oneself. Couples in the lifestyle often report significant improvement



in their communication skills, learning to navigate boundaries, and deeper discussions about feelings, insecurities, and desires. This fosters emotional intimacy and allows individuals to become more attuned to their emotional needs.

One of the most common misconceptions about swinging is that it's purely sexual. While physical intimacy is a big part, swinging offers so much more. For us, it's been a journey of self-discovery. We've learned much about our desires, boundaries, and insecurities, strengthening our communication as a couple.

More than that, we've found a sense of community within the lifestyle, meeting like-minded individuals who have become close friends. What began as an exploration of sexual freedom has evolved into a support system where we can be open and authentic without fear of judgment.

As I've said, transparent conversations in swinging leads to deeper emotional intimacy for couples. For individuals, openly sharing boundaries and desires enhances emotional literacy, contributing to healthier, more honest relationships.

Finding Fulfillment in Sexual Autonomy

At its core, swinging is about agency—having the freedom to choose fulfilling relationships and experiences. This autonomy is empowering, enabling individuals to explore their sexuality on their terms. People often come away feeling more comfortable in their skin, having explored parts of their sexual identity they might have overlooked or suppressed.

For me, breaking free from the expectations I grew up with was one of the most fulfilling aspects of swinging. It allowed me to challenge the rigid norms I was raised with and embrace a lifestyle that worked for me. This newfound freedom empowered me to shed feelings of shame and embrace who I truly was, not just sexually but as a person. Swinging empowers individuals by giving them ownership of their choices and desires, leading to a newfound sense of freedom. This empowerment



often spills over into other areas of life, fostering confidence beyond the bedroom.

Conclusion: A Journey of Self-Discovery

Swinging can be much more than a recreational activity. For many, it's a journey of self-discovery, personal growth, and empowerment. By stepping outside traditional sexual boundaries, individuals and couples experience sexual freedom while also gaining deeper insight into who they are as sexual beings and partners. This balance of freedom and self-awareness makes swinging not just an adventure but a path toward more authentic and fulfilling connections.

It was for me.




2006 5 27









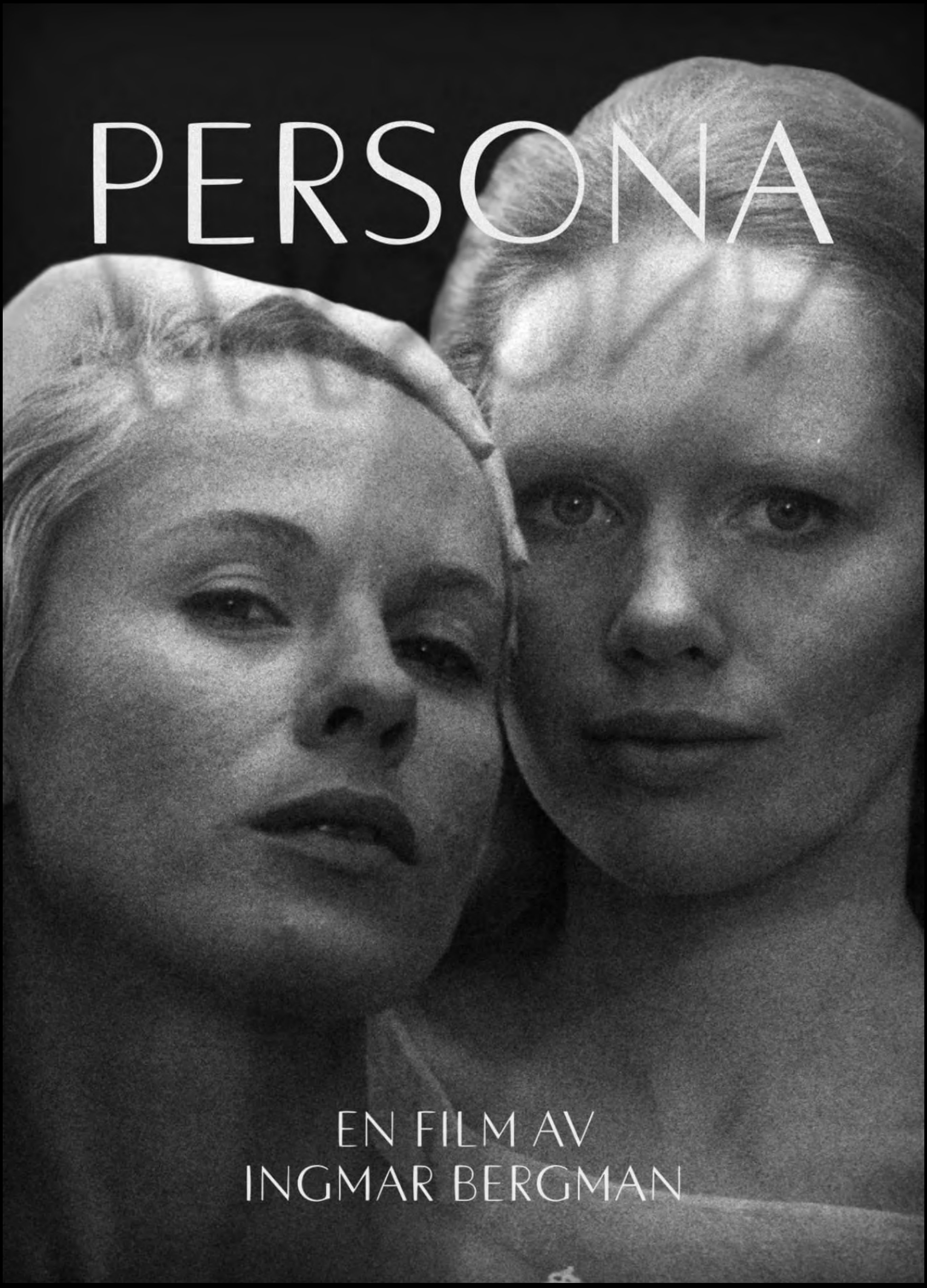



DICK CHART
(unofficial)
basnip




¡Thank you for your purchase,
anything more for it!.
4 essential works
for lovers of cult cinema

Persona
1966

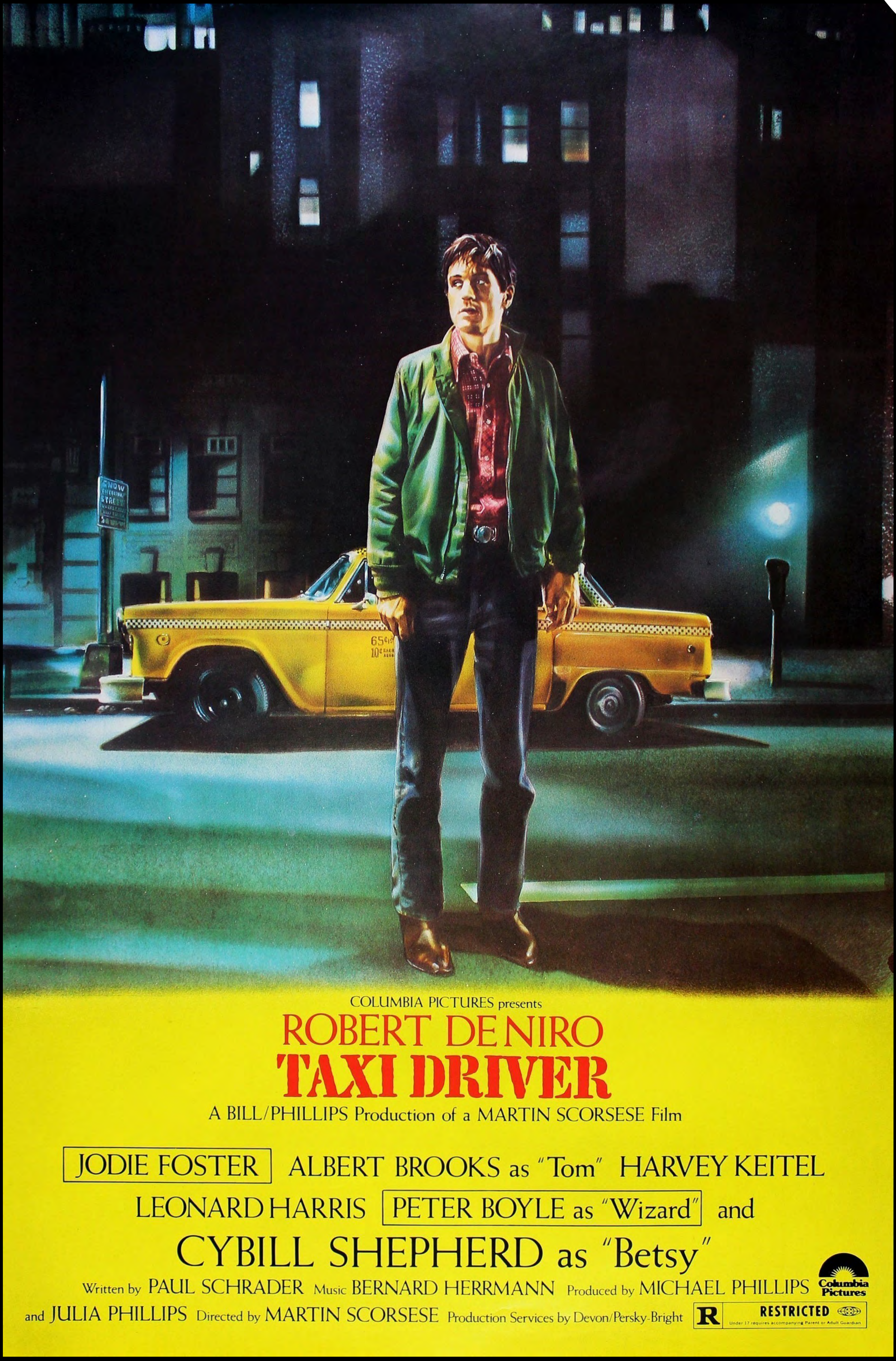


SWE/Swedish /Sub. Español/Excellent Quality

A young nurse, Alma, is put in charge of Elisabeth Vogler: an actress who is seemingly healthy in all respects, but will not talk. As they spend time together, Alma speaks to Elisabeth constantly, never receiving any answer. Alma eventually confesses her secrets to a seemingly sympathetic Elisabeth and finds that her own personality is being submerged into Elisabeth's persona.

Taxi Driver
1976

HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA



USA/Inglés/Sub. Español/Excellent Quality

A mentally unstable veteran works as a nighttime taxi driver in New York City, where the perceived decadence and sleaze fuels his urge for violent action.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show 1975



GBR/Inglés/Sub. Español/Excellent Quality

A newly-engaged couple have a breakdown in an isolated area and must seek shelter at the bizarre residence of Dr. Frank-n-Furter.

Videodrome
1983

HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA



CAN/Inglés/Sub. Español/Excellent Quality

A programmer at a Toronto TV station that specializes in adult entertainment searches for the producers of a dangerous and bizarre broadcast.



"Press one for more options."

LASCIVIA — THE NIGHT PORTER

When Innocence Surrenders to Forbidden Pleasures

By Master Deepdom

The evening had begun long before the three of us found ourselves in this dimly lit room. Vicky, my long-time submissive, had been talking to me about her friend K for a while now. A curious young woman, apparently intrigued by the world we shared, but still full of hesitation. The idea of gradually initiating her and letting her taste our games had come naturally. That night, Vicky and K were kneeling side by side, ready to follow my directives, though they had no idea how far this experience would take them.

At first, the atmosphere was tinged with gentle apprehension. K watched Vicky with admiration, probably feeling that she could rely on her support to navigate this first immersion. On my side, I had placed a riding crop and a flogger on a low table, making sure they were clearly visible. The idea was simple: the two submissives would take part in a little challenge, and the first one to give in would owe a forfeit to the other. I could already sense the mixed gazes of excitement and fear. I stepped toward them, taking a moment to place a hand on K's shoulder, just to help her relax.

The challenge itself was a classic in our world: a pinching game. Each one had to delicately grasp the other's nipples, and the goal was to hold on as long as possible. Vicky, knowing me well, understood that she had to maintain steady pressure, for giving in meant punishment. K, less experienced, had slightly trembling fingers, but she applied herself to pinching Vicky's nipples with unexpected determination. The seconds stretched on. Vicky's brows furrowed slightly as K, lips pressed together, persevered to avoid being the first to surrender. Their breathing became heavier, each pinch reviving the tension. Eventually, it was K who recoiled, instinctively releasing Vicky's nipples as if she had just crossed a threshold too high.

A barely concealed smile illuminated Vicky's face. I leaned toward K and, in a calm yet firm tone, reminded her of the rule: "You lost, didn't you?" She nodded, still slightly breathless. "Then you must offer a reward to Vicky, as agreed."

K hesitated at first, her gaze evasive, then she understood that she was ready to honor this little ritual. Slowly, she moved closer to Vicky, kneeling



right against her. I placed a hand on K's back, urging her to fully assume the 'offering' she was about to give. Then, without haste, she let her lips slide between Vicky's parted thighs, her warm breath caressing the trembling skin. She hesitated for a moment before daring to press her tongue against her partner's damp intimacy, savoring the taste of her submission.

Vicky shivered violently, a sigh escaping her throat as K explored with a deliciously hesitant touch. Her hands timidly rested on Vicky's hips, anchoring herself to her as if seeking reassurance. Gradually, her boldness grew, her tongue tracing languorous circles around the clitoris swollen with desire.

Vicky's moans grew more intense, her body undulating beneath the eager strokes of that tongue seeking to push her toward ecstasy. Encouraged by her partner's reaction, K deepened her movements, alternating between light suctions and more insistent caresses. Her fingers joined her work, slowly sinking into her, making her gasp with pleasure. I savored the scene, watching K lose herself in this carnal initiation, absorbed by the intensity of the pleasure she was giving.

Vicky, head thrown back, surrendered completely, her sighs turning into barely restrained pleas. Her body tensed, craving the climax she felt approaching, while K, completely immersed in her role, did not relent, seeking to bring her to the brink of orgasm with touching devotion. The tension mounted inexorably, each flick of the tongue, each pressure intensifying the impending ecstasy.

I let the moment stretch, savoring the perfection of this scene, where desire, submission, and discovery intertwined in a symphony as brutal as it was sensual.

Once the 'debt' was paid, I allowed a few moments of respite before taking the flogger in hand. With a firm gesture, I ordered K to assume a position of humility: kneeling, forehead against the floor, arms extended before her, her arched back accentuating the curve of her hips. Her ass, offered without the slightest chance of concealment, exposed every contour of her intimacy, every pulse betraying her mixed nervousness and excitement.


PRO-FORM
635CW

Her swollen lips glistened under the dim light, while her anus, clearly visible between her parted cheeks, seemed to await the slightest touch, the slightest imposed contact.

She knew that any uncontrolled movement would earn her an immediate correction, and this anticipation made her shiver. Her breath was short, her thighs slightly trembling under the tension of this humiliating posture that reduced her to a state of pure offering. This spectacle of total abandonment delighted me, and I savored every detail of her perfect exposure before slowly bringing down the flogger on her offered flesh. But I measured my strikes, ensuring that K felt the sting without being overwhelmed. Her muscles clenched under each impact, a shiver ran down her spine, but she held her position, forehead to the floor, submissive and vulnerable.

I gestured to Vicky, who stepped forward with a predatory smile. “Come and honor her surrender,” I ordered in a low, imperious tone. Without hesitation, she leaned toward K’s trembling anus, her tongue brushing against the sensitive skin before kissing it with a deliciously cruel slowness. K let out a strangled sigh, her fingers clutching the floor, trying to resist the waves of contrasting sensations overwhelming her.

Vicky, more experienced, applied herself with exquisite precision, alternating between light suctions and firm licks, each movement deepening K’s submission. Meanwhile, I resumed the flogger, first caressing her skin before letting the strands snap against her reddened cheeks, awakening every nerve already electrified by Vicky’s attentions.

K remained motionless, her breath ragged, suspended in this game of control where each sensation compounded the other. My gaze lowered to her dripping wetness, betraying the arousal she could no longer hide. I let my fingers glide between her thighs, brushing against that delicious moisture, savoring the undeniable proof of her state. “You are perfect like this…” I murmured, caressing her gently, playing with her patience, reinforcing the humiliation of her position.

The mixture of pain and pleasure was transforming her, her breathing growing erratic, her muffled moans meeting the floor beneath her. I


For Your
Protection
When In Room
Engage Deadbolt And
Security Latch.

relished this vision, this vulnerability offered under my control, and Vicky, with her sensual devotion, knew exactly how to push her to the brink.

When I deemed the moment right, I signaled to Vicky to take the flogger in turn. I then took hold of the riding crop, waving it slowly in the air to remind them of my presence and authority. Vicky, focused and determined, positioned herself behind K, softly caressing her skin before letting the strands tease her hips. K tensed slightly at each contact, her muscles twitching under the impact, but she did not retreat, fighting to maintain her posture of complete surrender.

It was an exquisite ballet where discipline and sensuality entwined. Vicky, with deliberate slowness, alternated between soothing strokes and firmer strikes, embracing the role of dominator I entrusted to her in this moment. K, on the other hand, wavered between tension and relaxation, unconsciously adapting to the contradictory sensations coursing through her.

I approached slowly, observing this hypnotic scene with satisfaction. Then, I leaned over K, running my fingers along the moisture pooling between her thighs. A satisfied smile formed on my lips as I acknowledged the obviousness of her arousal. “Stay still,” I murmured, my hand firmly pressed against her mound, absorbing every shudder she struggled to contain.

I let Vicky continue her work, the riding crop marking K’s tender skin with soft strokes, while I let my fingers glide along her soaked lips, exploring this offered wetness. The game was perfect: measured pain, heightened pleasure, absolute control. K, in her surrender, was learning to embrace the power of submission, while Vicky relished the privilege of guiding her through this intense discovery.

The crucial moment arrived when I placed the pegging harness beside Vicky, inviting her with a single glance to put it on. K, surprised, immediately understood that she was involved. There was no need for long explanations—she already sensed that she would be taking on a



more ‘submissive’ role in this scene, though the novelty this time lay in the exchange between her and Vicky.

Vicky, confident in her movements, adjusted the straps. Her focused expression almost erased the lingering tension that still hung in the air. I took position behind K, riding crop in hand. Now fully equipped, Vicky began approaching K, starting with light touches, testing her reaction. K let out a sharp breath, a mix of caution and desire. Then, with deliberate slowness, Vicky initiated the characteristic movement of pegging.

It was a delicate moment, and I ensured that everything proceeded smoothly. From time to time, I traced the tip of the crop along K’s thigh, a silent reminder that I controlled the pace. Vicky, with a controlled gesture, led this intimate exchange, guiding K in a fragile balance between curiosity, surrender, and respect for boundaries. The first sensations seemed to unsettle K—she tensed at first before finally letting go. I observed each of her shudders, ready to intervene if necessary, my hand prepared to halt the scene at the slightest sign of discomfort.

But as the seconds passed, K allowed herself to be carried by this unexpected dance. The movements became more assured, deeper, though never brutal. My commands punctuated their breaths: “Slow down, Vicky. Now, a little firmer. K, breathe.” The sound of the riding crop or flogger, sometimes merely grazing the sides of one or the other, reinforced the sense of control and complicity, as if these objects themselves dictated the rhythm.

The room resonated with sighs, murmurs, and a new kind of echo—the sound of two women, once just friends, now discovering a form of intimacy they had never imagined. K’s face reflected, in turn, surprise, excitement, the pride of proving to herself that she could dare, and gratitude toward Vicky for guiding her through this act.

When I finally decided that the tension had reached its peak, I placed one hand on Vicky’s shoulder and the other on K’s, signaling the end of the experience. Their breaths remained suspended for a few moments. Vicky slowly removed the harness, and K helped her, still trembling



from what she had just lived through. I let them savor this newfound complicity, observing their gazes, which now held a mutual respect—almost overwhelming in its intensity.

The silence that followed was gentle, enveloping, far from the awkwardness one might have expected. They embraced, overwhelmed by the moment's intensity, while I watched them, satisfied with having orchestrated this discovery. In a whisper, K leaned toward Vicky and murmured something into her ear—words I did not catch, but which brought a smile to my seasoned submissive's lips. A smile that, on its own, summarized the evening: the birth of a new connection, a shared exploration, and the promise of future encounters where pleasure and trust would continue pushing the boundaries of desire.






GRAIAS.COM












nema
Porco
One of the largest collections of erotic films available for lovers of adult and adult cinema!
Visit www.imagenobscura.com and remember that it is not the minds that think about eroticism that are dirty, but those that consider it a sin.

Por Alfonso Azpiri




NO ES MIEDO, ES INSTINTO.
¡ALTO!
¡NADIE PUEDE PASAR SIN MOSTRAR SU CONTRASEÑA!
ESTÁ BIEN, ES UNO DE LOS MEJORES PASES QUE HE VISTO ESTA NOCHE.
ALGÚN DÍA LE FALLARÁ ESE TRUCO Y ENTONCES... ¡OH! ¡CIELOS!
...DROGAS, PROSTITUCIÓN, CONTRABANDO Y DINERO, ESO ES LO QUE QUEREMOS... DINERO.
SÓLO TIENES DIEZ MINUTOS PARA LLEGAR HASTA LA COMPUTADORA CENTRAL.
...Y ABRIR LA CAJA FUERTE. LO SÉ.
PUES... ¡EMPIEZA LA FIESTA!
rivate

Por Alfonso Azpiri




¡TRANQUILOS... TRANQUILOS, PUEDO ASEGURAROS QUE CONOCIÉNDOLA COMO LA CONOZCO HABRÁ PARA TODOS!
¿...Y LA EXPLOSIÓN?
¿QUÉ DIABLOS? ¡YA DEBERÍAMOS OÍRLA!
ESTOY AGOTADO... NO... PUEDO MÁS. DADLE... DADLE LO QUE QUERÍA.
ESTÚPIDO ANDROIDE, CUANDO LE ENCUENTRE.
¡SEIS HORAS!... ¡SEIS HORAS ESPERANDO LA SEÑAL, AGUANTANDO TODA CLASE DE BURRADAS DE ESOS ENERGÚMENOS, Y EN ESE TIEMPO NO HAS SIDO CAPAZ DE APRETAR UN SOLO BOTÓN QUE NOS HUBIERA HECHO RICOS!...
COMPRÉNDALO PROFESORA, AL FIN Y AL CABO ES MI PRIMA Y HACÍA TRECE AÑOS QUE NO NOS VEÍAMOS... LA POBRE SE ALEGRÓ TANTO DE VERME...
ANDE, PÓNGASE ALGO, NO SEA ASÍ.
¡BIP... BIP... BIP...!


"I let my silky hair fall over my shoulders and opened my thighs to my lover… the winter skies are cold and low, with strong winds and icy hail. But when we make love under our quilt, we make three months of summer."
-Tzu Yeh
Visita www.imagenobscura.com
la casa de la revista LASCIVIA

LASCIVIA — THE VOYEUR

The Etiquette of Hotwife Hookups: Dos and Don’ts Explained

By Kyrie Mattos

A hotwife hookup refers to a consensual arrangement in which a married or committed woman engages in sexual activities with individuals outside of her primary relationship, with the full knowledge and consent of her partner. This alternative lifestyle choice is driven by the desire to explore sexual fantasies, enhance intimacy, and add excitement to the relationship. It is important to note that hotwife hookups are based on open and honest communication between all parties involved.

Hotwife hookups are not about infidelity or cheating. They are rooted in trust, respect, and mutual consent. The dynamics can vary from couple to couple, with some partners actively participating in the activities and others preferring to take a more voyeuristic role. The couple establishes the boundaries and rules, ensuring that everyone's needs and desires are considered and respected.

UNDERSTANDING THE ETIQUETTE OF HOTWIFE HOOKUPS

Engaging in hotwife hookups requires a deep understanding of the etiquette involved to ensure a positive and respectful experience for all parties. This etiquette revolves around effective communication, setting boundaries, building trust, and maintaining open-mindedness. By following these guidelines, you can navigate the world of hotwife hookups with confidence and respect.

One of the most crucial aspects of hotwife hookups is establishing clear boundaries and open communication between all parties involved. Before embarking on this journey, it is important for the couple to have a thorough discussion about their desires, expectations, and limits. This conversation should include topics such as sexual activities, emotional connections, and the level of involvement each partner is comfortable with.

Setting boundaries ensures that everyone involved feels safe and respected. These boundaries can include specific acts, locations, or even the frequency of hookups. It is essential to regularly revisit and update these boundaries as the relationship evolves, allowing for open dialogue and adjustments as needed.



Trust is the foundation of any successful relationship, including hotwife hookups. For the arrangement to work, all parties must trust each other implicitly. This trust is built through open and honest communication, transparency, and a commitment to respecting each other's boundaries.

Building trust may involve discussing insecurities and fears, working through them together, and reassuring each other of your commitment. It is important to remember that trust is not something that develops overnight but is nurtured over time through actions, consistency, and respect for each other's emotions.

Hotwife hookups often involve engaging with individuals outside of your immediate social circle. It is important to prioritize discretion and confidentiality to protect the privacy of all parties involved. This means being mindful of where and when you engage in activities, as well as the methods of communication used.

Respecting the privacy of others is crucial in maintaining a positive and respectful experience within the hotwife community. Being discreet not only protects the identities of those involved but also helps to minimize the potential impact on personal and professional lives.

DON'TS OF HOTWIFE HOOKUPS

Jealousy and insecurities can sometimes arise in hotwife hookups, as they do in any relationship. It is important to address these emotions openly and honestly, without judgment. Jealousy can stem from a fear of losing the emotional connection or from comparing oneself to others.

When jealousy arises, it is important to communicate your feelings with your partner and work through them together. This may involve reassurance, setting additional boundaries, or taking a step back from the activities for a period of time. It is essential to remember that jealousy is a natural emotion and does not necessarily indicate a lack of love or commitment.



Finding like-minded individuals within the hotwife community can be a challenge. It is important to approach this process with patience and discretion. Online platforms, forums, and social media groups dedicated to the lifestyle can provide a safe and respectful space to connect with others who share similar interests.

When engaging with potential partners, it is important to be respectful, clear, and honest about your intentions. Take the time to get to know them and ensure that there is a mutual understanding and desire for the same type of arrangement. Remember, consent and communication are key in any hotwife hookup.

Hotwife hookups often face misconceptions and judgment from society due to a lack of understanding. It is important to dispel these misconceptions and educate others about the consensual and respectful nature of this lifestyle.

Hotwife hookups are not about the degradation or objectification of women. They are about exploring mutual fantasies, enhancing intimacy, and strengthening trust within a committed relationship. It is essential to approach these conversations with an open mind and a willingness to educate and enlighten others.

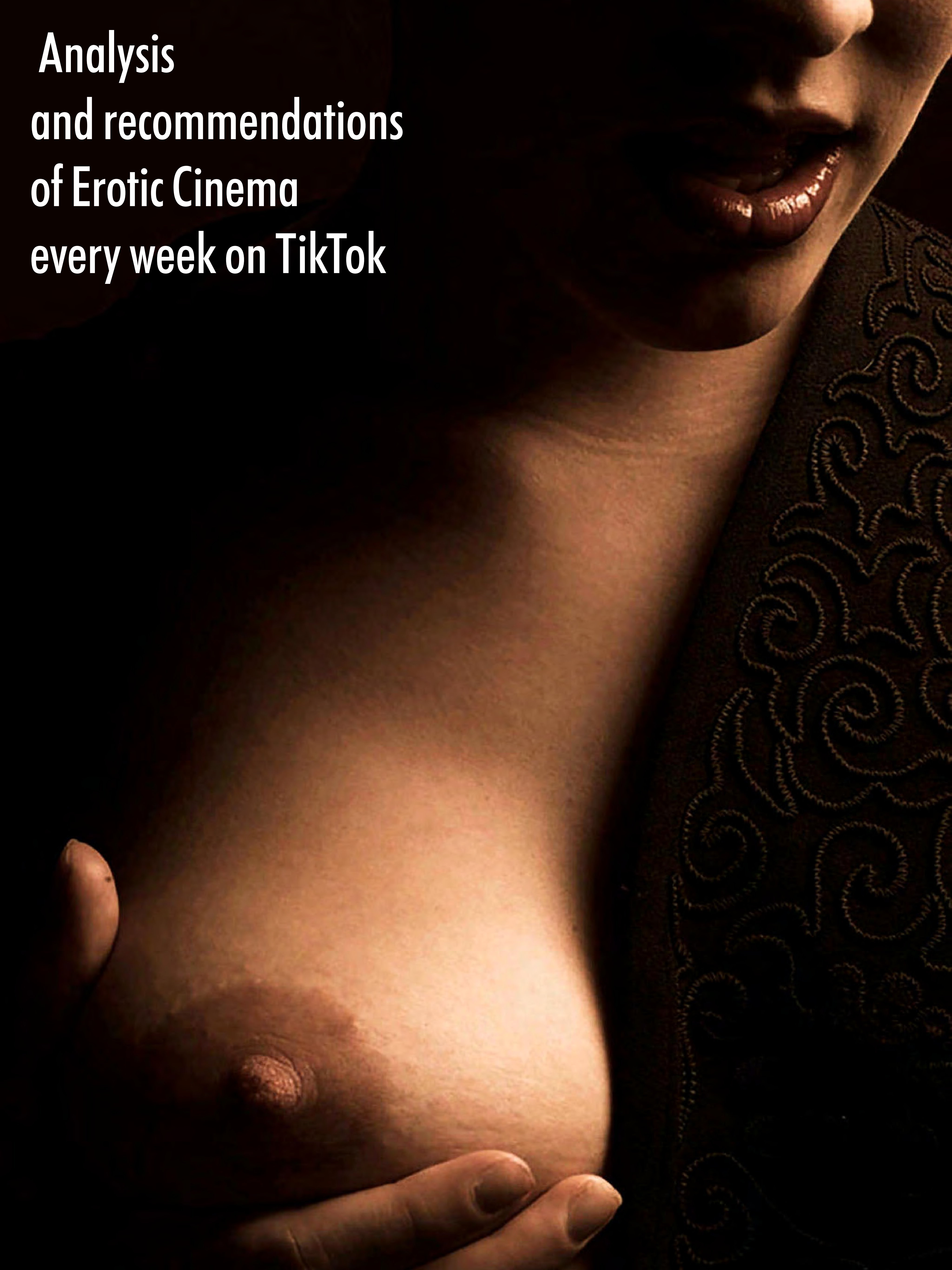
CONCLUSION

Hotwife hookups can be an exciting and fulfilling way to explore sexual fantasies, enhance intimacy, and strengthen trust within a committed relationship. You can navigate this unique world confidently and respectfully by understanding the etiquette involved, setting clear boundaries, communicating effectively, and prioritizing trust and respect. Don't forget to check out these sites if you want to try them out.

Remember, hotwife hookups are based on open and honest communication, mutual consent, and the continuous reassessment of boundaries. Embrace the adventure, enjoy the experiences, and always prioritize the well-being and happiness of all parties involved.




CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER


Analysis
and recommendations
of Erotic Cinema
every week on TikTok

LASCIVIA — TOKYO DECADENCE

Why So Many Marriages in Japan Are Sexless – And What You Can Do About It

By Rachel Crane

The Japan Family Planning Association reported in 2024 that roughly half of all marriages in Japan are sexless. Participants surveyed cited long work hours, childrearing and a sense that married sex is plain old mendokusai (bothersome) as reasons for giving up on getting busy. But does this trend hold true even in international relationships? And what can you do to bring back intimacy if the sex has stopped in your own marriage?

Sexless Marriages in Japan

A 2024 survey by the Japan Family Planning Association (JFA) found that nearly half of married individuals (48.3%) aged 16–49 reported being in sexless relationships—defined as having sex less than once a month. This is up from 31.9% in 2004, showing a steady decline in marital intimacy in Japan.

While 80% of Japanese men expressed interest in sex, 40% of women said they weren't interested at all. The reasons for sexlessness also differed:

- **For men**, the top complaint (24%) was a disinterested partner.

- **For women**, 22.6% said sex was simply "too much hassle"—nearly double the percentage of men (12%) who felt the same.

A side-effect is infidelity. Modern-day cheating culture in Japan is complex, but tacit approval of discreet extramarital affairs is not uncommon. In other countries, adultery is often a death sentence for a marriage. In Japan, it may just be one more outlet that allows couples to hold a family together.

Why Don't Japanese Women Want Sex?

Of course, every relationship is different, but there's no denying that sexless marriages are a widespread issue in Japan. Many foreign men



struggle to understand why their once-affectionate partners seem to shut down after marriage or kids. Is it a cultural difference? A biological factor? Or is it just an unfortunate side effect of modern life?

Work-Life (Or Lack Thereof) Balance

Japan's brutal work culture doesn't just affect salarymen—it's exhausting for women, too. Many wives work full-time jobs, only to come home and take on the bulk of household chores as well. Research shows that Japanese men contribute less to housework than their counterparts in Western countries, leaving many wives feeling overworked and underappreciated. In fact, the OECD found that Japanese men do the lowest proportion of household chores of all nations surveyed.

So when bedtime rolls around, intimacy isn't exactly a priority. If a woman is already exhausted, the idea of sex can feel like just another chore on the list.

Motherhood Changes Everything

If marriage slows down sex, having kids can bring it to a screeching halt. In Japan, young children often co-sleep with their parents for years, making privacy almost impossible. Add to that small apartments with thin walls, and finding time for intimacy becomes a logistical nightmare. Moreover, childcare is another area in which working Japanese women frequently do more than their fair share.

But it's not just a space issue—it's a mindset shift. Many Japanese couples stop seeing each other as romantic partners after kids enter the picture. Spouses start referring to each other as "otousan" (dad) and "okaasan" (mom), reinforcing the idea that their relationship has evolved into something purely parental. For many foreign husbands, this cultural shift can be a shock.



International Marriages and Sex in Japan.

This can be a shock for foreigners starting a family in Japan. While most expect intimacy to take a hit with young children, they also assume it will return over time. But for many Japanese couples, once you become "mama" or "papa," the romantic spark is gone for good—leaving some foreign spouses facing an unexpected and frustrating reality.

Online forums and subreddits like JapanLife are filled with stories, jokes, and pleas for help from foreigners who feel trapped in sexless marriages. While it's often said that women have lower libidos than men, this alone doesn't explain why Japanese women, in particular, seem to lose interest in sex after marriage.

International marriages in Japan are more likely to end in divorce, with over half failing—compared to 35.5% for Japanese couples. Among Western spouses, sexlessness is often cited as a key reason for separation, highlighting deeper cultural differences in expectations of intimacy after marriage.

Dealing with a Sexless Marriage in Japan

If you're in a sexless marriage with your Japanese partner and want to make a change, start by having an honest conversation—though many admit this is tough due to cultural differences in communication. Nevertheless, addressing the issue directly is essential.

Open Communication

Starting a candid discussion about intimacy can be difficult, but it's crucial for a healthy relationship.



Find a calm, private time to talk, and focus on expressing your feelings rather than placing blame.

Understanding Cultural and Personal Differences

Attitudes toward physical affection vary widely. Many Japanese people were raised in non-affectionate households, which can lead to discomfort with physical touch or differing expectations in marriage. Recognizing these differences can help set realistic expectations.

Maintaining Daily Gestures of Affection

Small daily expressions of love can help strengthen your emotional connection. Simple gestures like saying "I love you," giving compliments, showing appreciation, or engaging in non-sexual physical touch (like holding hands or hugging) can make a difference.

- *Saying "I love you" regularly.*
- *Offering compliments.*
- *Expressing gratitude for everyday tasks.*
- *Engaging in non-sexual physical touch, like hugging or holding hands.*

Assessing Compatibility

If your intimacy-needs remain unmet despite efforts to improve the situation, it may be time to evaluate long-term compatibility. Some couples choose to stay together for family stability, while others may need to rethink their relationship dynamics.

Finding a Couple's Counselor

Discussing intimacy issues can be tough in any culture, but in Japan—where indirect communication is the norm—it can feel nearly impossible. A bilingual therapist can help bridge this gap, making it easier to navigate sensitive conversations and explore possible solutions.



While couples counseling is less common in Japan than in some other countries, services do exist:

TELL offers in-person couples counseling in Tokyo and Okinawa, as well as online sessions.

International Mental Health Professionals Japan provides a directory of foreign-language counselors in Japan, including those who specialize in couples therapy.

For more details on counseling options in Tokyo, check out this guide to individual and couples counseling in Japan.












Visit our YouTube channel
@imagenobscura

LASCIVIA — PANDORA'S BOX

Once and Again

By BenLong

1978 -- San Diego State University

“Smegma”.

I didn’t look up, although I knew immediately that the distasteful word had been whispered to get a reaction from me. Still looking down at my book, I let my eyes roll to my right to view the girl, the young woman, who had taken the seat kitty-corner across from me.

It wasn’t the first time I’d noticed or admired her, but it was the first time we had ever shared a table. Most days, here on the fifth floor of the university library, there were multiple of us from my engineering classes who studied together at this table. She normally sat at the table next to us, along with multiple of her fellow students. Today, for some unknown reason, it was just the two of us.

Our eyes had crossed before, and although there had always been that little spark of attraction between people who didn’t know each other, this was the first time either of us had spoken to the other. We never arrived nor departed at the same time, it’s just that we “shared” adjacent tables, and I knew her eyes strayed my way as much as mine did to her. I’d looked for her around campus, but despite desiring to say hello when my fellow engineers or her friends weren’t there to overhear or interrupt, it had never happened.

Normally I was in the library first. I’d let my eyes roll to the side or let my eyes rise to admire her body. I don’t know as she always checked me out, but often her eyes met mine. That is, they would if I could raise them from her gorgeous bust that she was showing off to the world.

There was no doubt that she was showing off her breasts to the world. I guessed that they were probably a C cup; large grapefruit-sized breasts ensconced in her top, but not the massive melons of my friend Carol, nor were they the unencumbered exaggerated nipples of her co-ed friend who never wore a bra and had tits so small she really didn’t need to. That her co-ed friend was showing off her nipples as much as this girl was showing off her larger bosom was readily recognized by me. If nothing else, just by the smirk when she caught me looking. This girl wore crop tops that left her belly exposed; tube tops that left her belly and shoulders exposed and often required regular ‘adjusting’ to keep her girls in check; a silky top that allowed



the black or red bra she wore beneath to show through, or perhaps her most common: something with a deep vee that left the insides of her breasts bare, the bra cut back enough that it didn't show. All were designed to show off her breasts and seldom did she arrive that I, or more than one of my fellow engineering nerds, looked up to admire her. Many had been the discussions later as we left about how hot she had been that day.

"That's an unusual word to speak to me for the first time." I said it so that she could barely hear it, just as she had spoken "smegma" almost under her breath.

"What?" she said, pretending she hadn't heard or understood. I knew she had. "You talking to me?"

"I said, 'That's an unusual word to speak to me for the first time'," repeating myself just a bit louder.

"What makes you think I was talking to you?"

I turned and looked her in the eyes, purposely letting my eyes drop "You normally sit at the other table, and this time you sat across from me. And then you say an... unusual... word just loud enough for nobody but me to hear while gauging me to see if I'll react. Was my reaction enough for you?"

"You don't even know what that word means."

It was a challenge, and I didn't need to think about how to respond. "Peter Butter? Vagina Jelly?" I said, letting her know that I did indeed know what smegma and its sexual definition was and that, perhaps, I could embarrass her as much or more than she thought she could embarrass me. I could almost feel the heat from her blush.

"I didn't think anyone would know that word." I gave it a wry smile and nodded that yes indeed, I did, know that word.

"Jeremy," I said a moment later. "You?"

"Meredith."

"Glad to meet you, Meredith. What's with the... unusual... word."



“I just learned it in my biology class. It’s been in my mind, and I’ve never heard it before.”

“So, you tried to embarrass me with it?”

“No, really, I didn’t think that anyone would know it. How do you know it?”

“My wife and I taught sex-ed classes for a couple of years.”

“You’re married?” she said, glancing at my hand and seeing nothing.

“Past tense. You?” Marriage at 18 is no longer a norm, and suffice it to say my wife and I found out why. It was a wonderful two years, followed by one year of hell before we separated. Surprisingly, my ex-wife and I were better friends than we were spouses, our friendship over the last couple of years had twice included mutually sharing marital benefits. I could see the rock on her finger and assumed Meredith was married, although I had reservations about her age. She appeared quite young to me, probably a freshman, so 18, maybe 19 at the most?

“Not yet. Engaged.”

“Too bad,” I nodded, crestfallen. I really meant it, just in these few words together I knew that if she hadn’t said that, I was going to ask her out, but instead, I backed off.

“Well, I’m not married yet.” The electricity jumped between us as she said this, my cock expanding in my pants.

“So, you’re flirting with me?”

“Like I said, engaged.”

That was the beginning of our flirtatious interactions. In my mind, that she was engaged meant she was off-limits. I could tease and flirt with her, which whenever we were alone is what happened, but I wasn’t going to even try to get in her pants. Not that I wouldn’t have liked to, but until she lost that ring, she was off-limits for me.



~

“Heya, Meredith!” I greeted her in the elevator. I’d been studying at my same old spot for the last three days, this was the first time, in this new semester, that I’d run into her. “What’s new?” I jostled her elbow with mine, causing her to hold up her hand and show me the now-complete wedding ring. “Oh wow! Married?”

“Over the summer break.”

“Damn. I guess that means no more flirting for me?” She just gave me a wry smile and said nothing.

~

“Jerry!” Rick called out from the table he was at in the commons. I’d just grabbed a beer and was heading toward another friend’s table when he saw me.

“Hey Rick, what’s up?” I asked as I slowed down, glancing down at the open Electrical Engineering book on the table. Rick and I had been in a Physics class and then later a Chemistry class together the previous year, although he was a civil engineering student, and I was electrical. He was at least a year behind me, we’d just crossed paths as I’d taken other classes first, going back to take the obligatory science classes that all engineering students had to take.

“God, I don’t understand this shit at all.” I moved behind him and looked over his shoulder, recognizing the basic electrical theory textbook, and the elementary circuits showing on the pages. I remembered how I’d had a hard time when I saw it the first time too, but I considered it easy now. Once I got a few basic concepts into my mind, the complexity of the rest sort of fell apart and became a little easier.

“You changing majors?” I asked, pulling up a seat next to him.

“Oh, fuck no! No, I’ve gotta take this basic electrical class and it makes no sense to me. Do you get it?”

I understood the query and suspected he was here, in the commons, strictly to bump into me. I’d been by this spot many times since we’d been in Physics



and Chem together, but this was the first time he'd shown up where we used to meet. Back then we'd regularly come here after class, cussed and discussed what we'd just had in class. For the price of a beer, I'd then explain what it was that we'd done that he hadn't quite gotten. It got to where he called me "professor" as I always seemed to be able to explain things in a different way, sometimes requiring several times, until I could practically see the lightbulb illuminate in his head. "Need a tutor?" I asked, knowing full well this was his plea for help.

"I need something." He looked over at me, "Do you think you could maybe tutor me? Help an old buddy out?"

I sighed. Yeah, I could tutor him. No, I didn't really have the time, but I also knew that while he'd thought I was tutoring him in Physics and Chemistry, my having to explain it to him had also made me understand it better. That I got an A in both of those classes (while he squeaked by with just B's and C's and almost flunked one of them) had been as much because I had to learn it better to teach him what he didn't know. In a convoluted sense, I felt I owed him for my success, even as he thought he owed me.

I looked around and sighed. "Yeah, I can help. Not here though, too damn noisy and we'll need lots of scrap paper and room to spread out. The library is too picky about noise and talking, otherwise that would be perfect. Do you have someplace at least semi-quiet?"

"How about after school? Come to my place?"

"Depends. Where's your place?"

'My wife and I have a studio apartment..."

"Wife? Holy Shit man! I didn't know you were married." I glanced down, seeing a simple gold ring on his finger

"Yeah, last summer. Mary and I have been dating since high school and we got married over the break."

"Well, Congrats! What made you get married now?"



He grinned, and I knew what he was going to say. “Sex, of course. Do you know what the difference between a fiancée and a wife is?” I could feel that this was a joke -- but didn’t know the punch line.

“Nooo...”

“One goes to bed and goes home, the other goes home and goes to bed.” I shook my head and rolled my eyes, but couldn’t help laughing. I’d heard something similar previously but didn’t know why it didn’t come to mind until then. I moved to the side, pulled up a chair, and dropped my backpack onto the table opposite. “OK, gimme your address,” I said, pulling out a notepad. He gave me the address and I said, “What time are you available?”

“How about dinner time?”

“How about after dinner?”

“How about before? Come over before and I’ll have Mary make us dinner.”

~

Student apartments are nothing special, especially when they’re studios. Bed, kitchen, kitchen table, and maybe there’s room for a sofa or easy chair. The only advantage to Mary and Rick’s place was that it was within walking distance of the school.

The couch was non-existent and there wasn’t even room for it. The bed, just a double bed, not even queen size, took up the majority of the one room. There was a slight alcove of a kitchen, of which currently the table was pushed in there to give room elsewhere. A TV was on a small stand directly opposite the bed, taking up enough room so one needed to carefully squeeze between the TV and the bed to get by. There were two folding kitchen chairs and one with fixed legs in the “living room,” the total of all furniture in their apartment.

“Come on in and I’ll get us a beer,” Rick said as he answered the door. I followed him inside, and seeing that the table wasn’t where we could sit beside each other, I pulled it out toward the bed while he opened the fridge and grabbed us beers. Reaching for the folding chair, I saw the wedding picture on the nightstand beside the bed. I recognized her immediately: Rick and,



although he'd called her Mary, I knew her as Meredith. I reached over and picked up the picture, just as Rick stepped back with two beers. "That's Mary," he said, "Quite the looker, isn't she?"

"Meredith." Similar to the way she wore clothes to show off her tits in the library, her wedding dress did the same. Her shoulders were bare, as were the tops of her breasts. The deep vee between them was accented by a panel of mesh. I couldn't help it when I thought that Rick had probably had his cock pushed up between those gorgeous globes many times.

"What? You know her?"

"Yeah, we've been studying at the same tables in the library the last couple of semesters."

Rick stopped and looked at me for a moment, the lightbulb illuminating in his face as I'd seen so many times when he suddenly 'got it,' as everything came together in his head. "You're Jerry."

"Yeah..." I responded quizzically. "You know that." Of course, I was Jerry, he knew that. Like the dummy that I can occasionally be, it didn't dawn on me that the way he said it, he was reiterating something that Mary, or Meredith, had told him.

"Mary's told me about the Jerry that she's been studying with, I just never realized it was you."

"Small world, isn't it? But Mary and I don't actually study together, just that she normally studies with her girlfriends at the table next to where I study. She told me at the beginning of the semester she'd gotten married, but never told me your name, so I had no clue it was you." I reached over to put the picture back on the bedstand. "She's sure gorgeous, isn't she?" Rick handed me a beer without answering. "To studying!" I said, holding my bottle out to him and he reached back, clinking his beer bottle to me.

~

"No!" I reiterated, yet again, perhaps the fourth time I'd tried with this particular simple circuit. "That one is in series. You have to go through both



of them to get from point A to point B. These two paths are in parallel. You don't have to go through either of these two, but you have to go through one or the other. Look, it's like the streets. To get from here to the U, do you go down Broadway? Or do you go down Main?"

"Usually Main."

"Right. Makes sense, it's closer." I tried again with the street analogy, using different streets and different paths, "… so that one path from B to C is "in series" with either of these other two. Right?"

He looked at it again for a moment, and I knew what he was going to say even before he did. "I don't get it."

"Jesus Fucking Christ, Rick!? Why do you have to make everything so difficult?" I heard a giggle behind me and turned to find Meredith standing at the end of the bed, a smirk on her face.

"I'm glad to know I'm not the only one who thinks he can be obtuse."

"Jerry, this is my wife, Mary."

I stood and turned to her, "Glad to meet you Mary," I said, holding out my hand to her. "You know, you look just like this woman who's been studying at the table next to mine in the library. She's a spitting image of you… goes by the name of Meredith. Do you know her?"

"No. No… I don't think I've ever met her." She smiled, the tip of her tongue slithering across her lips. I'm sure my eyes got large, understanding with my cock that Mary had just flirted with me in front of her husband. That I'd imagined her tongue slithering between my lips or over my cock head, that this was also what she was thinking, was unmistakable. Embarrassed at the sudden swelling in my pants, the same swelling that Meredith had been inducing in the library for months now, I turned back to the table and sat to ignore her and concentrate on Rick's problems.

Rick gave her a brief explanation that he'd gotten stuff out to make a simple spaghetti meal for dinner and asked if she'd make it while we continued to study. Mary agreed, but said she was going to take a shower first. Sitting where



I was, I ignored her, just hearing her moving around behind me, and not seeing anything until suddenly I heard the bathroom door close. A moment later the shower started. As the shower came on, the lightbulb in Rick's head also came on -- and suddenly, he got it! Everything I'd said before he could repeat, reiterate, reword, and say another way -- and he got it right every time. Moving on to more advanced concepts, within twenty minutes he'd made more progress than he had in two weeks of beating his head against the wall.

I heard the door to the bath open and heard Meredith, or Mary, as Rick called her, coming out. With the bathroom behind me, I didn't look up to see her until she squeezed by the table and me into the kitchen. As she slipped around me, my eyes came up to find her bottom ensconced in a form-fitting sweater dress. I couldn't help it, my eyes latched onto her gorgeous butt, realizing there was no sign of any underwear visible. Her dress was like a second skin from behind, clinging to her bottom, the cleft of her ass quite visible without a single panty line. I felt my cock expanding in my pants, once again so glad that I was seated behind the table. I momentarily imagined her bottom naked, her bending forward and me sliding my cock through the crack of her ass. I guiltily looked over to Rick, he was looking at his papers and book, not even paying attention to the delectable wet dream that had squeezed by me. A minute later Mary called to him from the kitchen and he got up and walked to her. He was standing between Mary and me so I couldn't see or hear what they were saying, but I hear him giggle, and as he turned back, his "That's up to you," I did hear.

No longer could I concentrate on what Rick and I were supposed to be studying, but now that he'd gotten over the initial hurdle of differentiating parallel and series, he was making great progress on his own and I didn't have to. That my eyes continued to caress his wife whenever he didn't have a problem and I wasn't looking at what he was doing, I don't know if he knew or not. Occasionally her eyes moved my way and her eyebrows would rise, or she would lasciviously smile, flirting with me just as she did so often in the library.

I'd lusted over Mary in the library. We'd flirted, we'd teased, but except that she had a lot of blouses that displayed her magnificent cleavage, not in any of that time had she worn anything braless, at least that I'd ever detected. And I definitely tried to detect that, daily. But she was definitely braless now. The gentle sway of her breasts, as she moved around, was like a magnet to my gaze.



Her breasts were too large to go braless in public, but here, in the privacy of her apartment, her breasts and cleavage were completely covered although I readily detected she had left them unbundled. That her nipples were erect, or at least visible where they pushed against the sweater dress, was also obvious. I tried to ignore her, but every time I looked away from Rick and his work, I found myself looking at her, my eyes drawn to the titillating enticement of her unencumbered bosom. Several times she turned to catch my eyes rising from her bosom with a knowing smile. She knew she had great tits and enjoyed showing them off.

Rick came up with another little problem. I reworded what he didn't understand, explaining it to him differently, and as he jumped into understanding it was right as Mary moved up beside the table and Rick. Putting her hand on his shoulder, he sat upright, his hand slipping behind her and onto her butt. I could see through my peripheral vision, without looking directly at her, as his hand caressed her bottom. "Dinner's ready. Can we put this away for the night?"

"Oh my God, Babe! Jerry has gotten me going finally. I've made more progress here tonight than I have in weeks in that damn class," he enthused.

"Good! Does that mean we can put it away for the evening and maybe watch a movie after dinner?"

"Go to the movies?" I asked, not understanding what she meant.

"On TV," Rick explained, "We've got a VCR."

"You've got a VCR?" I repeated, shocked, as the price of a VCR was well out of range for the typical college student. VCRs had only been around for a few years at the time. Hollywood had sued to prevent their implementation and sale claiming that the ability to copy or record movies was infringing on their ability to make money from getting people to go to the movies. They lost, but the price of VCRs was still in the many hundreds or even thousands of dollars. Not many starving college students could afford them.

"It was a wedding gift," Mary said, and with a giggle added, "they're lots of fun."



"Wow! I've seen them in the stores, but never knew anyone who had one."

~

"So? What shall we watch?" Rick asked after we'd cleaned up. His books, put away for dinner, never came out again. Rick shushed Mary out of the kitchen and said he'd clean up after dinner, which made sense as she'd cooked for us. I immediately jumped up to help and in just minutes the two of us had the dishes done and in the drainer, the kitchen cleaned up, and were moving back out to the other room.

"I've already got it in," Mary said. "All you have to do is start it."

"Where do you get VCR movies?" I asked, reaching for one of the folding chairs to sit. I'd seen a few VCR movies for sale in stores, but there again, they were exorbitantly expensive for the average student budget.

"No, take the other side," Rick said to me, indicating to put the chair away as he slipped up onto the bed next to Mary. Mary was lying in the middle of the bed, leaning back against the wall, with a pillow behind her.

I looked over at the bed, realizing that with the three of us, it was going to be a bit crowded, but except for the upright chairs, there wasn't anything else to sit on. I walked around the bed, Mary slid a bit closer to Rick, and I sat next to her. "Where do you buy VCR movies?" I repeated, wondering as I did if they were independently wealthy or something.

"Rent," Rick answered. "There are a couple of places locally. The 7-11 down on University Avenue is one, and there's a liquor store over on 70th that has movies in the back."

"I never get over on 70th, and I guess I've just never noticed them at the 7-11. I think I'd go to the 7-11, it's further to 70th than it is to the school. Why in the world would you go that far?"

"They've got better movies, or at least ones we like better, over there," Mary explained. She nudged Rick, her hand motioning toward the VCR, "You need to start it," Mary said again.



"Oh yeah." Rick rolled back off his side of the bed, stepped up to the TV and turned it on; once it came on, he pushed the play button on the VCR. Returning to the bed, he slid back in beside Mary. She rolled onto her side, her back to me, and put her arm over Rick. "Which one are we watching?" he asked.

"What do you think?" she giggled. "What do I like?" There was a slight pause, and she continued, "I'm pretty sure Jerry will like it."

Something unspoken was passing between them, but I wasn't sure what. The squiggles of the pre-recording coalesced into some type of copyright warning, and then into the opening scenes, and the title: Debbie Does Dallas.

"Oh fuck!" I laughed, my eyes bugging out, caught totally by surprise. "Is this the real…" I started to ask, my question answered by the almost immediate title shot of cheerleaders on a football field and the words "Starring Bambi Woods." I'd never seen pics of her, but I'd heard some of the guys talking about her and how hot she was, so I knew the name.

Mary giggled. "You don't mind, do you? I really like sex movies."

I didn't answer. I was embarrassed that she'd put on porn, a sex movie, while I was there. But on the other hand, I was also a horny 23-year-old and wanted to see it. I shifted my body a bit closer to the edge of the bed, away from them, but really didn't need to as Mary rolled onto her side, facing away from me, cuddling against Rick.

Supposedly there was a plot, but I'm not sure I could tell you what it was. Seeing naked cheerleaders, pervy store owners, and the girls trying to earn money to send "Debbie" to Texas to become a Dallas Cowgirls Cheerleader? Something like that.

Supposedly the movie was about an hour and a half long. I wouldn't know, as I never saw but maybe the first half.

Almost immediately after the movie started, Mary was whispering and giggling with Rick, although with her back to me I couldn't hear what she was whispering. Her hands slithered over his body, mostly his chest, but there was no mistaking when she caressed his crotch. She seemed to be totally ignoring that I was there on the bed, behind her. At first, I tried keeping my eyes on the



TV screen, but as Mary and Rick got more and more intimate with each other, I had a hard time not looking at what they were doing. I saw when Mary's hand slipped down into Rick's pants, obviously caressing his dick, and then a few minutes later when her hands worked on unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. When she got his pants undone and reached in again to fish his cock out, Rick looked over toward me to see if I was watching and just smiled.

If someone had said I could lay on a bed, with the sexy woman that I'd been fantasizing about regularly, watching the most famous porn movie of its time, and not immediately have a hard-on, I wouldn't have believed it.

Soon enough Mary leaned up and laid a lip lock on Rick, and the way her upper leg rose, it was obvious that Rick had his hand on her pussy, even though with her facing away from me I couldn't see that. And except for tidbits of the movie, the girls in the shower room showing their tits, "Debbie's" boss looking up her skirt while she was on a ladder, and feeling her up -- I really wasn't following what was happening in the movie. The more that Rick and Mary got frisky beside me, the more I watched them instead of the movie. I could tell when Mary had Rick's pants open and could tell from the movement of her arm that her hand was wrapped around his prick and stroking, although that was mostly hidden from my view by her body. I certainly hadn't anticipated this before they started the show, but now that Mary had Rick's cock out and was stroking it where I could see, and he was obviously fingering her, although I also couldn't really see that through her dress, there was no denying the growing erection in my own pants.

Whether Rick was watching the show any more than Mary or me, I couldn't tell. When Mary leaned into Rick's face once again and whispered something, I couldn't hear what she whispered -- but heard Rick's "Yes" reply. Mary began moving her head down his body, turning across the bed, her legs and bottom more towards me, and moments later I saw his erection momentarily as she moved him into her mouth and began sucking him off.

When Mary turned, it pointed her bottom toward me, her legs at first curled up, but soon pressing against my own. Her sweater dress had been down to mid-thigh when standing, but now, after Rick obviously fingering her and her moving on the bed, it had crept up to the bottom edge of her butt cheeks. That she had no underwear on I could see and she made no effort to pull her dress back down. A slight shift to get a better angle on Rick and her dress shifted



just a bit more, allowing me to see her pussy, and the glistening wetness of her lips, from behind.

Mary administered to Rick's erection for several minutes before turning once again and moving face to face with him. This time she didn't stop beside him, but rolled on top of him, their mouths locked together once again. Rick's near hand slithered up and down her back, landing on her bottom and cupping her ass, now naked as he'd slid her dress up that far. His other hand wasn't visible, I presumed he probably had one of her fabulous tits in hand. I wasn't sure what she whispered just before she pulled away from their lascivious tongue-sucking and bent her face to his ear, but I distinctly heard Rick again say "Yes." A moment later Mary swung a leg over on top of Rick, straddling him, pushed the lower portion of her dress out of the way and guiding his erection to her pussy.

I was now completely hard and totally embarrassed to be witnessing their amorous actions, the movie, for now, completely forgotten. But I couldn't help but watch either. Rick's hands rose to Mary's breasts, squeezing and fondling through her dress while Mary was rocking up and down on him. Moments later he reached down and gathered the dress hem to slip his hands inside, but he didn't need to as Mary also reached down, gathered it herself, and pulled it up and off -- leaving her nude and riding her husband, her eyes shifting momentarily to my face.

The girl that I'd been flirting with, regularly fantasizing about, and masturbating several times a week while thinking about -- was naked beside me and fucking my friend. His hands once again slipped over her belly and up to her breasts, his fingers finding and pinching her nipples. "Oh My God, Jerry! She's got great tits, doesn't she?"

My cock was now rock hard in my pants but caught and bent at an angle, so I had to reach down to rearrange it. "Wow!" Rick said, his eyes seeing me arranging my cock, "You can't believe what a turn-on this is for both of us. Having someone watch me fuck my wife. Watching my wife fuck me." His breath quivered as he said this, his body shivered, and his eyes went back to Mary. "Oh... My God, babe... I'm gonna..." He didn't have to say "cum," the way his hips rose into her and he grunted, said it all.



Although he had orgasmed, I could tell that Mary hadn't yet. Her hands now lowered to his body, holding her upper body in place as she raised her hips and then slammed her pelvis onto him harder and harder. Rick's hands fell from her tits when he came but now returned to them, pinching, and rolling her nipples. Mary moved her hand from Rick's chest to her pussy, her fingers expertly rubbing her clit enough to take her over the top. Her head rolled back, so she was looking at me sideways, just as Rick had, her body now quivered and shook as her crotch stopped moving. Whether Rick was still hard and inside her or his cock had shrunk and fallen out, I couldn't tell, but moments later Mary slipped a hand over her crotch and rolled to the far side, standing, and heading toward the toilet.

Rick made no effort to cover up, his now only semi-hard cock lying on his belly, his pants and underwear pushed aside. "So, whadda ya think? Fancy a go with her?"

I did a double take: Had Rick really just offered to let me fuck his wife? "What?" I answered to clarify.

"Wanna have a fuck with my wife? She's been telling me for months about this guy Jerry that she's had the hots for and wanted to fuck all last semester. When she told me who you were, I asked her if she'd like to fuck you as a Valentine's Day present from me."

"A what?" I said, suddenly realizing that rumblings that had gone by me about Valentine's Day had indicated that today was it. But I was no longer married, I wasn't dating anyone, and being a Tuesday, there weren't any Valentine's Day parties that I was interested in.

I heard the toilet flush and looked over as the door opened and Mary, still totally nude, walked back to the bed. She climbed onto the bed between us, turned to Rick, and kissed him, before rolling over and turning to face me.

I looked into her face, not yet believing this was happening. Her hands ran up and across my chest, and she leaned towards my face, encouraging me to kiss her. I hadn't yet reached up to touch her breasts, those wonderful mounds that she'd been showing off for weeks. She took care of that, reaching for my hand and pulling it to her breast. "I want to suck your cock and fuck you and Rick said I can."



“Go ahead, buddy,” Rick encouraged, “Get her while she’s hot.”

Mary’s hand slid back down my stomach to fumble with my belt and pants. I guess my surprise and reluctance were now gone, as when Mary leaned in closer to kiss me, I kissed her back -- one hand on her tits -- my other hand moving down to help her with my pants. Unlike with Rick, when she got my pants loose, she bent and pushed them down, and raising my hips I started to help her get them off when I felt Ricks hands on my pant legs. I hadn’t heard or seen him get off the bed, or get undressed, mesmerized by Meredith as I was, but he was now standing at the foot, totally naked, helping to pull my pants off my legs. Rick and Mary were both now totally nude, and Mary caught the end of my shirt and began to lift. I had to sit up momentarily, but pulled it off and now all three of us were nude.

“Oh! I knew you’d have a nice one!” Mary whispered, now turning sideways on the bed, and moving her face next to my cock. Holding it upright with her hand she licked up the shaft and teased my pee hole with her tongue before slipping my cockhead between her lips. I groaned.

“Oh My God,” Rick said, and looking toward him, I saw that he’d sat down in the fixed-leg chair, watching us, his still soft cock in hand. “Is she a great little cock sucker or what?” I still didn’t know, she’d only just begun to suck on me, and having ones cock in someone’s mouth always feels good.

“So far...” I panted, wanting to shove my erection into her mouth, “So good!”

“Oh, you can’t believe how hot this is!” Rick continued from the chair. “This is a fantasy come true for us, watching my wife fucking my friend...”

Mary was still somewhat sideways as she bobbed up and down on my cock. Reaching for her leg, I pulled her more toward me, sliding my hand up the inside of her thigh to her pussy. My fingers easily slipped inside her, confirming she was as wet and turned on as I was. Pulling a bit more, I moved her inverted and then moved my head, so her leg went over me, and my mouth found her pussy. I tongued and sucked her labia, slipped my tongue into her vagina, and then moved up to run it back and forth against her clit. She groaned at the caress of my tongue and I pulled away. “You better turn around and climb on or I’m going to cum...” I said. Whether she’d already made the decision or



not, she almost instantly pulled away, turned, and reached down to guide my cock into her sopping wetness.

“Oh, Fuck!” I groaned, “You’re so wet.”

“I’ve been wet in the library regularly for weeks, wondering how I was going to seduce you.”

“Fuck, baby!” Rick said, “Raise up and let me see his cock in you.” She did, rising too much so that my cock flopped out, slapping wetly against my pelvis. I reached between us and gripped myself, holding my cock upright as she aligned with me again.

My fingers were on her nipples or my hands filling themselves with her succulent breasts. Moving my head slightly I could look down and found Rick, sitting in the chair opposite, once again with a full erection, masturbating as he watched his wife riding me.

Mary’s pussy was seeping wetness all around my cock, and having experienced her cocksucking just moments before, I knew I wasn’t going to last long. In moments I had to groan in exquisite agony as my cock throbbed, spewing my spunk into her hot pussy. Almost immediately the sensation on my cock was too much, but knowing she hadn’t yet cum I bit my tongue as she increased her speed. I squeezed my ass in a Kegel motion, forcing my cock to maintain some of its erection, and reached for her clit with my hand. I had her right nipple between my left fingers as my right fingers searched and found her clit. With my semen and her wetness pooling on my belly, I didn’t need any extra lubricant, smearing our combined mixture against her clit until moments later she groaned, her body clinching inward, and she collapsed forward against me.

I heard movement, and once again glancing around her, saw Rick holding his cock upright with one hand, cupping the head with another and I realized he’d cum himself. He left for the toilet as my hands caressed up and down my new lover’s body. For the first time, I found her ass, pulling her against me two-handed.

“You can’t believe how many times I’ve jacked off dreaming of fucking you,” I whispered into her ear as my lips caressed her cheek. “That was really nice.”



"Yeah, it was," she answered, her lips turning and caressing my cheek.

"Hmm," I acknowledged. "You've done this before?"

"Never."

"Really?" Her head bobbed in acknowledgment.

"Ricky has always said how hot it would be to see me fuck someone else, particularly if it was one of his friends. I've always told him 'no way' but I've been teasing him all year long about this guy... in the library. And then, tonight, when you were here..."

"Is that what you told him in the kitchen?" I heard the toilet flush and Rick returned. I slid my hands up Mary's sides, for the first time playing with her tits two-handed.

"He told me I could have you as a Valentine's Day present, and I told him that if we put that porn movie on after dinner, maybe something would happen that would make him happy. Make us both happy."

I sensed Rick standing behind Mary and leaned slightly sideways to look. He'd stopped directly behind her, his hand stroking her naked ass. "That's the hottest thing we've ever done. I hope you didn't mind." I think it was part of an apology for springing this on me, but he needn't have bothered. Mary didn't even look back.

"You've got the greatest tits," I said, my fingers pinching and rolling both nipples.

"I'm glad you think so... If you keep that up I'm going to want to do it again."

"I'm not sure I can do it again just yet... although I might come back sooner with a little help from you?"

"Uhmm. I liked doing that to you." She wiggled her hips, rotated her pelvis against my cock. "Think you can get hard if I suck you again?"

"Definitely."



She licked her lips, looking me in the face, and I slithered my tongue between my lips. “Will you make me cum with your tongue first?”

“Gladly.”

Mary lifted her body from mine and moved forward over my chest. I thought she was going to move off, but instead moved even further forward, straddling my neck, and moving her pussy to my mouth. I gripped her naked ass with both hands, putting pressure until she settled in place.

I realized as I tongued her pussy that much of the wetness from her vagina was my own semen, but surprisingly, I didn’t gag. I’d never tasted myself before, but didn’t stay there long, moving my mouth and tongue to her clit. I gripped her ass cheeks with both hands, sliding my fingers to her ass crack and then down, slipping my middle finger into her pussy at the same time I moved my tongue upward to her clit. Sucking and moving my tongue back and forth, that she was still quite aroused was evident as in just minutes I had her quaking in orgasm again.

“Enough!” she panted, her body quivering as she again slid down my body until she was lying on top of me. “That was really nice.”

“I aim to please,” I giggled in response.

“Your aim was perfect.” She kissed me on the lips, our tongues dueled momentarily and then she pulled away, my finger pulling from her vagina and she trailed her lips onto my chin, moved to my cheek, and then further. She kissed my neck, onto my chest, stopping to suck and nibble my nipples as her body moved further and further down. I again played with her tits until they too were out of reach, and momentarily after that she had my cock in hand and began lathing it with her tongue.

Now kneeling between my legs, her ass in the air toward the end of the bed, she had one hand on my cock holding me upright while she administered to me with her lips and tongue. My cock was still extremely sensitive, and almost completely soft, when she sucked me in. I only slowly responded, my dick gradually growing harder by the minute. I knew I couldn’t cum again very soon, but I continued to stiffen up and knew I’d be able to please her, whether I came again or not.



I knew when my cock was hard enough to fuck, but still, she didn't pull away. I gently pressed the top of her head to indicate I was there when Rick left his chair and was suddenly standing beside us. "Oh my God baby, you've got such a great ass. Suck me." Grabbing her by the hair, he pushed his almost hard cock up next to her face, pulling her head sideways until she pulled off my cock and took his cock in her mouth instead. Guiding and holding her face, he shoved himself into her mouth and throat, eliciting a gag once, and then another. Pulling back a bit he again extolled how hot he thought this all was until he pulled back completely and pushed her face back toward me.

"Suck him off while I fuck you," Rick said as he moved in behind Mary. A moment later I felt Mary's body move toward me as standing, he pushed himself inside her, and Mary immediately went back to my cock, taking me into her mouth again. I had thought as she'd started sucking me that I wasn't going to cum rapidly but, as she continued, repeatedly jarred by her husband taking her from behind, I realized that I might. Before Rick began fucking her, I knew she'd been sucking me to get me ready to fuck again, but as this continued, I could tell she was now sucking to get me off.

My hands moved to her face, gently holding her, where Rick had roughly been holding her before. "Oh God, Meredith, I'm going to cum," I said as I could feel the cum boiling up from my balls. I didn't even think that I'd used her full name, Meredith, just realized that this was what I knew her by, this was her name. If Rick called her Mary, that was fine, but she was Meredith to me.

She didn't pull away, if anything closing her lips tighter, bobbing a bit faster, as Rick jarred her body. I released her face, reaching down to grip the sheets, trying to hold myself in place as my pelvis moved upward until once again, I throbbed in release. She must have sensed my peak as she pulled away, holding my cock now with her hand as my spunk coated her face. Almost simultaneously Rick groaned and pushed his cock hard into her from behind, pulled back and thrust into her once again, with his third orgasm of the night.

I knew I was done. No amount of stimulation was going to get me erect again for quite some time. As Rick pulled out, stumbling backward to his chair, Mary collapsed forward again onto me. I reached for a tissue and used it to clean my spunk from Mary's face. Lying there with Meredith collapsed on top of me, I realized we'd all reached our limit. Nobody said a thing, and I became



aware of a hiss from the TV. I looked over; the videotape had long before run its course.

"Come on, babe," Rick said, again stepping up beside his wife and extending his hand, "Let's go shower and clean up." He looked up at me with a grin. "Whadda ya think Professor, was that good enough payment for tutoring? Ever been paid with sex before?"

I looked at him, caught a bit off guard. I hadn't considered this as payment, it was just something that had happened, but in that moment, when he intimated that he'd paid me for tutoring with sex from his wife, I realized that something had changed. Buying me a beer for helping in our other classes was just being friendly, but pimping his wife to me in payment was something else.

~~~

I'd left that night and gone home, wondering how I was going to handle it at school the next day. As it was, I didn't see her again for a couple of days, until once again she showed up at the study table with her friends. Her glance my way was more than just a flirtatious look. Her lip sucked in momentarily between her teeth and I realized she was asking if we were OK. Unconsciously, I knew we weren't. We'd been flirting for weeks, but I'd always seen and known about that ring on her finger. I never expected anything except our flirting, but knew that I had fallen for Meredith and she had married a dick. That her husband had treated her as a piece of meat, something he could sell to others, to his friends or acquaintances in payment for his needs, was something I could never again tolerate. I smiled to let her know that we were OK, but when I rose to go to class, it was for the last time. I never again returned to that study table in the library. I hadn't contemplated what that meant long term, but with graduation and the end of the semester now just weeks away -- it turned out that was the last time I saw Meredith at the University.

~~~

2025

I was seated in the corner booth at Outback, where once a month or so I treated myself to someone else's cooking. I'd long before learned that Thursday was a good day as there was seldom a crowd. If there was, I'd sit at the bar



immediately, otherwise I would take a booth. It was consistently decent food, but perhaps someone fixing me a drink was as big of a draw. Sure, it was overpriced, but at least I wasn't fixing it myself.

I looked up as the three ladies entered the restaurant, and then did a double take as I realized that one was Meredith, someone I hadn't seen in nearly 50 years.

~

I contemplated Meredith from my corner booth. She hadn't even looked my way, I know she hadn't seen me, but wondered if she had, would she recognize me? I'd been able to observe her as she spun out of her coat, her body still as alive and sexy as I remembered, even if it was 47 years older. The big difference was that she no longer had a cleavage-baring shirt on -- something she had always had on in college.

The two women she was with weren't nearly as good-looking as she was. The one was short, perhaps just 5 feet tall, and although she had an immense bosom, she otherwise wasn't much to look at. The other was medium height, and perhaps 15 years younger than Meredith. Slightly heavy, she had the look of a Mom, probably with teenage kids at home flipped through my mind.

But it was Meredith that once again I couldn't take my eyes off. She was older; I did a rough calculation and thought that if she had been 19 at the time, she had to be at least 66 now. The three of them were escorted to another booth across the room from me, seated where I could look their way without craning my neck.

I questioned myself as to whether I should say anything or not. I'd known after our threesome that night that I couldn't do it with her again. She was married to him, I had fallen for her, and Rick's parting words were such that I knew he was a dick -- and not the one for her. After that next time, catching her eyes in the library I knew I couldn't do it anymore without wanting to ring Rick's neck. I never went back to the 5th-floor study table, and although I did continue to occasionally go to the commons for a beer with the guys, I never went back at the time that I'd run into Rick there and we also never crossed paths again. I went through on-campus job interviews, accepted a job offer halfway across the country, and left town. I thought it would be for good, but



now, 47 years later I was back -- retired. I'd had 47 years of hot, scorching summers and frigid snowy winters, and had returned to my hometown of San Diego. Just that morning I'd been out on the golf course with friends, and without a jacket, and had returned home to an email from an old co-worker that had started out telling me about the horrendous snowstorm they were dealing with.

I watched the ladies order their meals, my one scotch graduated into two, and as my waitress came by again, I asked her if she could get me a single sheet of paper from the hostess's steno pad. She looked at me quizzically and I know I rolled my eyes, as once again, I found myself out of touch with today's youth. I explained that the spiral-topped 6"x9" notepad at the receptionist's desk, back before we all had iPads, was known as a "Steno Pad." She accepted my explanation, and moments later returned with a sheet.

"That's an unusual word to speak to me for the first time." I wrote, and then directly below that wrote: "You don't even know what that word means."

Below that I wrote: "Do you remember the word, when you said it, and to whom?"

I folded the paper in half, wrote "MEREDITH" on it, and set it aside until the waitress came by again. Looking up, I saw that the three ladies were finished with their dinner and about to leave. I asked her to hand it to the ladies who were just leaving.

I purposely didn't look up for a moment, wondering if she would remember, or even recognize me. When I looked up again, the ladies were gone. I contemplated my deflation at the lack of response, thinking she hadn't seen or known me, realizing I'd almost been holding my breath; waiting, hoping. I took another sip of my Scotch, knowing that another sip or two and I'd also be heading out. I caught the eye of the waitress and showed my credit card, laying it on the edge of the table. She nodded and headed off, and a moment later returned with the electronic charge pad. I looked down, finished the bill, and had just scribbled a finger in the signature spot when I was startled by someone sliding into the opposite side of the booth.

Looking up I found Meredith looking at me. Neither of us said anything for a moment. Finally, she nodded at me and said, "Smegma." I couldn't help but



smile, remembering when she'd slid into the chair at my table, kitty-corner from me, and whispered that one word.

"You're still as gorgeous as I always thought you were."

"Maybe a bit older?" I nodded. "I had to make sure it was you," she said. I nodded, now that she was here, wondering where to start. "You're just as sexy as you always were."

"Perhaps a bit older?" It was her turn to nod at me.

"It's good to see you."

"You too."

"We didn't last," she said when I enquired about her and Rick. "It was always about sex with us. After you... he found out he really liked to see me fuck other people. He... we," she corrected, "found a 'want ad' in the school newspaper about the "Sexual Freedom League" and we tried it. It was a swingers club; he loved it and I didn't."

"You seemed to like it that night with me."

"You were different. That was different. You were almost my age, and I thought I liked you."

"I remember seeing that ad. I always wondered what it was."

"Mostly older married couples looking to swap or to hook up with someone for threesomes, and single men always looking to hook up with someone younger." She smiled wryly. "At 18 I was quite popular."

"I'll bet."

"I got tired of Rick pimping me out to these older guys for gang bangs so he could watch me get fucked."

I tried not to show any emotion at her confession. "You thought you liked me?" I queried a moment later.



"Not when you just disappeared." It was several seconds of silence before she asked, "Why?"

I'd thought about this question for 47 years. What was I going to say the day I saw her again? And despite all the practice, it was still hard to say. "I guess, I had to. There was this gorgeous young woman that I met. I was strongly attracted to her, only she was married. I didn't originally know who her husband was, but it turned out that he and I had shared some classes and studied together. When I found out you were his wife... at first, I thought how lucky he must be, but then during the evening, several things he said made me realize he was a dick. I think the final straw was when I realized he'd considered you having sex with me was a good repayment for me tutoring him." I realized she'd used the exact word that described what I thought he had done that night. "He thought pimping you out was his right. I thought that we could never be. There was no way I wanted to try to hook up with you if you wanted him, and then I realized I didn't really like him. Especially in that he thought he owned you. I knew if I stayed around, I'd be forever jealous of you, and him, or run into him somewhere, someday, and deck him... or worse. With graduation coming up -- I just took a job out of town and left." I shrugged my shoulder. "Maybe I took the coward's way out?"

Again, we sat and looked at each other. "You were a senior?" I nodded. "I didn't realize that. I knew you were probably a year or two older. I was a freshman. Did you ever marry again?"

I was startled, I didn't think she'd remember me being married as I barely remembered that myself. "You remembered that?" She bobbed her head in acknowledgment. "We were young and stupid. I got her pregnant two months before school ended, probably after our Senior Prom. We decided to get married, "for the kid" and got married the week after we graduated. She miscarried at about 4 months and we found out we didn't like each other all that much. The sex was good, but when you're 17, isn't it always? We were only married for about 14 months, but we were separated for the last 8 of those months. Funny, we found out we were better friends than we were spouses, but, yeah, I got married again. Met my wife Trisha. We got married about 4 years after I graduated. Comfortably married 32 years."

"Divorce?"



"Cancer."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"It was hard at the end, but she's better off now. What about you? Ever get married again?" She nodded. I didn't ask; I knew if she wanted to tell me she would, and either way, it didn't matter to me, although I was hoping she was currently single. Admittedly that thought hadn't crossed my mind when I saw her enter the restaurant, but now, with her sitting across from me, all those feelings that I'd had flirting with her in college years before began surfacing.

"Married twice now. Rick and I were married for almost 3 years. Rick and I divorced when I was 20. Met a guy when I was 28, and we lived together for 5 years before we got married, and 5 years later I found him having an affair with his 28-year-old secretary. I guess he traded me in for a younger model."

"Maybe younger but not prettier."

"That's nice of you to say."

I glanced around, and then down at my watch, and then back to Meredith with a smirk. I held up my arm to show her the watch. "You know you're getting old when you're the only one in the place with a watch on. Everyone these days just uses their smartphone."

"What time is it?"

"They're already cleaning up. They're closing in 4 minutes."

"Time to go?"

"Not before you give me your number."

~

I'd walked her outside, we ended up standing by her car talking for almost an hour. When I asked her if I could take her to dinner the next night, she reminded me that it was Valentine's Day. I realized that once again, I had almost forgotten it completely as my wife was gone, and I wasn't seeing anyone else.



Meredith answered the door and I immediately knew her breasts were still very admirable assets. The keyhole opening between her breasts displayed lots of flesh. I couldn't help it, my eyes dropped to her bosom and she giggled. "Still showing off the girls?" I asked with a sheepish grin.

"Sometimes," she grinned back. Our date was ended up being two days later as the ability to get a last-minute Valentine's Day reservation was non-existent. But now, the day after, our date was everything I ever dreamed it would be so many years before. The electricity was still there only, this time, we were both able to express the attraction.

"I like your dress," I whispered to her as I escorted her into the restaurant. Seldom going out on my own anymore, this was known, by far, as the "best" restaurant in town.

"You mean you like my boobs," she giggled, turning her head toward me. Reaching for my hand, that I had in the small of her back, she moved it where she could slip her hand into mine.

"Well, they are some quite admirable beauties," I said as I stepped aside to open the door for her, "and you've always enjoyed showing them off."

"Yeah," she giggled, "but I'm a bit more selective on who I show them to than when I was an 18-year-old slut."

I didn't like her referring to herself as a slut, whether she was, or had been, or not. "I never thought of you as a slut," I said after the maître 'd escorted us to our table.

"Thank you," she said, a few minutes later after we'd ordered drinks, the waiter had produced menus, verbally given us the specials for the night, and said he'd be back shortly.

"Thank you for what?" I asked, thinking maybe it had been directed at the waiter who had just stepped out of earshot.

"For not thinking of me as a slut." I nodded.

'Why would I think that?"



“Because I was. After you… left… I was heartbroken. Just that one time, and I realized I liked being with you better than… the dick.” I knew she was referring to Rick. “And then I saw you just that once more, and then you disappeared.” She paused, looked me in the face, and confessed. “Rick began taking us to… swinger’s parties… and I did everything, with anybody. I was a slut, at least until I left Rick and walked away.”

“I always wondered what would have happened had you not been married to Rick.”

“Me too. I’ve always wondered what happened to you, what we would do if we ever met again.”

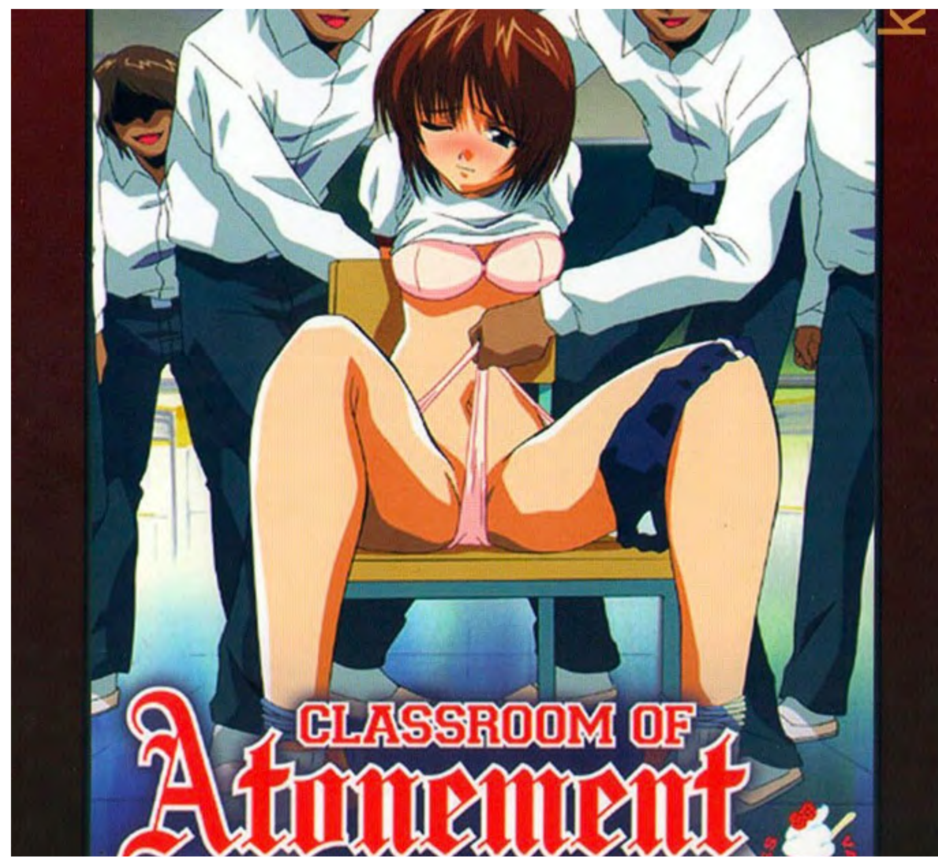
“I think,” I said, reaching across the table and taking her hand, “I’d like to find out.”




OVA
イクイク♥




魔法闘姫
リルスティア
DVD VIDEO

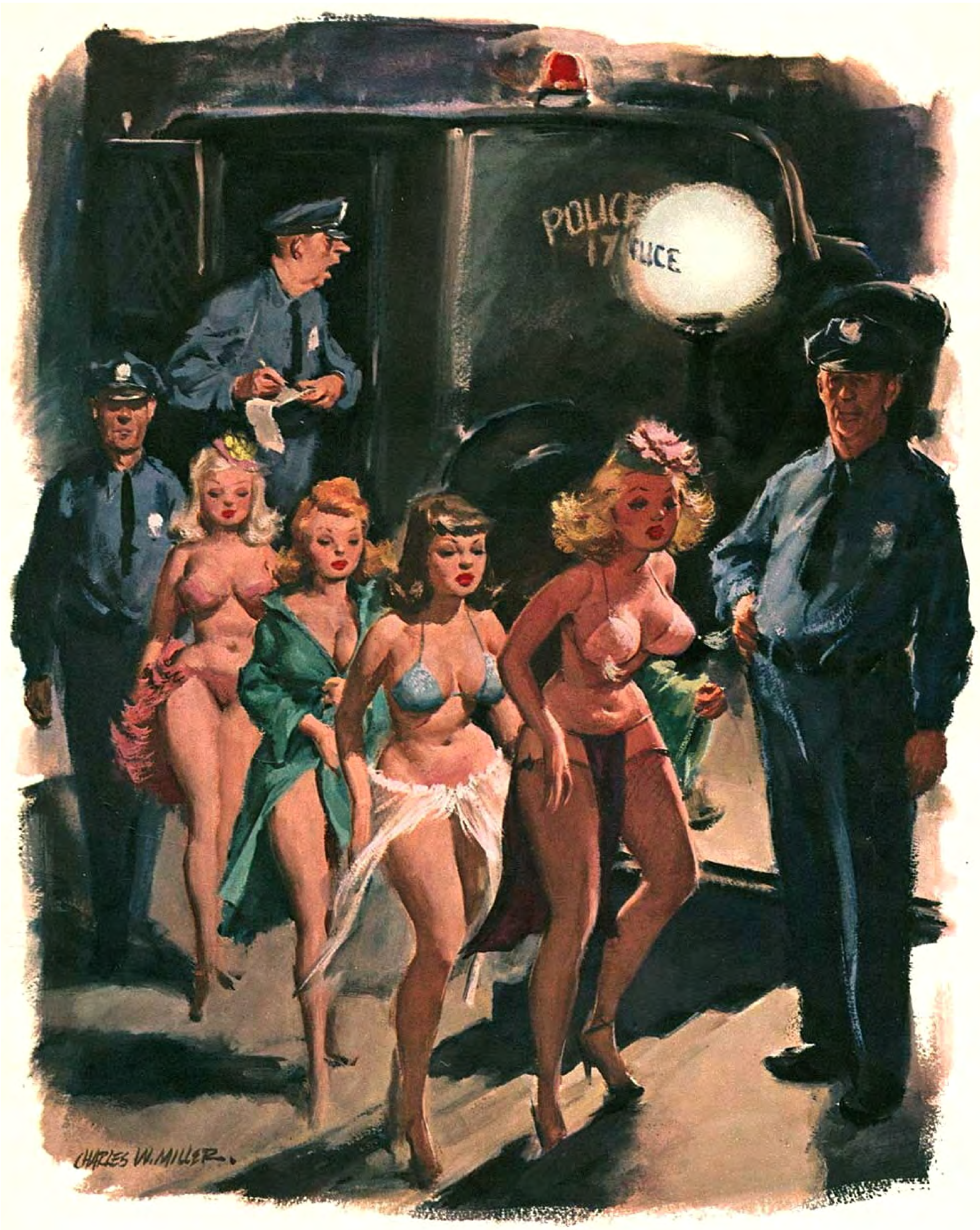

CLASSROOM OF
Atonement


DVD VIDEO
淫


Do you like our content?
SUPPORT US SO WE CAN SURVIVE!
Get the full magazine and enjoy the entire
LASCIVIA experience
visit www.imagenobscura.com


¿Te gusta nuestro contenido?
¡APOYANOS PARA PODER SOBREVIVIR!
Adquiere la revista completa y disfruta
de toda la experiencia LASCIVIA
visita www.imagenobscura.com

HUMOR LASCIVO



"Say, I thought there were supposed to be five girls here, Murphy. Murphy! Where the hell is Murphy?"

LASCIVIA — BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

Both men and women prefer younger mates, new study finds

By Elvis Ondieki

There is that person of the opposite gender that you will talk to for the first time and be instantly interested in seeing them again.

Psychologists have been studying the factors behind such attraction. Is it the other person's social status? Is it chemistry?

What about age? Does it play a factor? It does, according to a study published on Monday. Interestingly, the study released by the US National Academy of Sciences indicates that for both men and women in their middle ages, attraction is more likely if the other person is younger.

That finding has drawn a great deal of attention, given the common perception that women prefer being in a relationship with men older than them and vice versa.

Psychologist Maurifixten Kamau, reacting to the findings, told Nation Lifestyle that the belief that younger partners are more adaptive and adventurous comes into play. More on that later.

The study, conducted between October 2023 and January 2024, was a result of 6,262 blind dates in the US that started from the Tawkify matchmaking service. The dates were so "blind" that by the fact that at the first meeting, none of the individuals had the other's phone number.

After that first date, the participants were asked to state on a scale of 1 to 5 how strongly they agreed with three statements: "I enjoyed spending time with my date"; "I was attracted to my date"; and "my date seemed like a great romantic partner for me".

The researchers – Paul Eastwick, Eli Finkel, Eva Meza, and Kellie Ammerman – took interest in the age of the matched partner in the instances where one party showed interest.

"This study is the first to examine the association of a partner's age with romantic desire in a blind date setting in a middle-aged population seeking long-term partners," they stated.



“Preregistered tests revealed that people were (slightly) attracted to younger partners on average — and this association did not differ by gender.”

While giving their own argument as to why women did not seem to stick to the “looking upwards” mantra, the researchers started with a disclaimer that they did not follow up to see whether real relationships took off from the initial attraction.

- ***A separate study released in December 2024 found that the older people got, the more their preference for a younger partner grew.***

- ***The study, which was conducted on a European sample, found that while men started out with younger partners, women started with older men before shifting to partners of the same age in their middle age and younger men when they are in their retirement years.***

“First, we did not capture actual relationship formation in this study. Women may be initially attracted to young men, but somewhere between an initial date and relationship formation, these older-woman/younger-man pairings are especially likely to wither as the liabilities of men’s youth come to the fore. Relatedly, people’s abstract preferences might be overwhelmed on a first date. When people are trying to make a good impression, they may even be especially amenable to flattery from partners who seem dissimilar or who do not fit their stated ideals,” the researchers reasoned.

The researchers, in their comment about the economic background of the women involved, inferred that the women were making more liberal choices.

“None of these women were likely to be monetarily dependent on men, and social role theory predicts that gender differences in preferences linked to ambition and earning potential will erode as a society moves closer to gender equality,” they wrote. “So, when these women encountered



younger men whom they desired on their blind dates, perhaps they were happy to overlook the lower level of career advancement among these men. In other words, it is plausible that women's power and standing in society influences what they actually like."

According to Mr Kamau, a psychologist and founder of Olivetouch Counselling Services, many factors can explain the changing preferences for middle-aged women.

"Remember, every relationship is supposed to meet certain needs. From the onset, these needs are very selfish and egocentric—each wanting to use the other. The first reason is the biological view that younger people are adaptive, adventurous, and (worth) exploring. The older person feels that being in a relationship with a younger person gives them a new (chance) to explore what they would have not been able to do," Mr Kamau, who has a Master's in counselling psychology, told Nation Lifestyle.

"This goes with the need for power and control. These are two forces in any relationship. By being in a relationship with a younger partner, one assumes the role of being in power and control," he added.

He went on: "The third reason is the psychological unfinished business. This implies that the older person envies the younger person and desires to be like them. They view themselves in the image of the younger person. This means they feel incongruent with their age and relate with a younger age. This would occur because of unfinished business of one's developmental stage."

The researchers recommended that, in future studies, someone should examine exactly how people determine who is or is not in their pool of eligible dating partners.

"This preference for youth among women was surprising, because in mixed-gender couples, men tend to be older than women, and women say they prefer older partners. There may be a meaningful mismatch between what women say they prefer and what they prefer, at least in a first-date setting," said a summary of the study.



A separate study released in December 2024 found that the older people got, the more their preference for a younger partner grew.

The study, which was conducted on a European sample, found that while men started out with younger partners, women started with older men before shifting to partners of the same age in their middle age and younger men when they are in their retirement years.

“These results indirectly suggest that preferences in age-related mate selection may systematically change as individuals grow older.

An evolutionary and sociocultural rationale for age disparities seems plausible for men, regardless of their age, whereas sociocultural influences come into play for women as they age,” said the researchers in the Personal Relationships journal.






BrokenLatina

BrokenL

aWhores.com

BrokenLati

aWhores.com


LASCIVIA — THE TEMPLE OF VENUS
Eros
&
Art




駅長










FREAKO


Mikami
Become my patron on
patreon
mikamipinup








いる私の初のアー
44349


PATREON.COM/BBCCHAN



https://www.lover-art.it/ www.instagram.com/lover.illustrazioni/


BASNIP





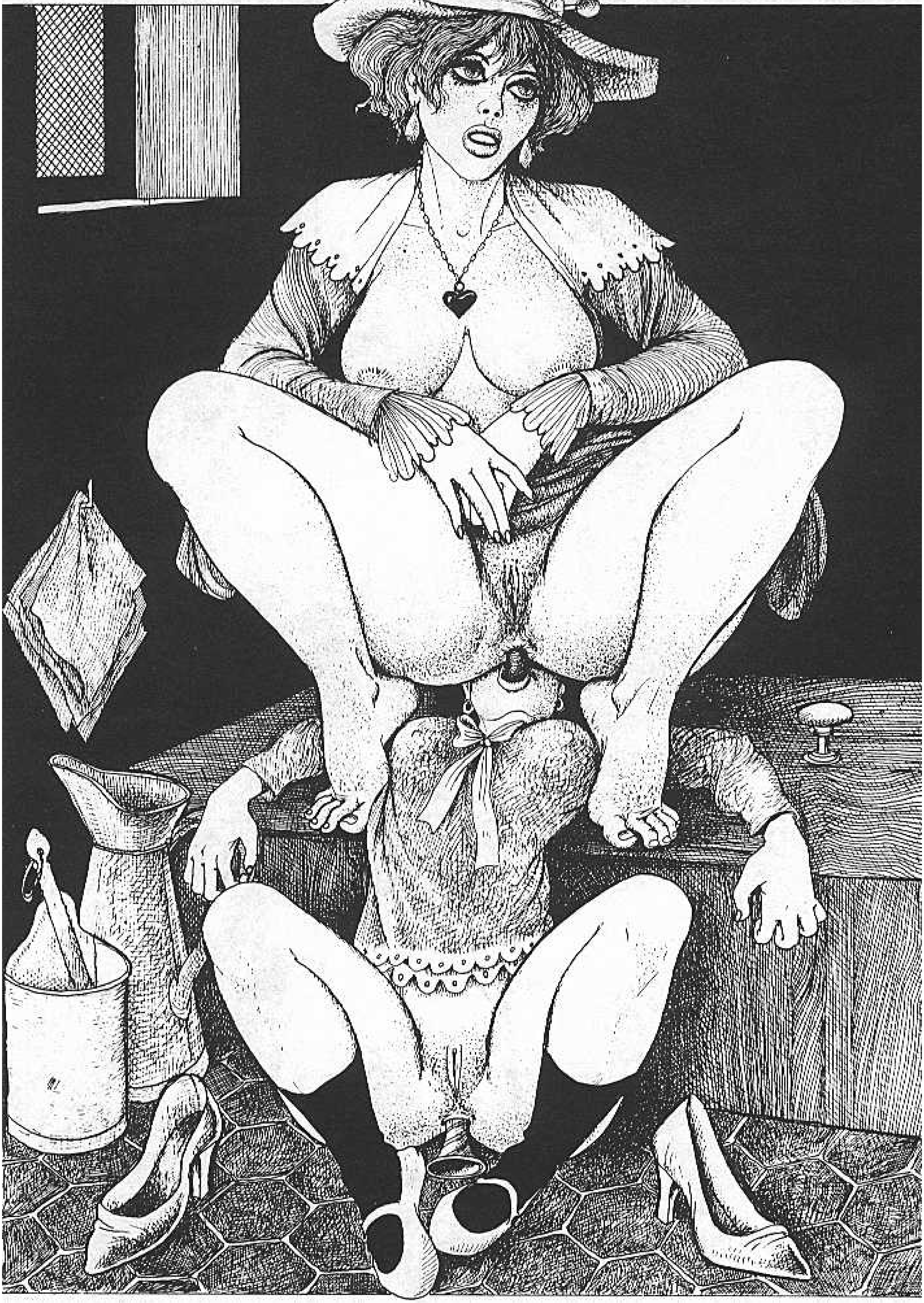


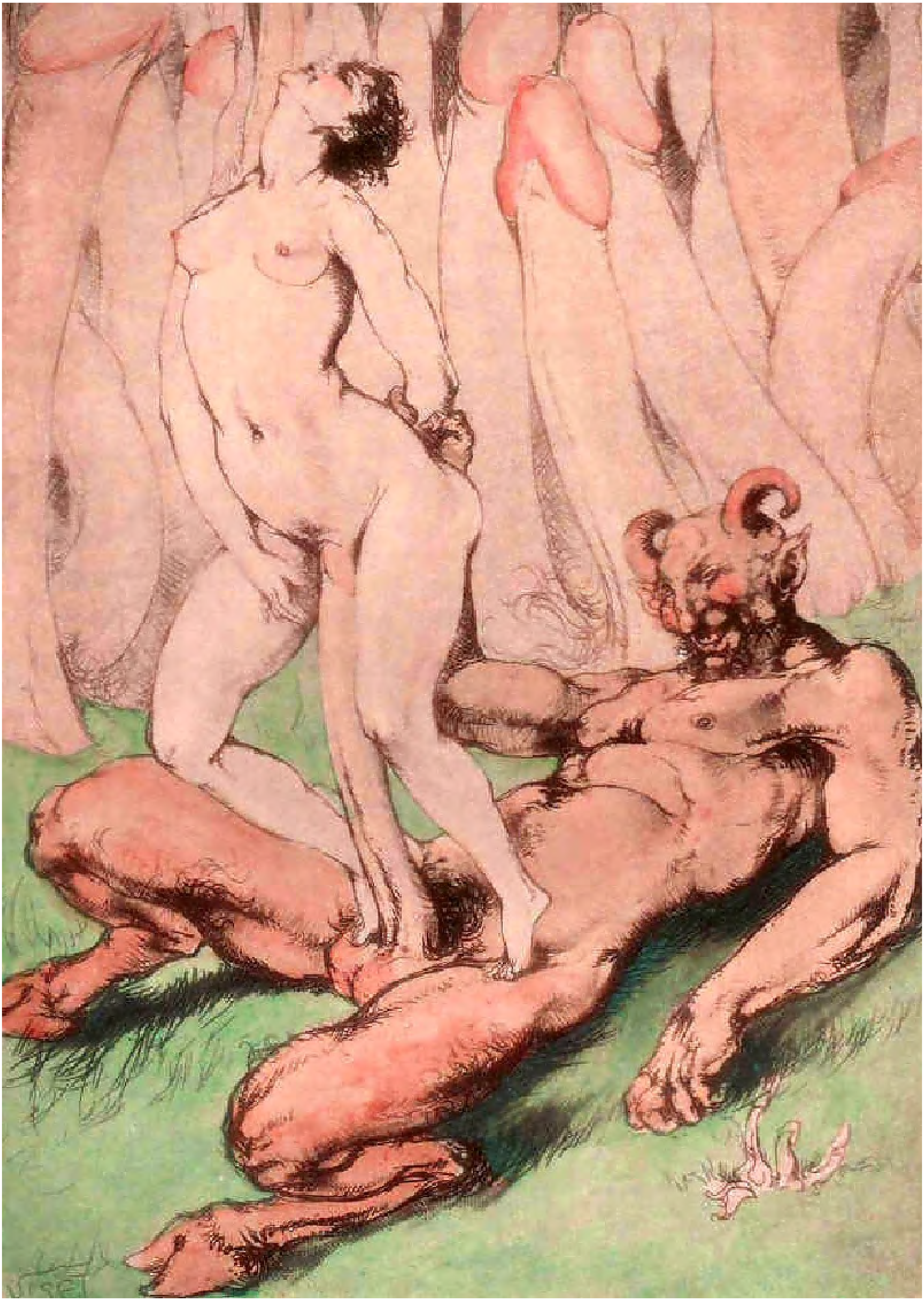
美しき犬

中川彩子画




LOVE
patreon.com/teku
TEKUHOART.COM






inseros.com










Paloma P.







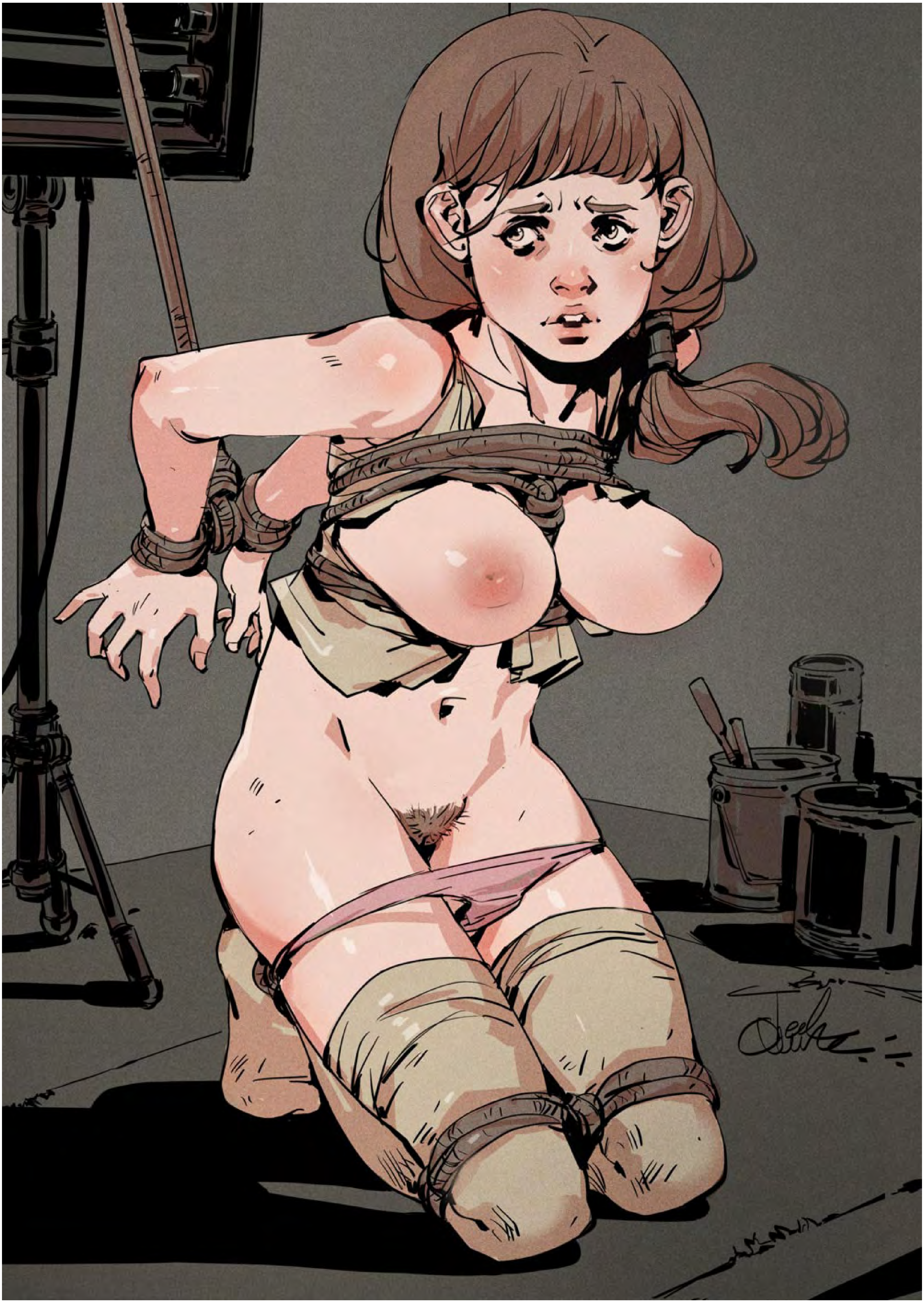


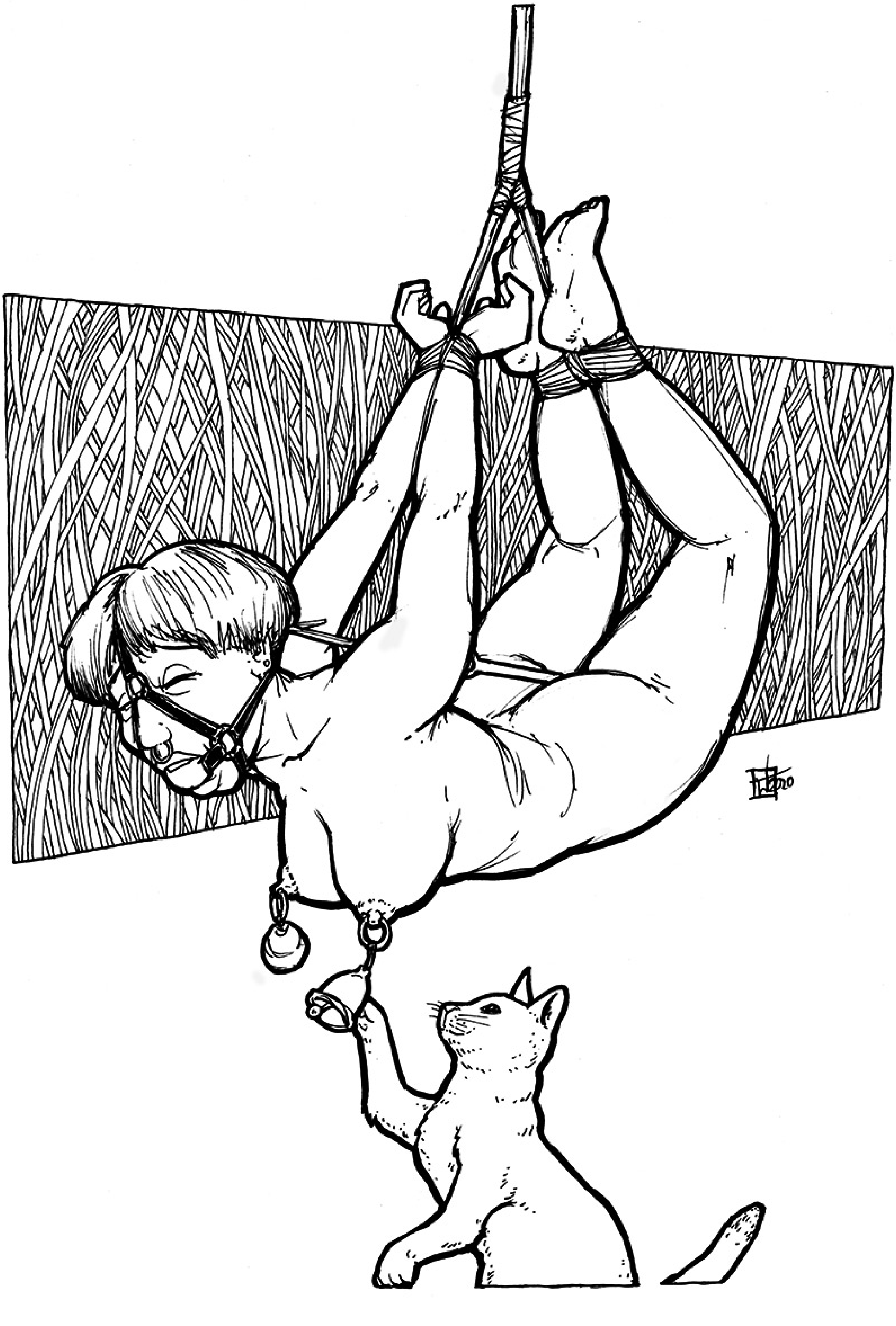












The Veterinarian 2020 «Glockenspiel»


REDHEAD
RESTRICTION


絶頂に耐える
一輪の花
～痴漢電車編～
村々人
FOR ADULT ONLY
成人指定
UNOFFICIAL FAN BOOK



We got in the elevator
and everything went up…

The time of our touch went up,
the temperature of our pleasures went up,
the speed of our bodies went up

And so we both got in,
against the buttons and the STOP.
Everything started to go up:

You lifted my shirt
before you turned my colors up
when you touched my nipples

You lifted my skirt…

And everything went up from you
And everything went up inside me
It was a quickie
before reaching the top floor

Sexual pleasure in teens: Yes, gender matters

By Martin Lasalle

Among cisgender Quebec teenagers—that is, those whose gender identity matches their sex assigned at birth—girls are significantly less likely than boys to achieve orgasm, either through masturbation or with a partner.

That's the finding of a large-scale study of the sexual experiences of 2,800 mostly French-Canadian teens surveyed between 2020 and 2022. The research was done by Alice Girouard, a Ph.D. student in UdeM's Department of Psychology, under the supervision of Sophie Bergeron.

The participants in the study had an average age of 16 and were recruited from 23 high schools in four parts of Quebec: the South and North Shores of Montreal, Quebec City and the Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean region.

The study is the first to scientifically document orgasm experiences in adolescents while taking into account gender identity and couple configuration. It was published in December in the journal Archives of Sexual Behavior.

The majority of the teens who completed the study's questionnaire identified as cisgender and heterosexual. A total of 1.5% identified as gender diverse (non-binary, trans, genderfluid or agender) and 17.9% as sexually diverse (non-heterosexual).

Overall, 73% of the teen girls reported having achieved orgasm through masturbation or with a partner, compared to 85% of the boys.

"We ran logistic regressions to predict the occurrence of orgasm (the dependent variable) as a function of gender (the independent variable), while controlling for other variables such as sexual experience," explained Girouard. "The girls had a 45% probability of experiencing orgasm during masturbation—barely more than half the rate for boys—and a 56% probability during sex with a partner."

The study also found that couple configuration played an important role. For example, teen girls who partnered with boys were at a particular disadvantage compared to girls partnered with girls or boys partnered with girls.



"In teens, the likelihood of sexual pleasure depends not only on gender, but also on who they are partnered with," concluded Girouard.

Girouard believes that the orgasm gap in teens can be attributed to various biological, psychological and social factors that affect sexual health, such as limited anatomical knowledge and the persistence of taboos.

"The scientific literature suggests that cisgender girls know little about their anatomy and what makes them orgasm; it may be because they don't talk about it, because it isn't taught, or because masturbation can evoke feelings of shame," said Girouard, noting that these hypotheses require further investigation.

The power of "sexual scripts"

She also pointed to the influence of what researchers call sexual scripts.

"According to sexual script theory, there is a traditional sexual script in which girls are the gatekeepers of sexuality," Girouard explained. "They are expected to restrain or ignite male sexual desire and are supposed to view sexuality as a means to achieve emotional intimacy rather than pleasure. In this traditional script, vaginal penetration is paramount and the cisgender boy's orgasm typically marks the end of the sexual activity."

Girouard chose this research topic after noticing that most studies of teen sexuality focus on risks such as pregnancy and sexually transmitted infections that, in heterosexual relationships, are associated with intercourse.

"We wanted to capture a picture that reflects the diversity of teen sexual behavior and couple configurations, bearing in mind that Statistics Canada reported that 30% of young people identified as gender diverse in 2021, a two-fold increase from 2018," Girouard said.



She believes that more comprehensive and positive sex education that specifically addresses female anatomy, sexual pleasure and equality within relationships is needed to dismantle ongoing double standards.

More broadly, her study highlights the importance of developing inclusive sex education programs that better reflect the diversity of teen experiences.

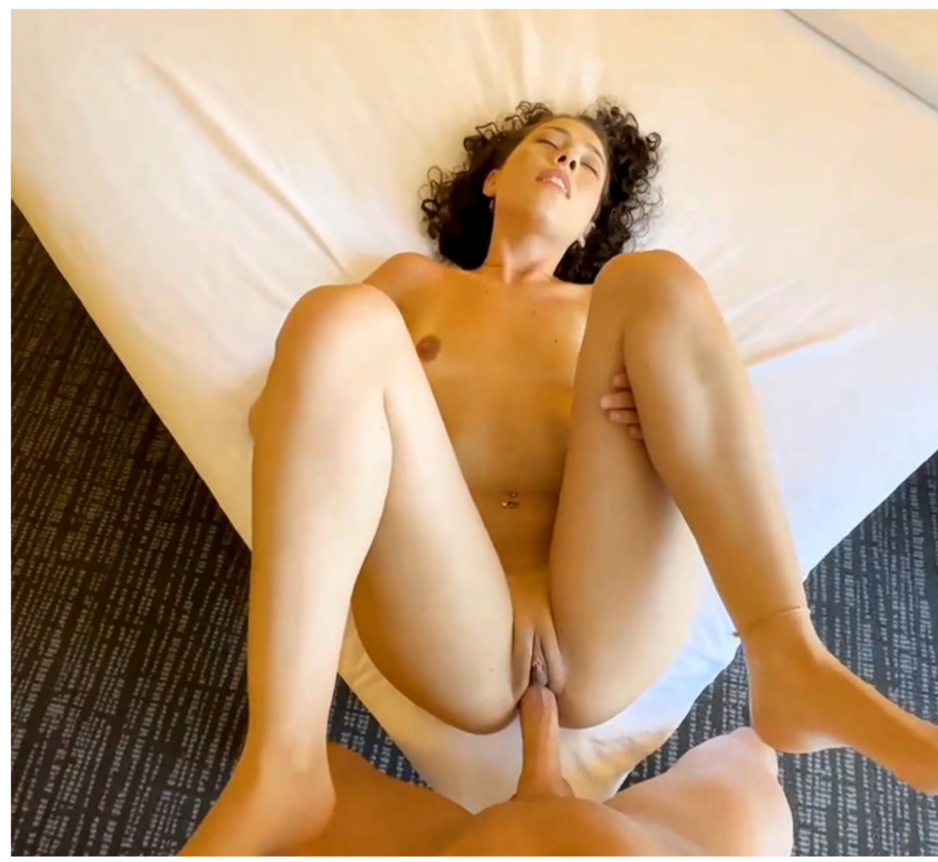















REAL TEENS
CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER



"...And I look at you through the glass of the bathtub,
you pick up the soap and I focus on your hips,
you rub it over your skin so gently that I envy your career" ...

IMAGENOBSCURA

LASCIVIA — EYES WIDE SHUT

Director Halina Reijn Hopes Babygirl Can Help Her "Become a Better Feminist"

By Tomris Laffly

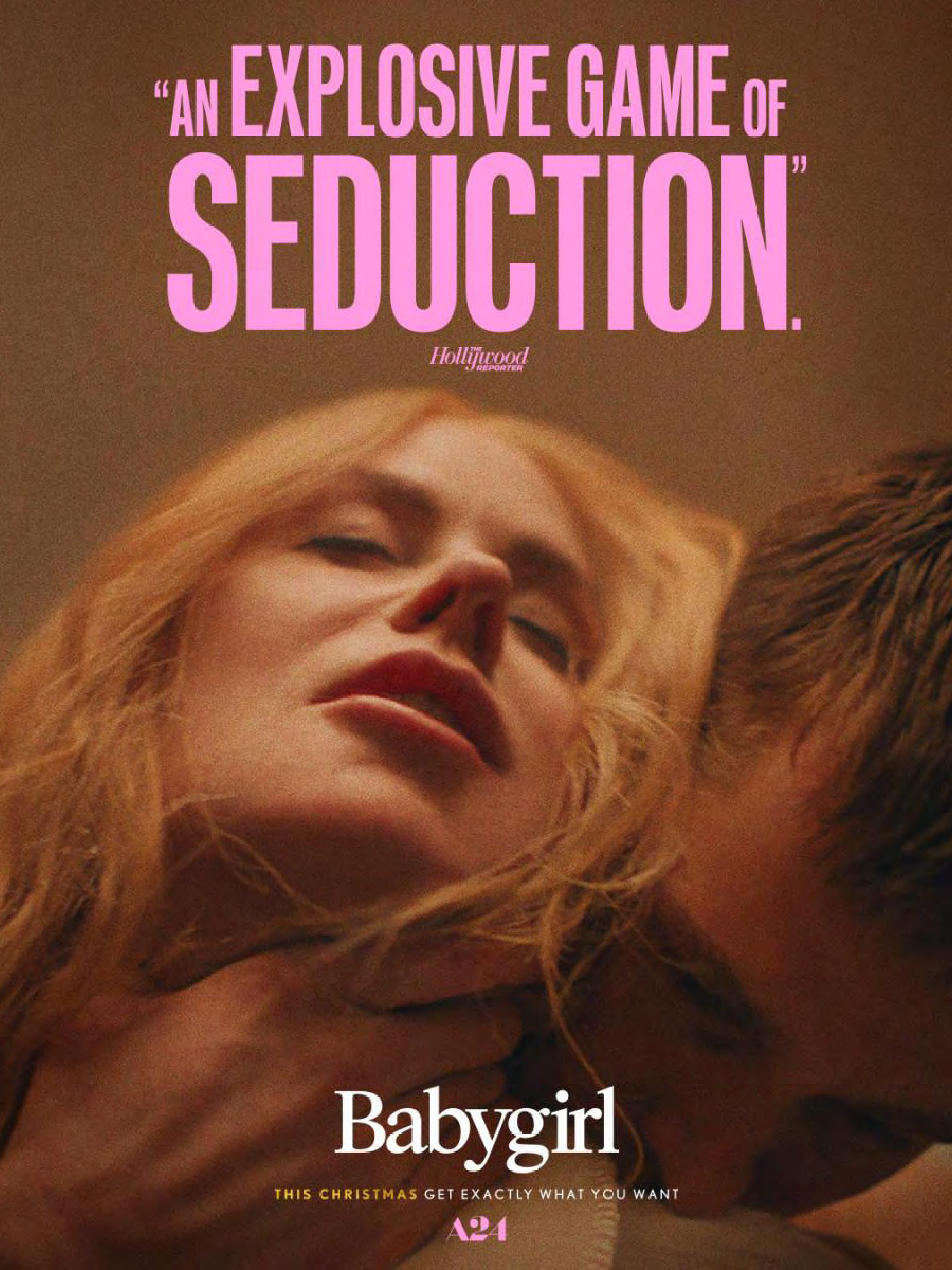
Just like all human beings, writer-director Halina Reijn had fantasies; longings that she used to be embarrassed about.

Wrapped up in a cozy robe near the end of a tiring day, she's loose and chipper as she joins ELLE.com over Zoom, reflecting on those inner conflicts. "I'm a feminist! I'm a career woman!" she says, with purposely exaggerated enthusiasm. "But I'm still very sensitive when a dominant man enters my space. [If] some guy walks up to me and says, 'Hey, you're going to come with me.' I'd be like, 'Okay!'" she adds, voicing that last part with an amusingly obedient tone and a cheeky chuckle.

Instead of hiding from such contrasts we all conceal within ourselves, Reijn decided to do what an audacious artist does, and poured them into Babygirl, her third narrative feature as a writer-director, on the heels of a long acting career that started in the early '90s. Starring Nicole Kidman as a powerful New York CEO, the successful and happily married Romy, and Harris Dickinson as the newbie intern Samuel, Babygirl follows the duo as they embark on a risky affair, through which Romy finally experiments with her long-buried sexual desires. In the beginning of the film, we see her having sex with her husband (Antonio Banderas), moaning a fake orgasm while on top. But turns out, that isn't what she wants at all—Romy is submissive in bed and Samuel somehow sniffs that from her as early as their first meeting, despite Romy's imposing stance in an intimidatingly proper wardrobe.

Reijn's starting point with the story was a simple question: Is it possible to love all the different layers of oneself? To her, that conundrum will resonate with women especially. "We are conditioned to please and we look at ourselves from the perspective of other people," she explains. "We are often not at ease with our desires. If we have sexual agency, we might be considered too free. We slut-shame each other. So we have some nervousness around it. Babygirl is like a letter to myself. I hope that [by] better integrating with these different parts of myself, I can become a better feminist."

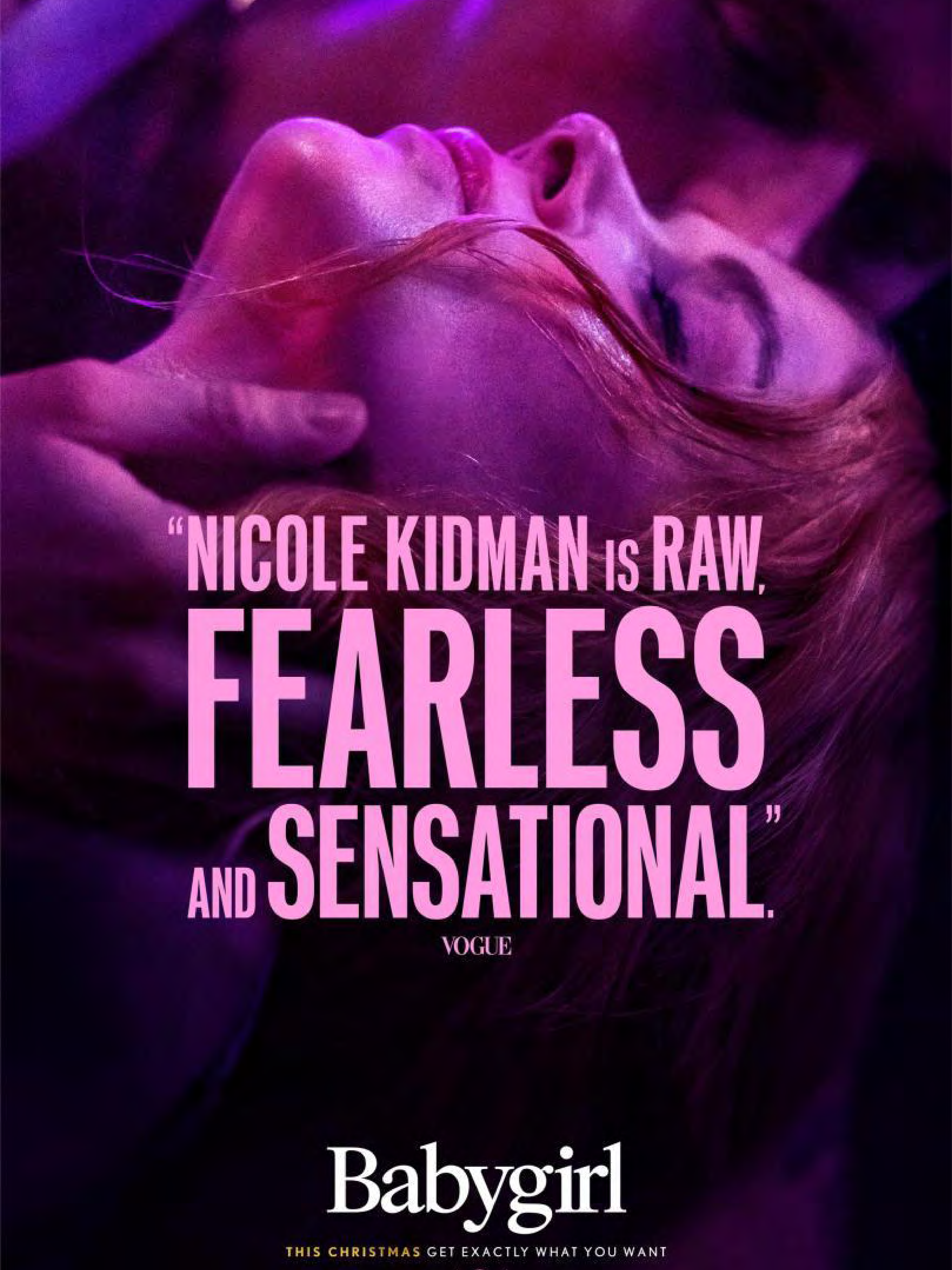
Her mission eventually led her to what she calls "a fable and a comedy of manners" that plays with metaphors around what it takes for a woman to


"AN EXPLOSIVE GAME OF
SEDUCTION."
The Hollywood Reporter
Babygirl
THIS CHRISTMAS GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT
A24

live a full life, and the dangers of being dishonest with oneself. Leaning into those perils places Babygirl in erotic thriller territory, a sadly under-explored subgenre these days, but one that Reijn is deeply fond of. "The erotic thriller I love the most is 9 1/2 Weeks," she gushes, about the Kim Basinger and Mickey Rourke-starrer whose playful kinkiness is felt in Babygirl's DNA. "But I'm also a fan of Indecent Proposal and Fatal Attraction. Erotic thrillers don't always age well, but I still love them."

It's through that affection that Reijn puts her spin on the genre, twisting it on her own terms, and reshaping it for the modern, post-MeToo world. "I'm in love with genre bending," she says. "I like to stimulate people to bring their own imagination [into a story] by using tropes and cliches." In a way, that's exactly what Reijn did with her sophomore feature, Bodies Bodies Bodies, which put her sophisticated directorial chops on the map. "We have this structure of a classical horror movie—there's a killer and everybody ends up dead. But in the end, there was no killer," she says of the 2022 film. "It was all about group behavior and toxic friendships. It's a tragic event, but it's also very funny to me." She approached Babygirl through a similar lens, ensuring that she's in conversation with the sexual thrillers of the '80s and '90s that gave her a safe feeling ("Oh, I'm not alone with my kink!"), but were dated due to their habitual embracing of the male gaze. "I play with the tropes and seduce the audience to come into this super sexual and sensual world that they think they know. 'Here's this young, dangerous guy. And Romy is going to be punished for cheating.' But in the end we say, 'No, everybody's human and ambiguous. And everybody has an animal inside them.'"

It was thanks to her first feature, Instinct, that Reijn entered Nicole Kidman's orbit—the star approached the filmmaker, wanting to collaborate on a project together. "This is really something I want to emphasize," says Reijn in praise of Kidman, who doesn't only say she wants to support other women, but actually does. "She finds the smallest movies in the smallest corners of the world. And she found my little Dutch movie and said, 'I want to work with you.' I worked on a project for her, but after Bodies, I just felt very convinced that I had to write something completely myself, about a woman liberating herself. Nicole read a very early draft and immediately said, 'I want to surrender to this and to your vision.'"


"NICOLE KIDMAN IS RAW,
FEARLESS
AND SENSATIONAL."
VOGUE
Babygirl
THIS CHRISTMAS GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT

As Romy, Kidman does exactly that in Babygirl, giving a fearless performance of both vulnerability and strength. To Reijn, Kidman's complete trust was the biggest gift. "She never dominates the narrative or goes, 'I'm not going to do this, or I'm not going to do that.' All those scenes were already written and she said, 'I want to do all of that.' We had a lot of very intimate conversations and connected on a very deep, soul level.'" Being an actor herself, Reijn proactively recognized that both Kidman and Dickinson would need to be in a supportive ecosystem. "I want them to feel safe and I'm not only talking about the intimacy scenes," she remarks. "I'm also talking about emotional safety. It's a collaborative experience like in the theater. We're like a little theater ensemble."

Among the more challenging intimacy scenes Reijn shot was Romy and Samuel's first meeting in a cheap hotel room, a sequence where the duo explores their sexual dynamic for the first time. There is a performative ring to their exchanges, and that was very much on purpose. "They are both trying to claim power in the scene," Reijn explains. "She walks in, fully dressed up in a designer outfit. She tells him off, he laughs at her. Exploring sexuality often feels like trying new things outside of your comfort zone. You almost don't believe yourself: 'What am I saying?' We wanted to show all that: the incredible vulnerability, but also the humor."

For the scene, Reijn created a sheltered atmosphere by building a set in a studio that she could control completely. "And it was clean," she adds proudly. "Even though it looks dirty with stains on the carpet, I wanted everything to be clean and soft. Those are things people don't think about. But how often I have crawled over floors in my acting career that were so dirty and gross..." Reijn also worked in long takes, making sure that only her director of photography (DP) Jasper Wolf was in the room with the actors while she watched on a monitor outside. Lighting and sound-related concerns were pre-addressed in order not to interrupt the natural flow of the scene. "That creates an intimacy. We choreographed it very, very clearly so that in the moment, they could let go and react to each other. That's how you create electricity and risk in a very safe way."

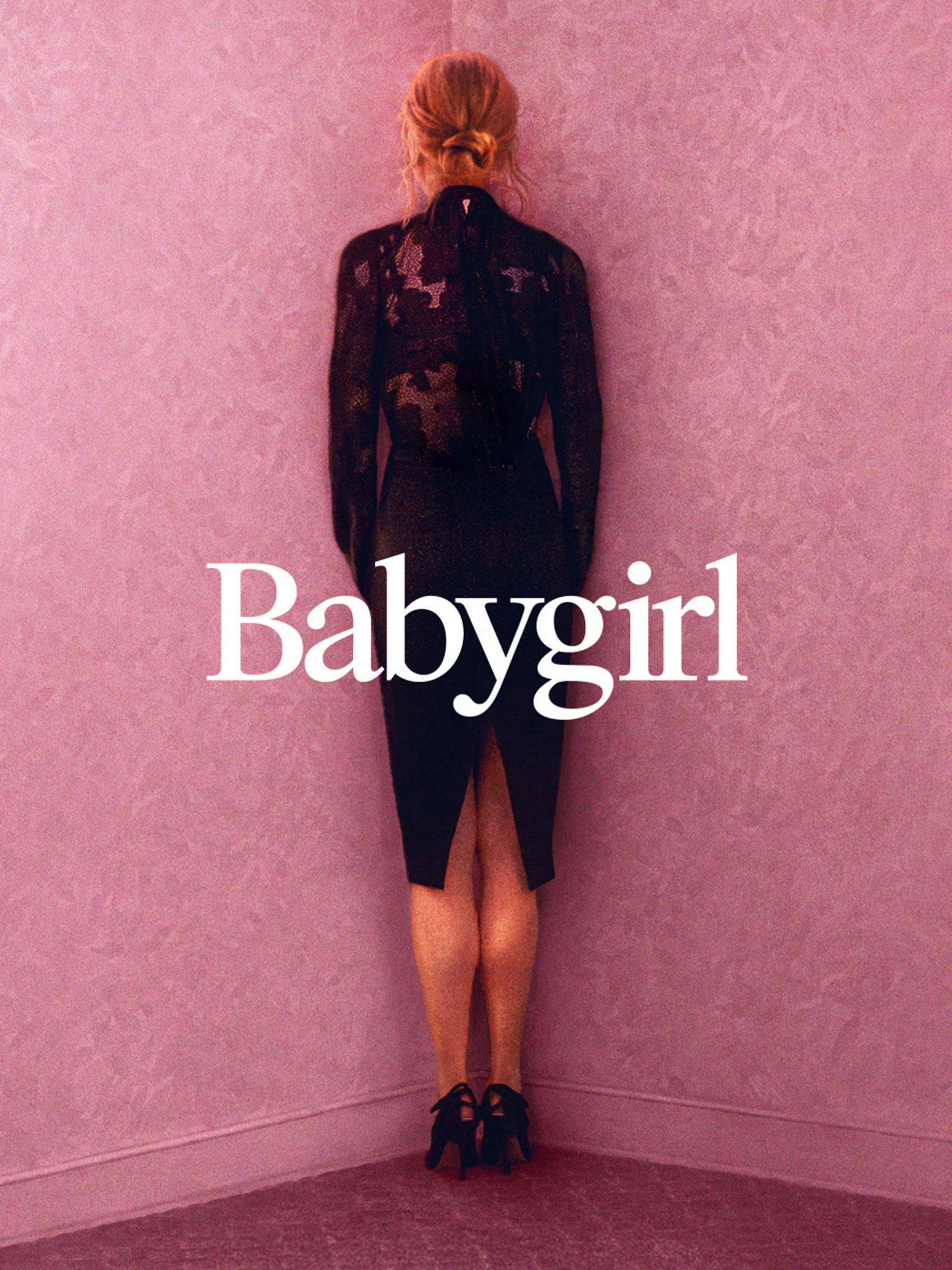
Reijn is grateful to have had an intimacy coordinator on set, Lizzy Talbot. "A good intimacy coordinator is like a good stunt coordinator.


Nicole Kidman
Harris Dickinson
OFFICIAL SELECTION
tiff
TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL 2024
81
MOSTRA INTERNAZIONALE D'ARTE CINEMATOGRAFICA
LA BIENNALE DI VENEZIA 2024
Official Selection
Babygirl
a Halina Reijn film

As an actress, I have felt so embarrassed. I have felt so much shame and awkwardness," she recalls of filming sex scenes. "I was 16. I was still a virgin and I had to play in an episode of a TV show that I had sex with someone. I remember the male director just saying, 'Okay, let's go for it.' That's all he said. I didn't even know what kind of movements belonged to that. I wish we had [intimacy coordinators] before."

To align the film's visual language with her feminist intentions, the filmmaker extensively pondered the notion of female gaze, and how a woman might even look at herself without being brainwashed by the way patriarchy sees us. "When I look in the mirror, I honestly probably look at myself through male eyes," Reijn confesses. "If I looked at myself with female eyes, I would probably not get rid of my nipple hairs. I would think, 'Oh, that's a beautiful little fur that I'm growing there.'" Her guiding voice in filming the female body was once again informed by her own experience as an actress, often feeling objectified and sexualized through voyeuristic eyes. "I told my DP, a straight man, to put himself in my shoes and really try and think about what it [might feel like] to be a woman. I think for us women, sexuality has nothing to do with the actual sex act sometimes. If you look closely at my movie, we have little snippets of the actual sex acts, but it's mostly suggestion. It's all in the mind. For us women, it's poetic, layered, nuanced. And that is how I wanted to use the camera."

Even as an erotic-thriller-loving cinephile in her late forties, Reijn is sympathetic towards the younger generation who might be shy about eroticism in cinema, or (as it's often argued across social media), apprehensive towards sex scenes in movies. "I've thought about this a lot," she admits. "And I have a couple of ideas. I grew up without the [cell] phone. When you grow up with a phone, you're just used to communicating through a device. So anything that has to do with smell, touching, bodily juices...it's a little gross. Almost too human." She adds, "When we were young, it was so much effort to even look at a sexual picture. Now with the internet, it's perhaps too much for them—press one button and they see the most insane and sometimes horrible images of sexuality. So I relate to them saying, 'I don't need that.'"


Babygirl

To Reijn, our entrapment in patriarchy also contributes to younger viewers' hesitation. She says patriarchy breeds a very specific type of sexuality onscreen—too in-your-face, stripping sex off all its mystery. "I'm convinced that those young people that are scared of it will be able to enjoy this movie because it leaves things up to your own imagination. And [I try to] give you enough tools to play with it in your head."




KIDMAN DICKINSON BANDERAS
BABY
HALINA HEIJN'S MOVIE
GIRL
A high-powered CEO puts her career and family on the line when she begins a torrid affair with her much younger intern...



Babygirl 2024

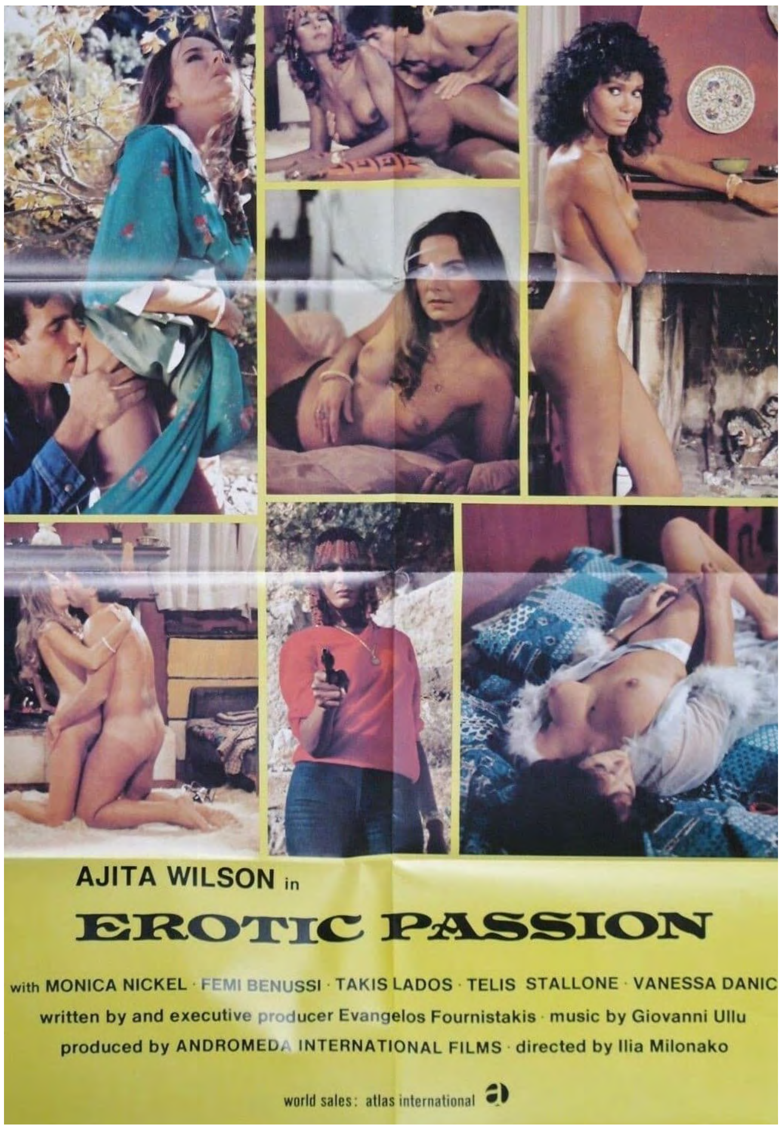
Romy es una alta ejecutiva que inicia una ardiente aventura de sexo extremo con su joven becario, Samuel (Dickinson) a espaldas de su marido Jacob (Banderas). Romy invertirá su rol habitual en el trabajo, pasando de ser quien da las órdenes a disfrutar siendo sometida en la cama. Esta relación extramatrimonial le permitirá encontrar el camino hacia su libertad sexual, a pesar del riesgo y los prejuicios.



Emmanuelle 2024

Emmanuelle está en busca de un placer perdido. Un día, la cadena de hoteles de lujo para la que trabaja le encarga ir a Hong Kong a revisar la bajada de ingresos de uno de sus establecimientos, pero cuando llega, éste funciona a la perfección. Teniendo que buscar una excusa para echar a su directora, durante su estancia allí conoce a Lee Jae-Yong, un atractivo ejecutivo que tiene unas rutinas misteriosas y mantiene su anonimato de cara al hotel. Emmanuelle empieza a obsesionarse con él y a seguirle; pero la obsesión empezará a hacerla fallar en su trabajo.

CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER



Erotiko pathos 1981

Frustrada de que la sexy tía Marsha controle su herencia hasta que se case, la burbujeante Della toma el asunto en sus propias manos. Y después de atrapar a Marsha teniendo sexo, Della se embarca en una misión de seducción reveladora, decidida a sacar al pariente codicioso de la escena. Sin embargo, la tentadora de 19 años ya ha llamado la atención de la policía y de un dúo criminal empeñado en quedarse con su parte del dinero. Pero no existe un plan perfecto. A medida que la pasión erótica nubla su juicio, ¿está la sensual Della preparada para lo peor?



Parthenope 2024

El largo viaje de la vida de Parthenope, desde su nacimiento en 1950 hasta hoy. Una epopeya femenina desprovista de heroísmo pero rebosante de una pasión inexorable por la libertad, Nápoles y los rostros del amor, todos esos amores verdaderos, inútiles e indecibles. El perfecto verano de Capri, el desenfado de la juventud, que acaba en emboscada. Y luego todos los demás: los napolitanos, hombres y mujeres, observados y amados, desilusionados y vitales, sus olas de melancolía, sus ironías trágicas y sus miradas abatidas. La vida, ordinaria o memorable, sabe ser muy larga. El paso del tiempo ofrece un vasto repertorio de emociones. Y ahí al fondo, tan cerca y tan lejos, está Nápoles, esa ciudad inefable que hechiza, encanta, grita, ríe y siempre sabe cómo hacerte daño.



Pokusa 2023

Una joven periodista tiene la oportunidad de seguir a una famosa estrella del fútbol durante tres días para escribir un artículo sobre él, como su primera tarea. Lo que al principio parece un estilo de vida lujoso y lujoso se convierte en una situación peligrosa.



Pornopung 2013

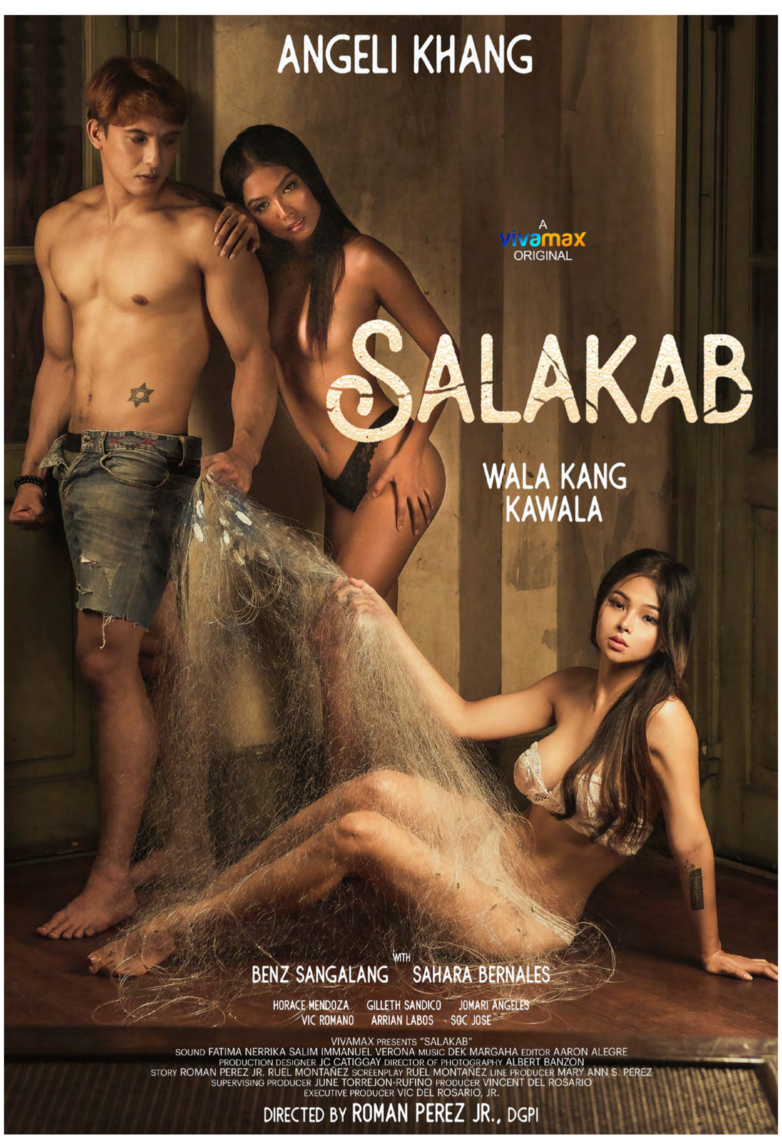
Christian deja su ciudad natal por Oslo para terminar sus estudios, se muda con dos chicos que resultan ser grandes artistas conquistando a chicas. A pesar de un sinfín de objeciones, Karl y Leo deciden dar a Christian una transformación completa, enseñarle los trucos de su ¨oficio¨ y convertirlo en el tipo de chico, con quien las chicas quieren acostarse.

CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER



Préparez vos mouchoirs 1978

Solange está deprimida: ha dejado de sonreír, come poco, dice menos. Tiene ataques de desmayo. Su esposo Raoul busca salvarla reclutando a Stephane, un extraño, para que sea su amante. A pesar de que escucha a Mozart y tiene todos los libros de bolsillo ordenados alfabéticamente, Stéphane no logra animar a Solange. Ella teje. Se dedica a las tareas del hogar. Todos, incluida su vecina vendedora de verduras, están de acuerdo en que ella necesita un hijo, pero no logra quedar embarazada de ninguno de los amantes. Los tres aceptan un trabajo en un campamento de verano para niños donde conocen a Christian, el precoz hijo de 13 años del gerente de la fábrica local. Es Christian quien devuelve a Solange a la risa.



Salakab 2023

Lena regresa a su ciudad natal después de terminar la universidad. Su novio Arthur está consumido por los celos y la furia al enterarse de que Lena tiene otro novio de la ciudad.



EROTICA SUECA BISEXUAL NECESITA SEMENTAL 1982

Felipe es un hombre que ama a la vida, pero que por desgracia no puede saborearla en toda su plenitud ya que un accidente le tiene postergado en una silla de ruedas. Simona, su esposa, es una mujer joven y hermosa con grandes ansias de ser amada. Como Felipe no puede satisfacerla, se refugia en los brazos de la secretaria de su marido, una fascinante muchacha llamada Mirella.



TABU 1988

Historia de un trágico triángulo amoroso que se desarrolla entre una madre, una hija y un peón. Una viuda guapa vive sola en una granja con su hija adolescente. Su vecino los ayuda ocasionalmente en las tareas del campo. Al final se habría casado con la madre, pero la hija intenta seducirlo a toda costa.


Every month the best selection of eroticism
and pornography, only in LASCIVIA magazine!

LASCIVIA — THE NINTH ART

Top 10 Famous European Comic Artists Who Shaped the Industry

By Tor Alosson

Europe has a rich and diverse history of comic artistry, with creators who have introduced iconic characters and narratives that have captivated readers worldwide. This article highlights ten of the most influential European comic artists, celebrating their unique contributions and enduring legacies.

1. Hergé (Georges Remi, 1907–1983)
The Pioneer of Ligne Claire

Belgian artist Hergé is best known for creating “The Adventures of Tintin,” a series that has become a cornerstone of European comics. His distinctive “ligne claire” (clear line) art style and engaging storytelling have inspired generations of artists.

2. Albert Uderzo (1927–2020)
Co-Creator of Asterix

French artist Albert Uderzo, alongside writer René Goscinny, co-created “Asterix,” a beloved series following the adventures of a small Gaulish village resisting Roman occupation. Uderzo’s expressive artwork brought the characters and their world to life.

3. Jean “Moebius” Giraud (1938–2012)
The Visionary Storyteller

French artist Jean Giraud, known as Moebius, was renowned for his work in science fiction and fantasy genres. His series “Blueberry” and “The Incal” showcased his versatility and profound influence on the comic medium.




EGLE
CASA
ROSSA
MESTRE
1917
(VENEZIA)

4. André Franquin (1924–1997)
The Master of Humor and Movement

Belgian artist André Franquin is celebrated for his work on "Spirou et Fantasio" and for creating "Gaston Lagaffe." His dynamic art style and comedic timing have left a lasting impact on European comics.

5. Hugo Pratt (1927–1995)
The Creator of Corto Maltese

Italian artist Hugo Pratt introduced readers to "Corto Maltese," a globetrotting sailor whose adventures blend history and fantasy. Pratt's minimalist art and sophisticated narratives have garnered critical acclaim.

6. Morris (Maurice De Bevere, 1923–2001)
The Man Behind Lucky Luke

Belgian artist Morris created "Lucky Luke," a series following a sharpshooting cowboy in the American Old West. His clean lines and humorous storytelling have made the series a classic in European comics.

7. Enki Bilal (b. 1951)
The Futuristic Visionary

French artist Enki Bilal is known for his dystopian narratives and distinctive art style. His "Nikopol Trilogy" delves into political intrigue and science fiction, establishing him as a master of atmospheric storytelling.

8. Milo Manara (b. 1945)
The Maestro of Erotic Art

Italian artist Milo Manara is renowned for his erotic comics, characterized by their sensual artistry and intricate detail. His works, such as "Click" and "The Golden Ass," have been both celebrated and controversial.


Roméo et Juliette de Enki Bilal

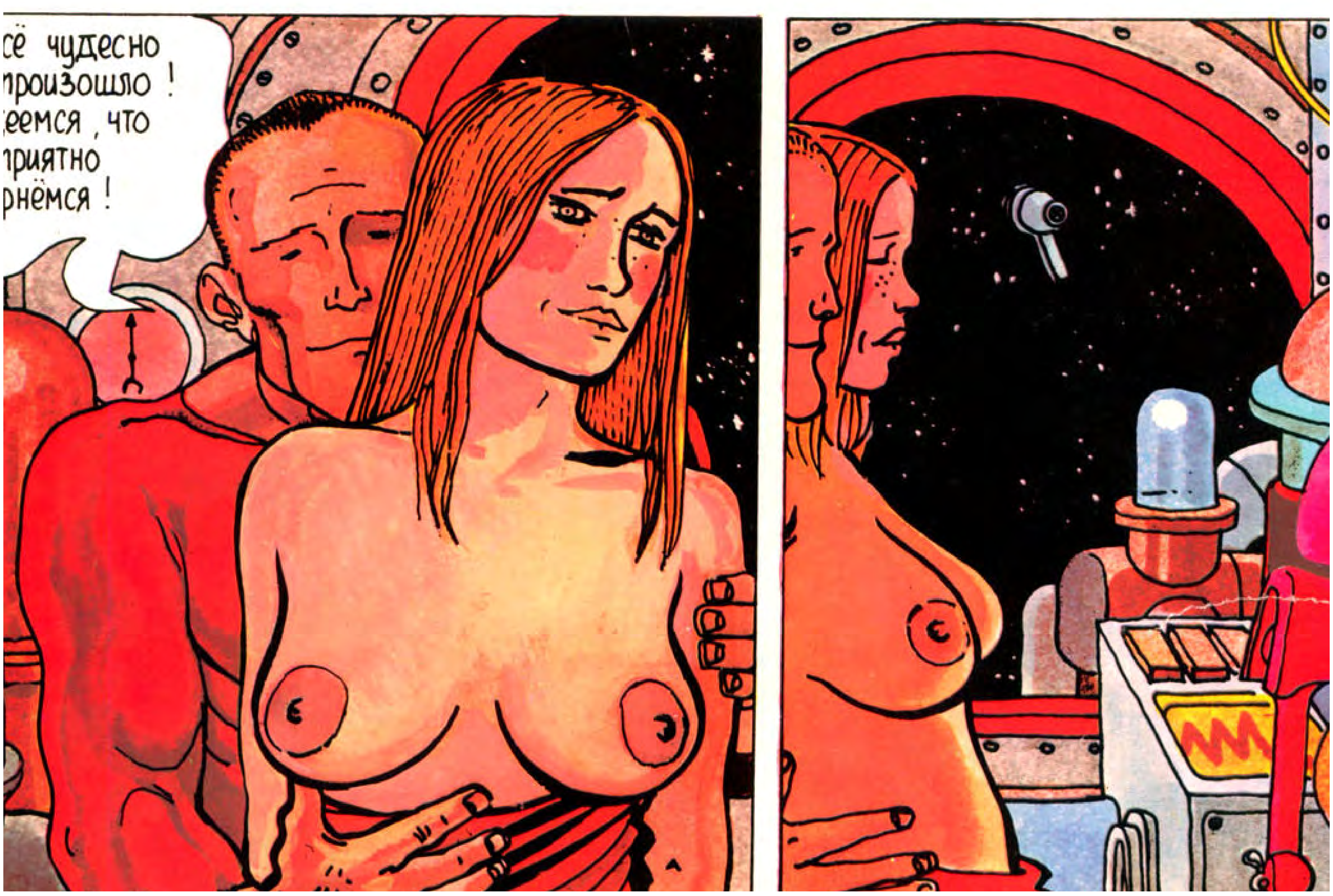
9. Jacques Tardi (b. 1946): The Historical Narrator

French artist Jacques Tardi's works often explore historical themes, notably World War I. His series "Adèle Blanc-Sec" blends adventure with the supernatural, showcasing his versatility and depth as a storyteller.

10. Peyo (Pierre Culliford, 1928–1992) The Creator of The Smurfs

Belgian artist Peyo introduced the world to "The Smurfs," charming blue characters that have become a cultural phenomenon. His work continues to delight audiences through comics, television, and film adaptations.

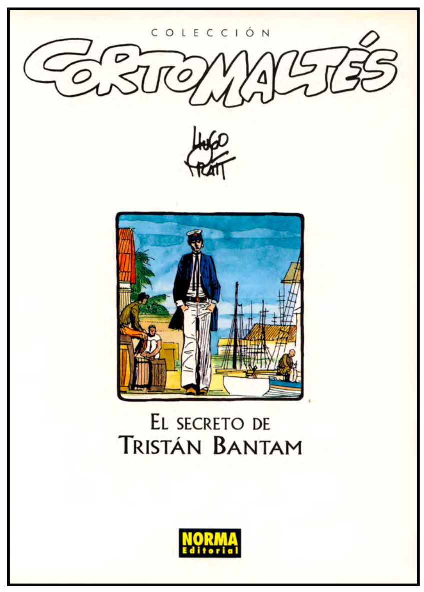
The contributions of these ten European comic artists have profoundly shaped the landscape of the comic book industry. Their innovative storytelling and artistic excellence continue to inspire both creators and readers, ensuring that their legacies endure in the annals of comic history.



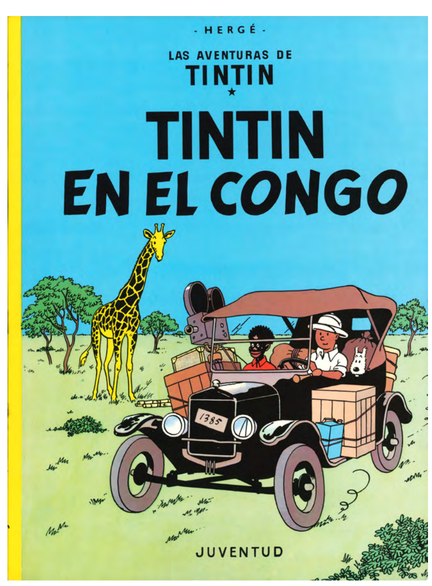




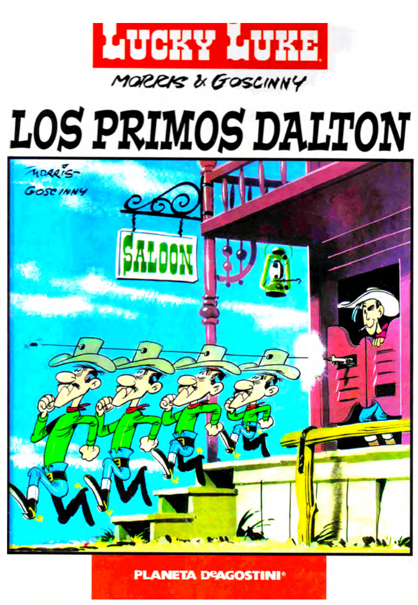


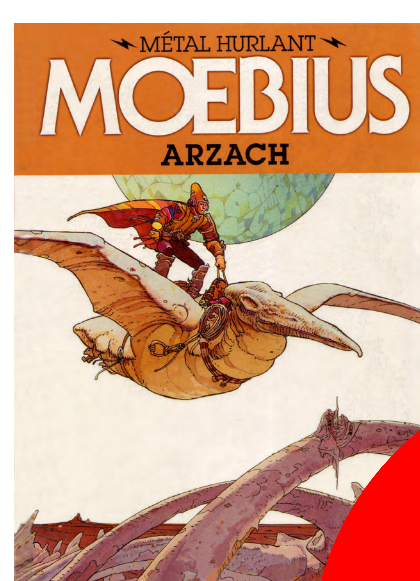












CÓMICS ERÓTICOS



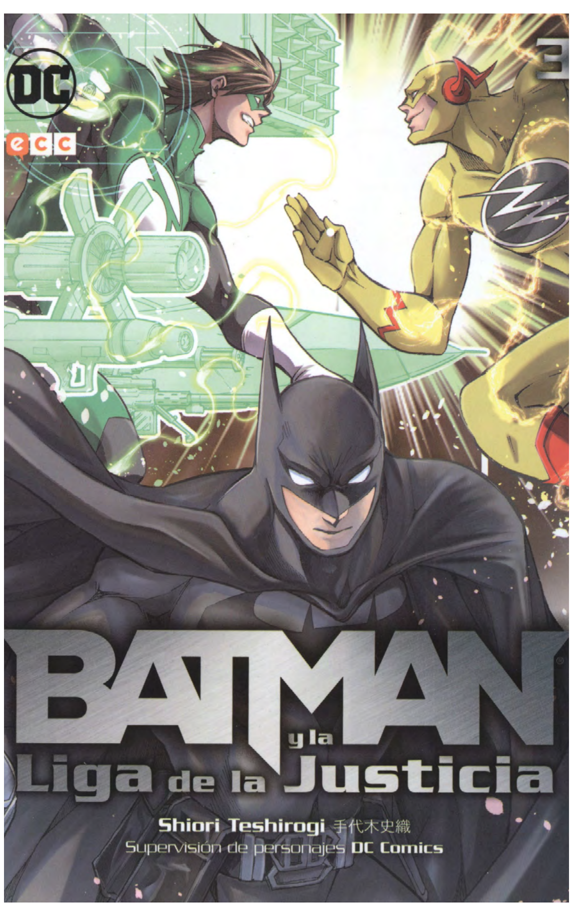
ABBOTT



ALICE MATHESON 5 -
LA OBSESION DE SAM GIBBS



BARBARA MARAVILLA



BATMAN Y LA LIGA
DE LA JUSTICIA - TOMO 3



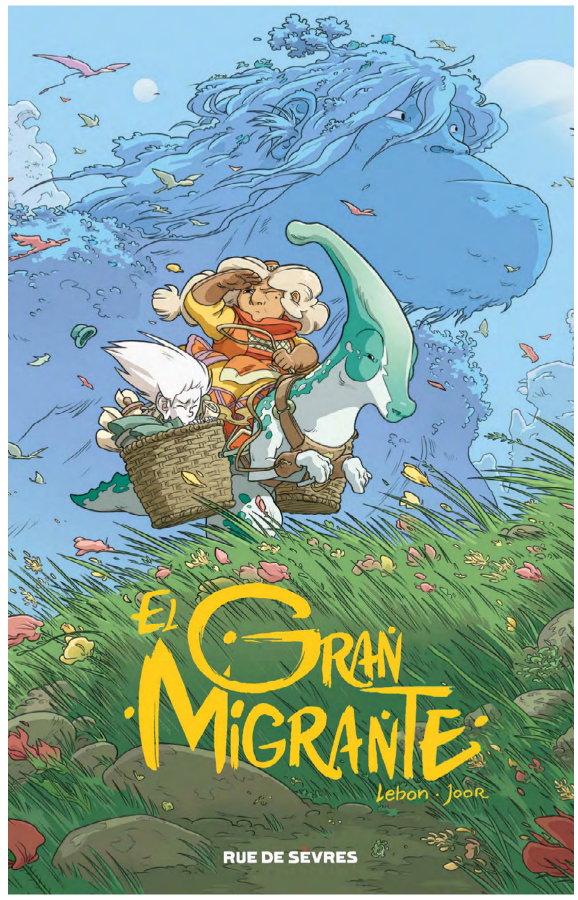
CRAVE



DAMIAN HIJO DE BATMAN



DEAD BY DAYLIGHT



EL GRAN MIGRANTE



EL ORDEN IMPAR TOMO 2 - SEVILLA



GOODBYE, MY ROSE GARDEN - TOMO 3



GUNG-HO VOL 3 - SEXY BEAST

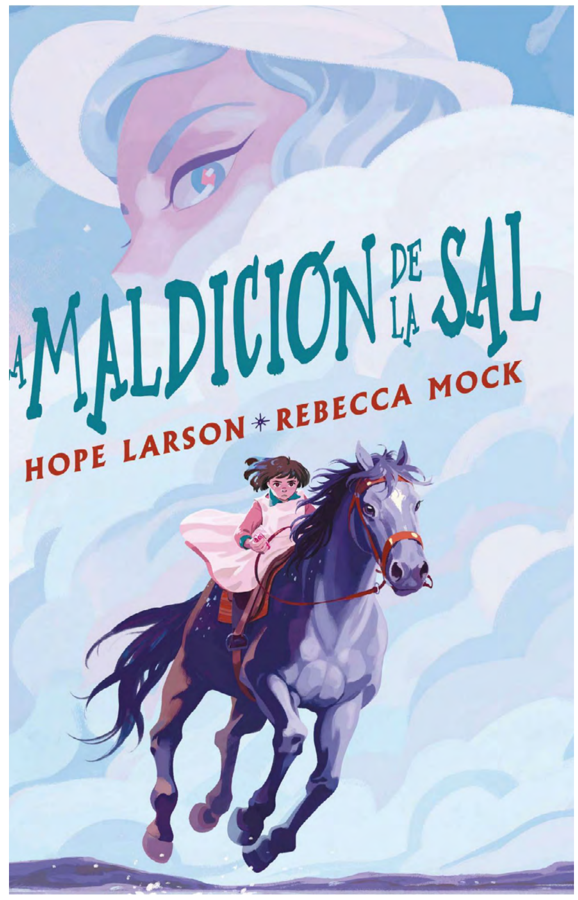


JOKER-BATMAN - LA CARTA GANADORA

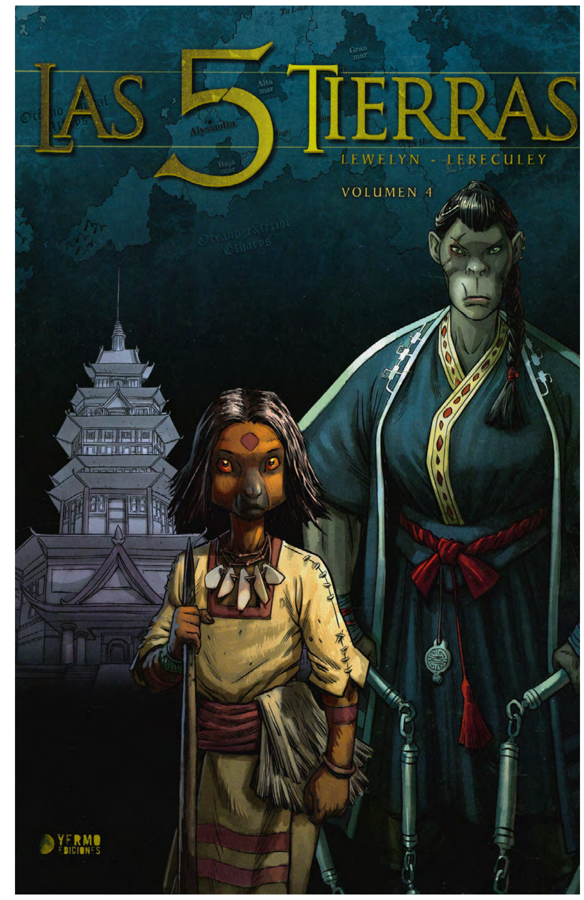
CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER



LA LEYENDA DE MADRE SARAH TOMO 2



LA MALDICIÓN DE LA SAL



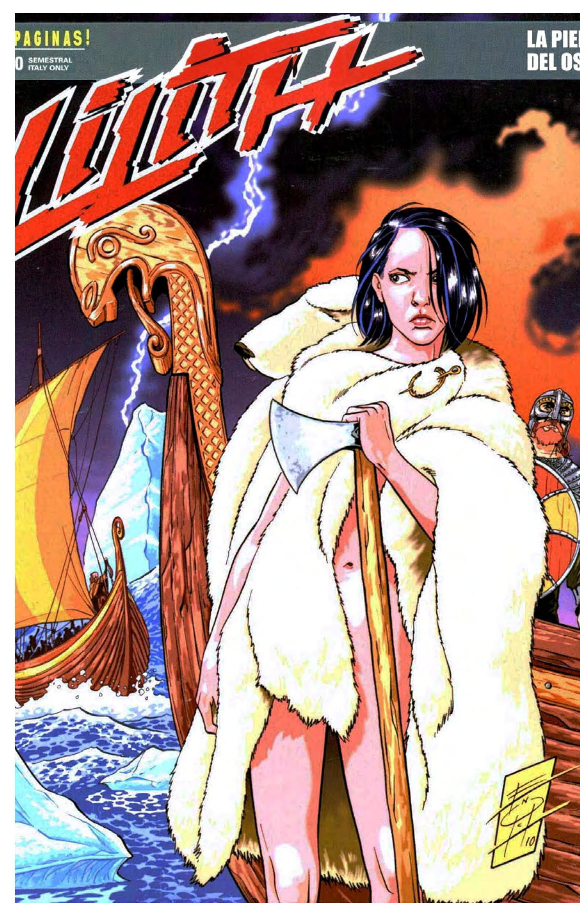
LAS 5 TIERRAS VOL 4



LAS MENTIRAS DE LA PROFESORA VOL 4



LIGA DE LA JUSTICIA - GENERACION PERDIDA TOMO 3



LILITH 5 - LA PIEL DEL OSO



MALDITO SEAS TU - INTEGRAL



PARASOMNIA



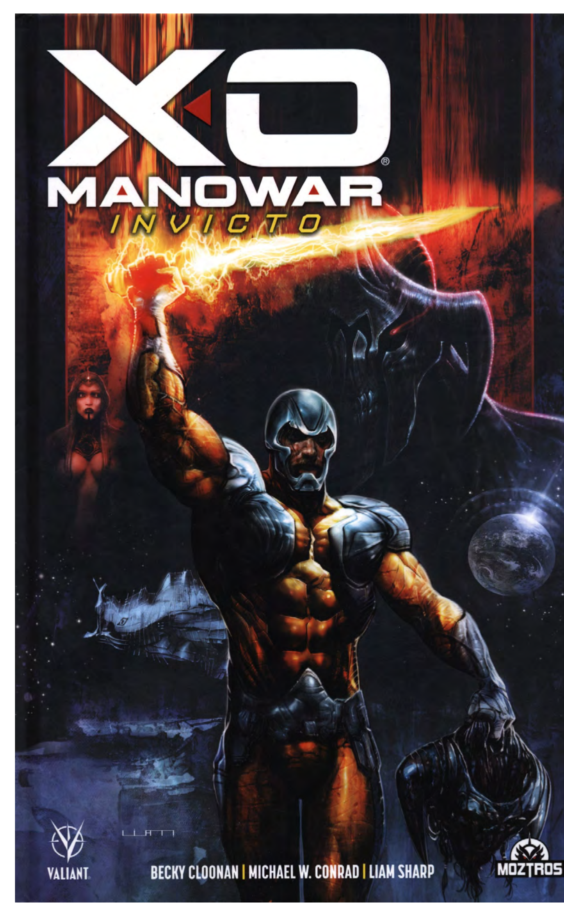
RAT QUEENS TOMO 7 -
EL REY QUE SE FUÉ Y SERÁ



THE MIDNITE SHOW



VAMPIRELLA - STRIKES



X-O MANOWAR - INVICTO

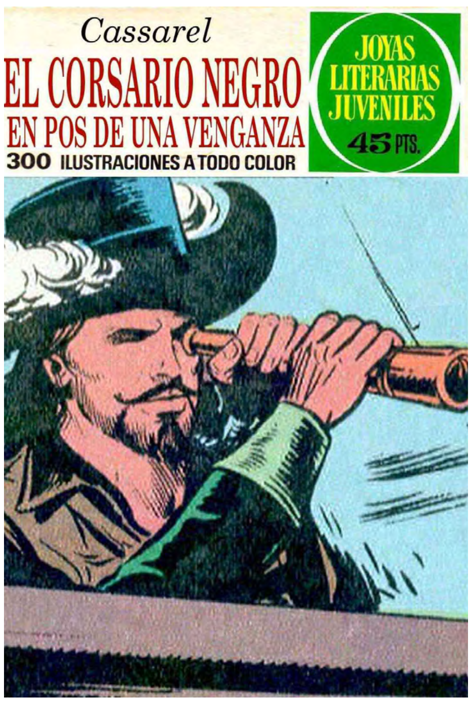
CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER



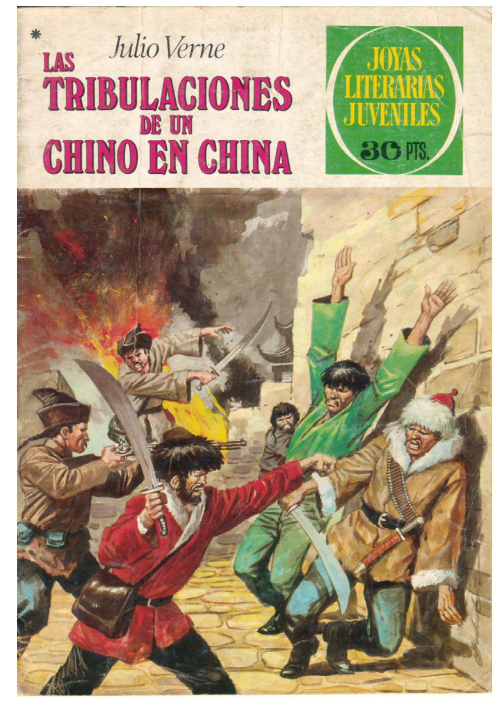
Joyas Literarias Juveniles fue una serie de 272 adaptaciones a historieta de clásicos de la literatura, fundamentalmente de aventuras, que se empezó a publicar en 1967 en las revistas de Editorial Bruguera. Su posterior recopilación y expansión en tebeos monográficos constituyó uno los grandes aciertos de la editorial en la década de los setenta, junto a la Colección Olé! y la revista Gran Pulgarcito.

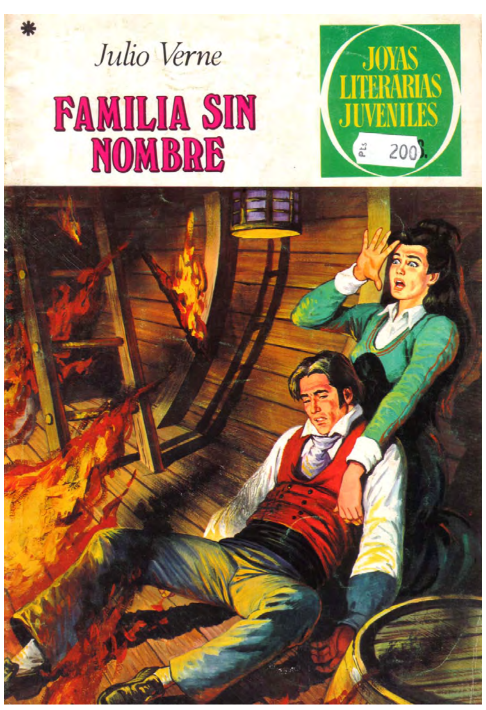
JOYAS LITERARIAS JUVENILES

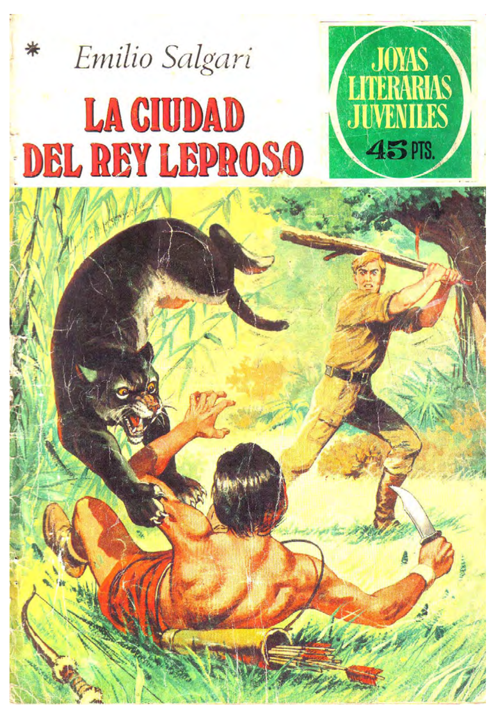
CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER

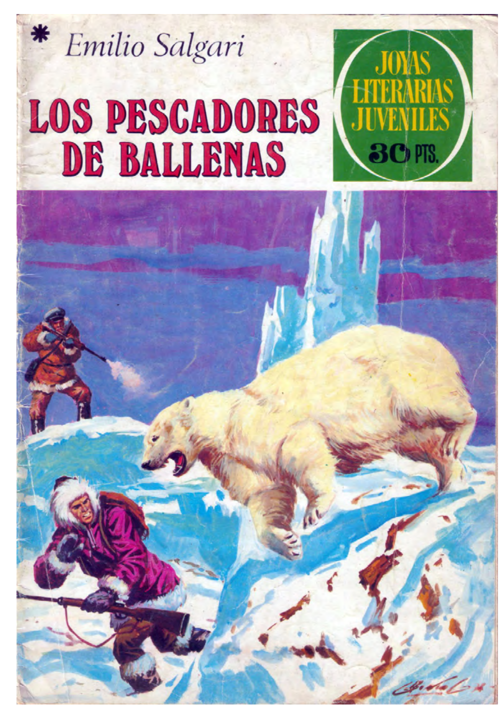




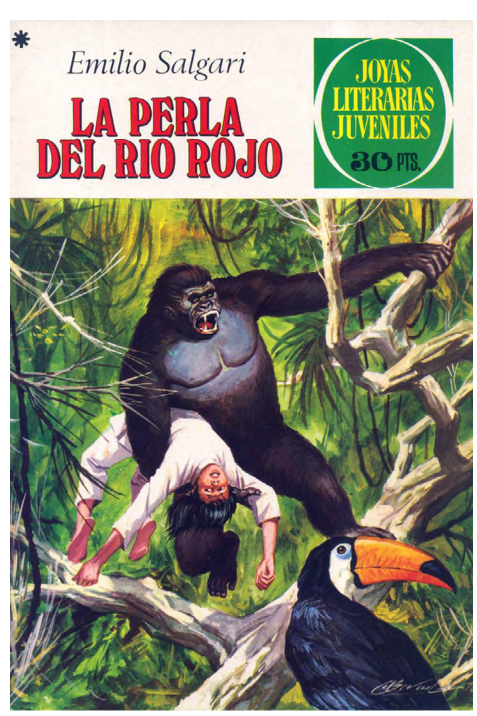


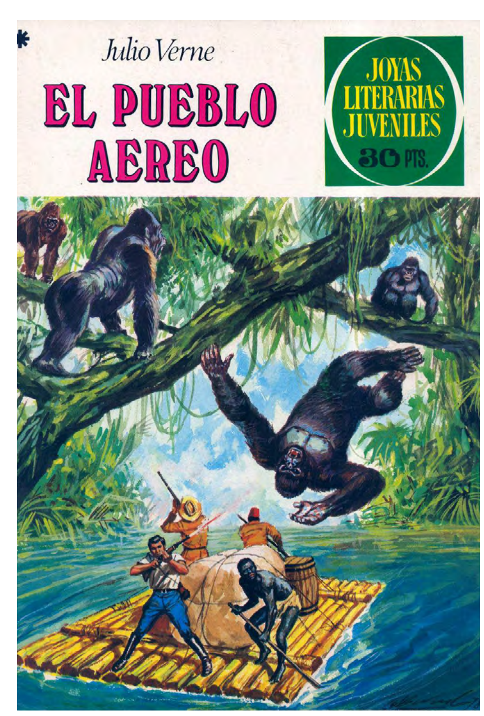




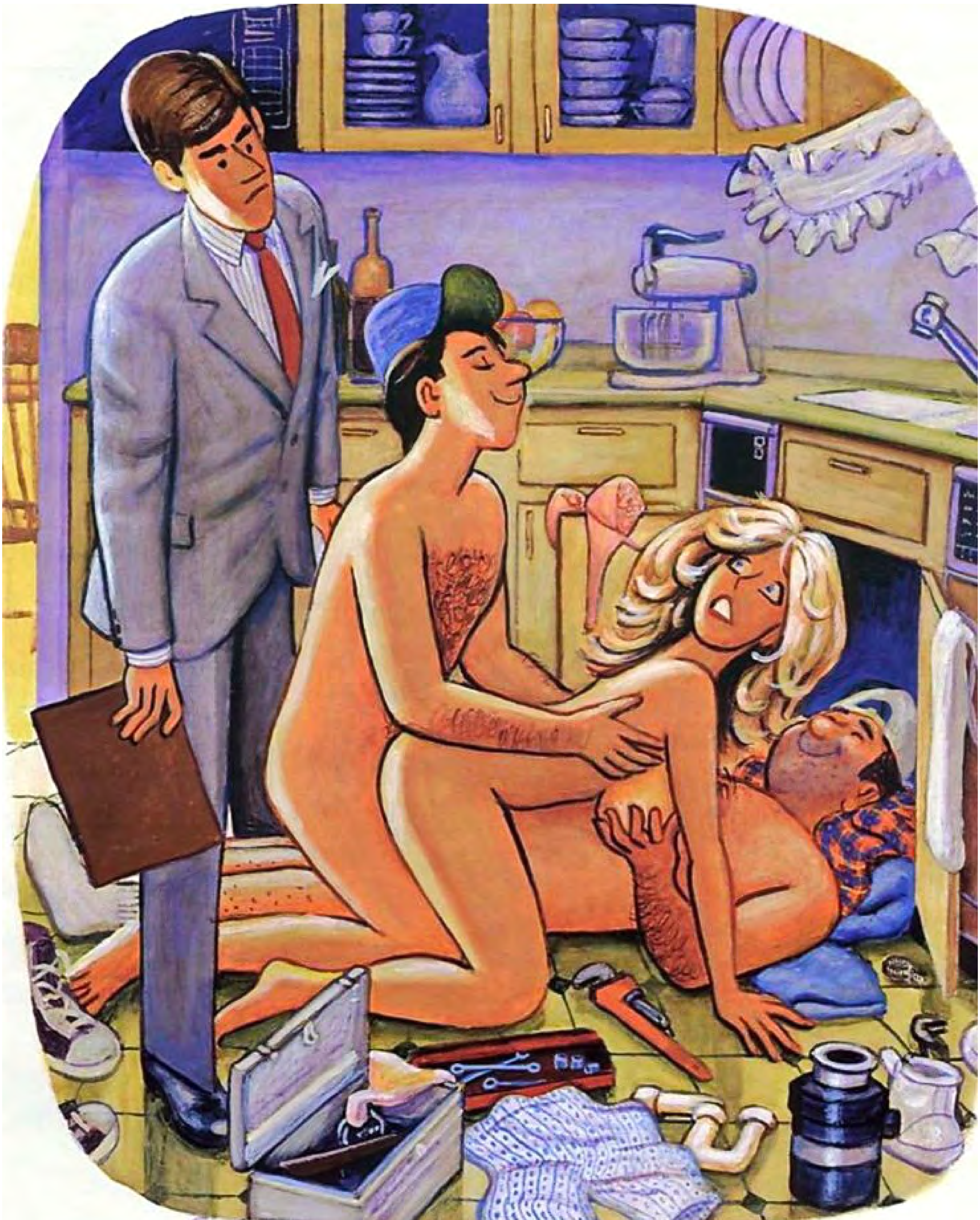








HUMOR LASCIVO



"I don't understand it either, dear, but they claim it's workmen's compensation."

LASCIVIA — LAST TANGO IN PARIS

Alf, the Neighbourhood Grandpa Part Two

By Dicks_Griffonage

Friday morning dawned clear and warm. My newspaper had landed further down the street and closer to the school than usual and a couple of kids trotted it back to me before running off to get to class before the bell rang. I greeted Tiff and Renee as they herded their charges down the road, and I was inside making the coffee when I heard Tiff come in, calling out a hello.

"I'm in the kitchen, coffee is about ready, sweetpea."

"Hey grampa," a different voice said, and I whirled around to see a smiling Renee standing beside Tiff, who looked a little ashamed.

"Renee, this is a pleasant surprise. Hey Tiff girl."

"Hi Alfie. I hope you don't mind Renee being here too."

"Not at all," I said as the erection I'd sported since seeing Tiff earlier, wilted. I leaned back against the sink bench. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Renee looked at Tiff and gave her a nudge with her elbow. "Aren't you going to give him a hug or a kiss or anything? I will if you're not gonna."

"I wasn't sure how welcome I would be today."

"Come here, baby-girl," I said holding my arms out to her. "Why wouldn't you be welcome?"

Tiff walked over and leaned against me, and I wrapped her in a tight embrace. "Tiff? What's wrong? Why do you think you wouldn't be welcome?"

"We were going to go to bed today, but I… I can't, Granddaddy. Not today. I'm so sorry, I really am. Please don't hate me," she whispered. "Do you want me to go?"

"Why on earth would I want you to go? Tiff, talk to me. What makes you think I wouldn't want you here?"

"We're not going to have sex today and I said we would."

“Is that why Renee is here,” I asked her quietly. “Moral support or protection or something?”

She nodded.

I looked over at Renee. “Would you mind making the drinks while I put this dear girl’s mind at ease? I have mine the same as Tiff.” I stood and led the way into the sitting room, pulling her onto my knee as I sat in my recliner.

“Do you hate me?” she asked.

“How long have we known each other, Tiff, over two years? Yes? And how do I feel about you?”

She shrugged.

“I told you yesterday how important you are to me. You’re the granddaughter I never expected but am overjoyed to have.” I kissed her hair, “The granddaughter with benefits, true, but do you really think I would make sex a deal breaker? You are who is important to me. Sex with you is... breathtaking... but it is only a part of our relationship. So what if we don’t have sex today. Or ever again. It won’t diminish my feelings for you, dear Tiff.”

She sniffed, arms around me and holding me tight, and my arms were around her, stroking her back, her hair, while I made shushing noises.

“Oh granddaddy, I have strong feelings for you too,” she said between sobs. “I think I love you, Alf.”

I somehow managed to pull her even tighter against me and buried my face in her hair. “I know I love you, my dear sweet girl. You are probably the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Hearing a sniff from the doorway we both looked up at Renee standing there, eyes red and weepy. “You two are so beautiful together. I’m totally envious!”

Tiff reached out to her and next thing I knew I had two girls in my lap, hugging each other right in front of me.

“Alf!,” Tiff said, sitting up. “Really?”

I went pink. “I’m sorry, I can’t help it.”

“What’s happened?” Renee asked with confusion.

Tiff grabbed her hand and pushed it against the growing bulge in my pants.

“Oh, I see,” she said, giving it a squeeze. “Feels very nice, too.”

Renee then leaned forward and pressed her lips against Tiff’s, opening her mouth and using her tongue to caress Tiffs lower lip. Tiff glanced at me with a lascivious smirk, then closed her eyes and pressed her mouth firmly against Renee’s, lots of tongue upping the passion of the kiss until Renee pulled back panting, eyes hooded with lust.

“Oh fuck,” she gasped.” If I’d known earlier how much you fancied me I wouldn’t have had to buy so many batteries.”

“I really only did it to tease Granddaddy here. I never really thought about you that way. I’m going to have to rethink things, Nays.”

“I bet the coffee’s cold now,” I grumbled, causing the two girls to laugh.

Tiff looked at the mantel clock. “I still have time for a coffee, but I really do have to get going afterwards.”

“I can’t hang around for long either today, which really sucks,” Renee complained.

“If you let me up I’ll go make a fresh pot.”

“No way, Alf,” Renee said as she stood and walked to the kitchen. “You stay there with Tiff and I’ll make the drink. If I don’t move away from you I might do something which would upset her.”

Hearing Renee filling the kettle, I asked, “What’s really going on. You’ve been very distant this week.”



“It’s embarrassing, and Cody hated me even mentioning it.”

“How many times do I have to tell you I’m not Cody. Talk to me, help me understand.”

She squirmed on my lap, obviously uncomfortable with the subject, then whispered, “I have my period.”

I wasn’t sure I’d heard her correctly. “Your period?”

She nodded, head down, avoiding looking at me.

“But,... um... I don’t get it. Why would that be a problem?”

“No guy wants to be around a girl when she’s unclean.”

“Unclean? What the hell? That’s like an ancient biblical expression for it.”

“That’s what Cody used to call it. He made me sleep in the spare room for the week; said I couldn’t be in his bed in case I leaked or something.”

I shook my head in disbelief.

“You are so much better off with that misogynistic asinine arsehole out of your life. It’s a natural cycle and no bloke should tell you what you can or can’t do. Ever.”

“You tell her, Gramps. I never liked Cody from the first day I met him when I caught him scoping me out. And his twisted ideas on relationship roles made me sick.”

“Cody wouldn’t let me sit on his knee during this time.”

“Tiff, my dear, you can sit on my knee any time you want, no matter what.”

“Really? Do you mean it?”

“Of course.” I reassured her. “Well, that is to say, I wouldn’t be keen if you had some horrible infectious disease or projectile vomiting and diarrhea; then you are on your own. So nearly any time you want.”

“Coffees getting cold.” Renee called through from the kitchen. “Again.”

Tiff kissed me tenderly before getting off my knee and dragging me to the kitchen.

The three of us chatted and it was interesting getting to know Renee. She has one child, the daughter I had seen her taking to school, who was in the same class as Tiffs boys.

The father wasn’t on the scene. When she told me he was a drunken one-night stand at her eighteenth birthday party she looked for a reaction of some kind.

I smiled, and said, “Well, from what I’ve seen she seems to be a charming, sweet girl and very well behaved. She’s a credit to you.”

Renee blushed. “Thanks. I’ve tried to be a good mum.”

“Are your parents close by? They must love having a granddaughter.”

“No. I guess I’m following in mum’s footsteps, though. She had me when she was nineteen and isn’t sure who my father is. Mum’s parents distanced themselves from her, condemning her for shaming their name and family reputation. Once I found out I was up the duff I decided to move somewhere else so there was no chance of meeting mums’ family. I have met them, but I can’t really remember them. Anyway, that’s my story.”

“Well, I think the shame is on them. I know I’m being judgmental here but bugger it, I don’t care. Family is family and you just don’t turn your back on them, especially not a child. That pisses me off.”

Renee and Tiff both looked surprised, and Renee said, “Hell, don’t hold back, Alf.”

“What brought that on, Granddad?”

“I’m sorry, I guess I did react a bit.” I looked at the two of them watching me. “When my wife and I first got married we lived across town, and one of our neighbours had three kids, two sons and a daughter. The daughter had been going out with a guy for a few months and ended up pregnant. We heard the shouting when she told her parents, and she left with a couple of carry-bags, and we didn’t see her again for ages. Months later we heard knocking on her parents’ door and being concerned neighbours we looked out the window and saw she was there with a baby. Her parents were home but didn’t answer the door. Her dad opened the window and told her to go and take her bastard with her.”

“What a prick,” Tiff exploded.

“I wanted to talk to the girl, you know, make sure she was OK to drive, but my wife said we shouldn’t get involved in their business, and to my shame I listened to her.”

“Just what happened to my mum, but we aren’t from here.” Renee checked the time on her phone. “Hey, I have to go. This has been good, thanks for the drink, Alf,” and looking at Tiff, said, “You coming with me?”

They left together, two good friends each with their own back story and experiences both good and bad, yet doing a damn good job of raising their children while looking out for each other. I envied their friendship; I had few friends and none from my school days. No one I was especially close to. I’d believed I was happy, but now I actually thought about it, well, shit! Introspection sucks arse!

That evening my phone went, which is unusual in itself.

“Tiff, this is a nice surprise.”

“Hi Granddaddy, free to talk?”

“For you, always.”

“I’ve put the boys down and they are snoring like old men in armchairs, and I thought I’d give you a call. You know, see how you are, what you’re doing.”



“That’s really sweet, Tiffy. I’m good, just sitting in my armchair reading a book and trying not to snore. What are you busy with?”

“Oh nothing. You know, just lying in bed, totally naked, and fingering my clit while thinking of you.”

Fumbling the phone in surprise, I tried to catch it before it fell to the floor. “Oh… damn… shit…”

I could hear laughing coming from the speaker. “You alright, old man? Do I need to call 111 for an ambulance?”

Managing to get the phone back to my ear, I said, “Sorry about that. I dropped the phone. I have quite the mental image going right now.”

“Oh, I hope so. You see, I’m all good to go again; I’ve had a shower and a shave and am all clean and so very smooth and smelling nice. I was thinking how much fun you and I will have tomorrow when I thought ‘why wait?’ So here I am, two fingers inside me, thumb on my clit, and talking on the phone to my very naughty granddaddy. Wanna help me get off?”

“I’ve never done this before. I’m not sure I’ll be very good, but I’ll try.”

“Just think about how you fucked me the other day, how you felt inside me. I get wet every time I remember that.”

“God, I’m getting hard, Tiff dear. I’m going to lie on my bed.”

“Talk to me about what you’re doing, Granddad. Tell me what you are taking off.”

“I’m in my room, now. I’m taking off my shirt, there, it’s on the chair.”

“I wish I was watching. I’d love to see you do a striptease for me. Tomorrow, you can do that for me tomorrow.”

“Sure, OK. You’re already naked, hey? I will undress you tomorrow. Button by button; yeah, make sure you wear a button-through blouse. Please?”

“Oh yes, I’ll do that. Have you taken off your pants yet?”

“No, I got sidetracked thinking about exposing your luscious boobs. Undoing my belt now. It’s not easy doing it one-handed.”

“Did you know phones have this ‘hands free’ mode now? Let’s you set it down somewhere and still keep the conversation going.”

“If Granddaughter Tiffany wants her Grandfather Alf to continue, she should show him a little respect. It’s not easy for this old man to think straight when all his blood is flowing to his little head.” I managed to put the phone on speaker and set it on the bedside cabinet. “Can you still hear me?”

“Loud and clear, poppa bear,” Tiff sighed. “Hngh, bear. I love running my fingers through your chest hair. Do you like that? And when I play with your cute wee nipples?”

The reply Tiff heard was a loud, “Oh shit!” followed by a crash.

“Granddad? You OK? What happened?”

“I’m good. My feet tangled up in my pants and I fell over. But don’t worry, I’m fine. Who’d a thunk phone sex was so dangerous?”

“You’re a worry, granddad.”

“OK. I’ve managed to get my socks and jocks off and am now officially naked. So, where were we?”

“I know where I am, and I know what I’m doing.”

My phone beeped.

“Have a look at that, Granddaddy dearest. Now you can see, too.”

“Hang on.” Alf opened the image. “Whoa, I’m saving that one.”

The picture was of Tiffany in her bed, duvet pulled up to her chin, head tilted slightly forward while she looked at the camera through her fringe, mouth with a slight smile and her bottom lip sucked between her teeth.

"I should damn well think so too, Alfie."

"You look so seductive. Thanks for not just sending me a nude, this is so much better."

"I nearly did, Granddaddy, but I thought you would prefer this," she said as my phone beeped again.

"What's this one, sweetie?" Opening it I breathed my appreciation. Tiff had lowered the duvet, angling it to allow her shoulder and the top swell of her left breast to be on display. She was looking down at her breast, a secret smile lifting her right cheek. "Oh, my word, my darling. I love that photo."

"I loved posing it. Are you hard yet, granddad? Do you like the pictures your granddaughter is sending you?"

"Oh, you know it, naughty girl. So hard for you."

I heard the sound of rustling, then my phone beeped again.

Tiff was propped up in bed by her pillows, and the duvet was now folded back on itself and lying flat on the bed. She was naked from the waist up, her modesty maintained by her hands over her breasts.

"You really know how to tease me, baby-girl. I'm stiff, Tiff - ha, that rhymes."

Tiff laughed too. "Oh granddaddy, have you only just realised that? I've been wondering when you would say it."

My phone beeped again, and I rushed to open the new picture.

"It's the same as the previous one." I muttered, then looked closer. "Oh, you minx, that's so hot." I had noticed that her fingers were slightly splayed now and had zoomed in to find her hard pink nipples could be seen between her fingers. "Oh honey, this is so good."


Only dating Asian women.

“Thank you, granddaddy, I’m pleased you like it,” Tiff said in a little girl voice as my phone again beeped.

Tiff was in the same position, propped up in bed with her duvet covering her from the waist down, but in this photo she had her hands behind her head, breasts fully on display and pressed forward as if being offered to me, with her lips pursed as if about to kiss.

Another beep as she sent me another photo. This time Tiff lay there with her knees up, held by her hands, legs spread wide apart, feet flat on the bed and the duvet rumpled just enough that the very tip of her landing strip was visible, but nothing lower. Her face and chest were flushed, and I zoomed in on her fingers having noticed a reflection on her right digits.

“Sweetie pie?”

“Yes Granddaddy.”

“Why are the fingers of your right hand wet?”

“I’m sorry, Granddad. I couldn’t help it. I’ve been naughty and touching myself where I shouldn’t.”

“Tiffany! I think you should show me what you’ve been doing.”

“Yes, Grandfather Alf,” she said like a little girl knowing she is in trouble.

My phone rang and I accepted the video call.

“Hello Naughty Granddaughter Tiffany.” I said assuming a stern parental voice. “Show me what you have been up to.”

“Yes Granddaddy.” The screen blurred as it was moved from pointing at Tiffs face to settle with a clear stable image of Tiffs wet and puffy pussy. Her hand appeared, sliding down over her lips then back up, fingers sliding between her petals, spreading her juices up and over her proudly protruding pearl.

I watched in awe as she pushed two fingers inside her, using these to sensuously stroke in and out, the squishing clearly heard as she pleasured

herself. She brought her thumb to her clit applying pressure with every movement of her hand.

Tiff was panting now, and I watched in fascination as the flow of her secretions increased, her fingers acting like a pump, dragging it from her depths to dribble out of her cunny hole, gravity drawing it down over her rosebud to pool on the sheet.

“Tiffany, you really are my good little girl,” I said warmly. “It’s nice to be able to share this with you.”

“Yes granddaddy,” she panted. “I’m so turned on right now. God what a stupid comment, you can see how wet I am.”

“Yes, I can see that. And I can hear that, too. Will you cum for me, dear girl? Will you let me watch while you cum?”

“Please, please let me cum. Tell me to cum, Granddaddy. I’m right there but I need you to tell me to.”

Her hand was moving like a blur, fingers pounding in and out of her, thumb rubbing back and forth on her clit. Her thighs were shaking as her hips rocked to change the angle and pressure of her fingers.

“Tiffany, my dear girl, yes, I want you to cum now. Cum for me, my sweet granddaughter.”

I watched in fascination as her orgasm released itself in her. Her hand slowed as Tiff became more focused, her thighs twitched, and I saw her stomach pull in as the underlying muscles tensed, her butt cheeks clenching together as her release drew closer, until, with a quickly stifled groan the tidal wave crashed through her, flooding her whole body with surge after surge of release.

Her back arched, nearly taking her pussy out of the view of the camera, but I could see her fingers slowly moving inside her as she rode the slowly decreasing ripples.

Being an old hand at masturbating I had been stroking myself throughout this phone call, keeping myself close to the edge. Seeing Tiff’s orgasm explode

in her set me off, and with a loud groan I erupted so powerfully it was almost painful, the first jet reaching from my cheek down to my neck, the second landing on my upper chest, the following ones more of a dribble.

Looking back at the phone I could see Tiff, her face looking hot and sweaty but satisfied.

“God, Granddaddy Alf, you spray-painted your face. I had a little O when I watched you cum.”

“I haven’t cum like that since I was a horny teenager.” I waggled my eyebrows at her, causing her to laugh.

“Well, now you are a horny Grandfather, jacking off to pictures of your granddaughter. Oh, you are a nasty dirty man, Alfie.”

“Tell me about it, sweetie. But I love the pictures, thank you for thinking to send them to me.”

“Tomorrow you will have the real thing in your bed, and we can fuck each other senseless.”

“I like the sound of that, very much. But I guess I’d better get cleaned up and sleep if I’m going to be any good for you.”

“Yeah, me too. I know I should change the sheets, but I can’t be buggered right now. Good thing I have a big bed and can avoid the wet spot.” Tiff blew me a kiss. “Good night, dear friend. See you in the morning.”

“Good night, dear Tiff. Sleep well, I know I will.”

After disconnecting, I went and did the bathroom thing, checked the house was all locked up and secure, and went back to bed, quickly falling into a deep and restful sleep.

I woke with a sense of eager expectation as if it was my birthday or Christmas morning. Today, though, the gift I would be unwrapping was Tiffany, my pseudo granddaughter.



I had been out and collected my newspaper and had the coffee brewing ready for Tiff's arrival. Despite knowing she would be arriving soon after dropping her boys off at the primary school she still made me jump when she said 'Hi' from the kitchen doorway.

"You seem a bit on edge there, Granddad. What's got you all wound up then?"

"I'm waiting for my girlfriend to arrive. You'd better go before she gets here. She can get really jealous."

"Really. What are you planning to do with her today?"

"Nothing special. Just sit in the sun, read poetry, and talk of cabbages and kings."

"God sakes, Alfie, if that's what you two get up to I'm surprised she comes back."

"Really, granddaughter dear. What would you recommend?"

"Well, first of all, I'd show the girl how pleased you are to see her."

"And how do you think I should do that?"

"Offer your hand to shake."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. Hold out your hand, she'll step towards you with her hand out, and when you clasp hands, pull her in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Say something welcoming with your deep granddad voice, smile, hold eye contact, then slowly move in for a kiss on her lips."

"Can't see that working; it's way too cheesy."

"Try it out. See if it works."

"Who with? You're the only one here and you know what I'm doing so what's the point?"

“Think of it as practice or rehearsal for when your girlfriend gets here.”

“Oh, all right then. So, first, hold out my hand,” and suiting actions to words I proffered my hand to Tiff.

She smiled and took the three steps needed to bring her in arms reach and brought her hand forward to meet mine. As soon as we touched, I clasped her hand in mine and drew her to me, wrapping one arm around her before releasing her hand and placing mine on her waist.

Leaning forward I kissed her on the cheek. “It is so wonderful to see you again, Tiffany my dear granddaughter, I have missed you so much. Let me hold you.”

I pressed my cheek to hers and held her close, enjoying the feel of her body against mine, smelling her shampoo, body wash and deodorant.

As I allowed my hands to wander over her, caressing and stroking her, she began pressing her body against mine, her breathing becoming heavier. I became aware of a new scent, soft and subtle, and one that interacted with me, the scent of arousal.

Nuzzling my face onto her shoulder, I began kissing my way along her jaw then up towards her soft delectable lips. Looking her in the eyes I softly rubbed the tip of my nose against hers. “Hey beautiful,” I whispered before touching my lips to hers.

Breaking the kiss and dropping my arms I stepped back suddenly. “No, I don’t think that would work. I’ll think of something while I have my coffee. Oh, would you like some? It’s all made.”

She looked at me wide eyed. “You’re a bastard, granddad. That was hot and you know it.”

I grinned. “You look so pretty when you get all angry.”

“What the actual, Alf. I gloobied my panties, I damn near came. Forget about your coffee, old man. We’re going to bed, and you are going to fuck me until I can’t cum anymore. You owe me after that!”

“Oh, alright then. Not sure how good I’ll be without my coffee, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“I wore the blouse with buttons like you asked, granddaddy. Would you still like to undress me?”

“Babygirl, I can’t think of anything I would like more.”

We had walked through to the bedroom, and I led her to the bed where she lay back with her knees at the edge and her feet dangling towards the floor.

I went to undo the bottom button on her blouse but found it wasn’t a button at all, but a press snap.

Tiff reached down and grabbed her blouse at the hem and pulled it apart, unsnapping it all the way up.

“Taking too long, we can do the whole slowly thing another time. I want you to get naked and get in me now.”

We both quickly shed our clothes and as soon as we were in bed she rolled me onto my back and rubbed her sopping pussy up and down my cock, coating it in lubrication.

“Oh, so good,” she muttered, pressing her mound against me. Reaching down she grabbed my erection, pointed it up and lowered herself onto it, sinking down until I was fully inside her.

The sensations from her tight pussy as she tensed and released her vaginal muscles was nearly overwhelming. As she began rolling her hips and grinding her clit against my pubic bone I reached for her breasts, kneading them and rolling her nipples between my fingers.

Her hips moved faster, and her strokes lengthened as she rode me, head thrown back and mouth agape. She was fully in control, setting the pace and the depth, knowing exactly what she needed to do to get herself off. I was her rechargeable buddy, along for the ride.



Dropping a hand to her groin she rubbed her clit frantically while riding me hard. I was meeting her thrusts, pushing up into her when she thrust down onto me.

"Oh fuck, oh yes, oh fuck, oh shit, I'm nearly there, granddaddy, so close, just about… THEEEERRRRRREEEEE,"

Her vagina clamped around me as she came, pulsing as if milking me while she flooded my groin with her spend. Her orgasm was hard and fast and powerful, and she collapsed on me, shuddering, gasping for breath.

I rubbed her back and buttocks and smiled when she tried to slap my hand on her arse.

"No, too soon, way too soon," she muttered.

As her breathing slowed, she regrouped and lifted herself off me to roll onto her side, snuggled against me.

"That was quite nice, I guess," she said with a grin, "but I'm sure you can do better."

"Well, sugar, I had very little input in that one. I'm sure I can do better." I kissed her. "What did you say your record was, four in one session? Oh sweetie, that's nothing."

Sitting up I rolled her onto her back, shuffling her up the bed then had her sit up while I piled some pillows between her and the headboard.

"Remember last night and the photos you sent me? Well, let's reenact them with me as an active party. Lift your knees up, there's a good granddaughter."

"You're naughty, Alf. I love it!"

"I know you do." I said, stroking her cheek with my knuckles before leaning over and brushing her lips with mine. My hand glided down between her breasts and across her stomach, over her mound to her inner thigh, and I followed it with gentle kisses and licks.

“You know, Tiff, your skin here is so soft and smooth, I love how it feels. Do you like it when my hands touch you there?”

“Yes, very much.”

Shuffling around I knelt between her feet, my hand caressing one thigh while my lips made love to her other, kissing and gently sucking on the tender surface, moving higher and higher up her leg until my cheek brushed against her wet mound.

Separating her lips with my fingers I buried my tongue in her pussy, pushing into her as far as I could reach, wriggling it around and pulling it back out again, and again, and again, her taste a mix of spice and salt, of sweet and sharp, uniquely hers and intoxicating to me.

Replacing my tongue with my fingers, sliding first one, then two inside her I licked my way up to her clit, then gently sucked it between my lips holding it while circling it with the tip of my tongue, sucking, and suckling and teasing her.

Glancing up I met her unfocused eyes as she appeared to watch me pleasure her without really seeing. Her brows drew together as she took a deep breath, reaching down to push my face harder against her, then quivering, moaning out her pleasure as she came, thighs squeezing my head.

Continuing to tongue her clit, though more gently, I resumed caressing her pussy, curling my fingers to stroke against the rough patch full of nerve endings, and as she relaxed slightly, I picked up the pace again and she gasped as another orgasm rolled through her. Pushing my face away she clamped her thighs together and I quickly withdrew my hand to avoid broken fingers.

Moving up beside her I draped an arm over her shoulders, and she leaned against me. I could now reach down and play with her nipples, much to her displeasure.

“Lemme catch my breath, Granddaddy,” she said, pulling my hand away. “That went straight to my fizzing clit and not nice.”

“Wait there, I’ll get you a drink,” I said, walking away to the kitchen and returning with two tall glasses of water.

“Thanks,” she said taking the glass and draining half. “Oh, I needed that.”

Setting the glass down, she said she would like to just cuddle for a while. I pulled the duvet over us, and we leaned against each other.

Though there were many years between us, we had been spending time together for well over two years and conversation came easily. After maybe fifteen minutes Tiff pulled my face to hers and kissed me, a meaningful look in her eyes.

Slipping further down the bed we kissed, the passion ramping up quickly. Our hands roamed freely, caressing here, rubbing there, until Tiff was pumping my cock, and I was pushing my fingers in and out of her velvet tunnel while my thumb was again paying attention to her clit.

I was close, wondering if I should go with things as they were or pause and reset for a minute when she came and cried out in her release.

“Roll over, sugar buns,” I said once her breathing stabilised. Tiff lay on her stomach then looked back at me with a big smile and lifted her ass in the air.

“I love it like this,” she breathed, face sideways on the mattress and back arcing up to lift her delectable bottom which she wiggled side to side teasingly. “Fuck me doggy, Granddad. Make me howl.”

In no time at all I was on my knees and sliding into her, grasping her hips for support and control. Pumping her hips as I pumped mine, we fell into a rhythm which brought us closer and closer.

My climax hit me, and I drove my cock into her as far as I could, grinding my pubis against her, my balls resting on her clit. My hot spurt after hot spurt triggered Tiffs fifth orgasm and she called out in pleasure.

My slowly deflating penis was still twitching and oozing the last of my offering when I felt I couldn’t trust my shaking thighs anymore and pulled myself out of Tiff to lie on my back beside her.



Tiff lowered her hips and shuffled over to curl up against me. Her face was flushed, she was covered in a film of sweat, and her grin was huge.

"Granddaddy knows how to fuck his granddaughter. My poor pussy is feeling bruised and battered." She chuckled, "Baby battered. You really do cum a lot; it's like a river flowing out down there."

"Well, if a job's worth doing," I gasped.

"You did me well, Alfie. Oh, and did you keep count? My new record is five." She patted me on the head. "Who's a clever man then."

"Pretty sure we can beat that."

"Don't even talk about that right now. I'm going to be copping a ton of shit from Renee about walking funny again."

"Ignore her, she's only jealous."

She rolled on her side to look at me. "She really is, Alf. Honestly. She told me she wishes she could get what I'm getting."

"She can wish all she wants but it's not going to happen. Why would I want anyone else when I have you," I said as I leaned forward and kissed her.

Tiff's eyes searched my face, but I couldn't get a bead on what she was thinking, then she kissed me tenderly and headed for the bathroom. After hearing the toilet flush the shower started. 'Save water and shower with a friend' I muttered to myself as I joined her.

Two days later there was a knock on my front door and Renee stood there, alone.

"Any chance of a coffee, Alfie?"

"Sure." I stepped aside so she could enter and directed her to the kitchen.

"You must be the only person I know who reads an actual newspaper," she said as I folded it up and made space on the table.

“I’ve tried the news sites on-line but, I don’t know, they’re just not as satisfying.”

The corners of her mouth twitched as she asked, “Is being satisfied important to you, Alf?”

I raised an eyebrow and replied, “Would you like a biscuit, toast?” ignoring that question.

There was a pause as she thought it over. “Yeah, I could go for a piece of toast. Browned not burned. Thanks.”

Over the sound of butter and toppings being spread on crisp toast, I asked, “Renee, nice as it is to see you, why are you here, what do you want?”

Taking a bite from a triangle of toast, she chewed, swallowed, and said, “I want what Tiff has.”

“And what does Tiff have that you want?”

“Come on, Alf, you know the answer to that; it’s you, she has you.”

“And you want me? How?”

“How?”

“Yes, how do you want me; in what way do you mean?”

“I want you like Tiff has you. I told you I have no family around here. I have Tiff, and she is incredibly important to me, more than I think she realises actually, and I have a couple of other friends I hang with sometimes, but I don’t have anyone I can really talk about important shit with, you know, the stuff you want a different perspective on. My friends are all my age, and we think the same. Sometimes I don’t know how to adult and I don’t want to make decisions. I’d love to have someone I can turn to like that.”

“So, you want me to be your guide and mentor?”

"Yeah, but wait, there's more, ha ha." She blushed a little and looked shy. "I also don't have a boyfriend. I've been asked out by guys, quite often, but they're so obvious about what they want, and I'm really careful about who gets to see my daughter, and what she gets exposed to, if you know what I mean." She fanned her face with her hands. "I'm getting all flustered now."

"No need, you know I don't judge or anything. Just let me know what you're thinking."

"OK, here goes. Alf, Tiff has told me in great detail what you two get up to in bed and I want that too. I want to feel loved; I want to be loved; I want to have someone make love to me. I've really only been fucked. What you and Tiff have just sounds wonderful. Is that wrong of me? Would you be my grandpop too? Please don't reject me, Alf."

I took her hand and stroked her knuckles with my thumb.

"Renee, I can't. I'm with Tiffany and I would never cheat on her, and especially not with her best friend. As for being your Grandpop, I would need to be sure Tiff was OK with that too; what she and I have is special and it would break my heart if I hurt that relationship. I'm sure you can understand that."

"I do understand that, and even though I'd love to get down and dirty with you right now, I'm pleased you aren't going to. But let me remind you of something. Tiff and I are close, and we share everything. We've already talked about this, and she is happy with it. Really happy."

"I hope you aren't upset that I won't just take your word for it. And I'm not going to give her a call and discuss it on the phone. I want to talk face to face with her, and just the two of us. I don't want you there potentially influencing her. You OK with that?"

"Totally, Grandpop."

"More coffee or toast?"

"Please."



While I was putting the bread in the toaster and making a fresh plunger of coffee, she said, "I don't normally eat breakfast, and if I do it's while I'm doing other things. This is nice."

"My mum would always have breakfast with me before school, it was like this moment of peace before facing the madding crowds outside the front door. It made mum and me close, even when I was a stroppy teenager."

"What was your dad like?"

"He was very old school. He wasn't an affectionate father. He wasn't into hugging, and I don't think he ever told me he loved me, but he proved it every day. Dinner time was when we talked about all sorts of topics, and both my parents would listen to what I had to say and discuss it, sometimes suggesting other points of view. I learned a great deal from that."

"Are they still alive?"

"No. They died quite a few years ago." I blew out a breath, then continued, "My father gave his all to his employer. He worked long hours to make sure he earned his salary. He hardly ever took a sick day and then it was only if he couldn't get out of bed. The bosses held him up to other staff as a great example of an employee. Over the years he moved up the ranks, taking on more responsibility for not always very much more money, not that he ever complained about it; he thought it was an honour, that management felt he was the best man for the job." I paused as the toaster had popped, and put the coffee and toast on the table.

"Dad was in his late fifties when he was made redundant, was awarded the DCM for all his hard work."

"DCM? Is that some kind of medal?"

"Oh, no, it stands for Don't Come Monday. It's an old saying."

"Ah. How did he take it?"

"He was absolutely shattered. Just couldn't believe it. He killed himself on the first Monday of his unemployment. No one from the company management

came to his funeral. I was newly married at this point and living with my charming wife, so Mum was at home, alone. She died of a broken heart and a bottle of sleeping pills her doctor prescribed."

"Oh Alf, that's so sad."

"It was a shit time for me, and not long after that I found out that my wife had margarine legs, and that just about finished me."

"I don't get that. Margarine legs?"

"Easily spread. Sorry, it's another old expression."

"And you've been single ever since?"

"Mostly. I had started my own business before I married, and once the divorce was settled, I focused on building it into something with value. I sold it a few years back and retired."

"I asked if you have been single ever since your divorce."

"Yes, you did ask that."

"Are you not going to answer? Some dark secret in your life? Are you a crime lord with a whole harem chained up in your secret basement?"

I looked at her seriously and grabbed her wrist. "Oh Renee, I wish you hadn't said that; you've found me out. I'll have to add you to the others down there now."

I watched the blood drain from her face.

"I'm so sorry." Unable to keep it up I started laughing, "Your face just then, Renee. I can't believe you fell for it."

"You bastard. You had me going, I didn't know what to think. You looked so evil. You're a prick, ya know that? That was cruel."

"I just couldn't resist."

“Well, you should have tried harder. God! You just have to answer my question now. You owe me that.”

“I guess so.” I started buttering another slice of toast. “As I’d said, I made my business my main concern and spent nearly all my time working. But after a few years, I’d built it up enough that I could take on a few people and share the load. Suddenly I had my weekends back, and even some evenings. That was quite a new experience for me after the divorce.” I took a bite and poured more coffee in our mugs.

“I knew better than to see someone from work, but I did. Briefly. It was fun, and meaningless, and we parted as friends when her boyfriend proposed. I honestly didn’t know about him. That was quite a surprise to me, but I came to realise that it was up to her to tell me if she was already seeing someone.”

“She never let on?”

“No. Not even a hint.”

“And since then?”

“I was doing quite well by then, I had money, my job involved some travel around the country, and I enjoyed the single life. You can meet some interesting women in hotels and it’s always nice to have breakfast with someone.”

“Alfie, you dog!”

“It was fun. I didn’t want to get into a relationship with anyone, not after being burned by my dearly beloved. But when I sold my business that whole lifestyle ended, and I’ve been pretty much alone ever since. By choice for the most part.”

“You don’t get lonely, miss a bit of female company?”

“Yeah, some, but not for a couple of years. Tiff has filled that space. A good friend, and yes, recently with benefits and no strings. I mean, it’s not like she’s going to want to marry me.”



“True. You do mean a lot to her but you’re right, not as a life partner.” She took a sip and said, “And now you have me, too.”

“No, Renee. Nothing has been decided there. Don’t push it.”

Renee grinned and finished her coffee. “Time I was on my way. Thanks for breakfast and for talking to me, telling me stuff. It was nice, Poppa.”

I walked her to the door, helped her on with her jacket and she spun around and gave me a brief tight hug, then opened the door and rushed off without looking back.

Even with the jacket on she felt damn good in my arms. I was surprised to realise how hard I had become.

I thought about the conversation with Renee, while I cleaned up the kitchen. I did notice she had swept her crumbs off the table onto her plate and stacked it, her mug and knife on the sink bench.

While I had meant what I said, I wasn’t convinced that Tiff and I were exclusive. We hadn’t made any form of commitment to each other, and while it was nice to spend time with her both in and out of bed, I couldn’t imagine her ignoring men her own age.

I had my answer the next day when both Tiff and Renee arrived.

“Hi Granddaddy,” said Tiff, giving me a warm hug and kiss.

Then Renee held me. “Hi Poppa,” she breathed before pressing her lips to mine.

Renee eventually broke the kiss, but only after pushing her groin against my growing erection. “You’re right, Tiff. Just perfect.”

“Bedroom,” Tiff said, leading the way and beginning to shed her clothes. She was pulling down her panties when Renee and I walked in, and after dropping them on the chair she flicked back the duvet.

She called Renee over and began removing her friend's clothes, putting on a little show for me. First her shoes and ankle socks, revealing her toenails painted a light blue to match her fingers. Her tee shirt was next, her arms drawn through the sleeves, so it was only her head visible above her waist. Tiff then moved behind Renee and slid her hands up her sides from her hips, gathering the sides of the shirt on the way.

It snagged on her bra-less breasts, lifting them until they slipped out and bounced slightly, on display in all their glory. Her nipples were dark pink and erect, centered in their areola. They were mouthwateringly spectacular.

Tiff pulled the tee shirt over Renee's head and laid it on the chair beside her socks. Still standing behind her, she ran her hands down from Renee's shoulders, across her breasts and pausing to play with the hard nubs, before carrying on down to the waistband of her pants, moving to the centre and undoing the button and very slowly lowering the zipper. I could hear each tooth release and stood transfixed as more and more of Renee was exposed for me.

Her pants were a loose fit and once the zipper was all the way down, they slumped, prevented from pooling around her ankles by Tiff holding them up.

Tiff leaned to the side, and said into Renee's ear, "I think we have his attention."

"Shit yeah, and mine. You have no idea how wet my pussy is right now."

"I'd guess it's probably as wet as mine."

Bending at the knees, Tiff lowered Renee's pants, revealing that her skimpy knickers were the same blue as her nail polish.

Once the waist band was down to her mid-thigh, Tiff released them and Renee stepped out, standing there wearing only her G-string. She looked stunning.

Tiff took Renee's hand and led her to the bed and Renee sat on the edge then lay back. Her breasts were so firm they hardly changed shape.

“Stand at the end of the bed, Granddaddy.”

She smiled at me as I moved, and once I was where she wanted me, she leaned forward and kissed Renee, just briefly, before kissing her way down her body to her undies. She glanced at me to make sure I was still watching then used her teeth to pull down the front of Renee’s thong. Her hands grasped the sides and Renee hoisted up her hips to allow Tiff to slide the thong down over her bum, her thighs, her knees, and off her feet. It too was tossed on the chair.

“What do you think, Granddaddy, do you like the show?”

Having to clear my throat first, I nodded. “Yes, yes, very much. You are both gorgeous girls.”

“Aww, thanks Granddaddy. We hoped you would like this. We wanted to do something nice for you.” She smiled at me, teasingly, and said, “You know you can take your clothes off if you want. Something looks a bit cramped in there.”

I started undressing without taking my eyes off the two naked beauties on my bed. Renee now shuffled herself further on the bed until she was lying across it, and Tiff got on the bed, crawling over Renee on her hands and knees until she was looking down at her face. Tiff then kissed her, just a quick touch of the lips, but like a match to touch paper it set Renee off. She threw her arms around Tiff and pulled her to her, hard.

They kissed with passion, wet and sloppy, noisy with heavy breathing and wet tongues battling each other. Renee wrapped her legs around Tiff, pulling her friend down to her, grinding their crutches together.

“I want to lick you,” Renee gasped. “I have to taste you.”

“Me too, Nays. Stay there.”

Tiff spun around, throwing her knee over Renee’s head, hovering her pussy over her face while Tiff grabbed Renee’s thighs and pulled them apart.



“Fuck you smell hot,” one of them gasped, then all talking stopped as they buried their faces in their friend’s crotch. Each girl gave off a different aroma and the room smelt of their passion.

Standing there watching the two friends pleasuring the other was a first for me, and my cock was painfully hard. Walking to the side of the bed I reached forward, sliding my hands up Renee’s legs, over her hips, and between the two girls’ bodies until I reached their breasts.

I squeezed and massaged their globes, pulling on nipples, flicking and rubbing, caressing and kneading.

They became more vocal, panting, gasping, making little mewls while trying to maintain focus on pleasuring the other, until Tiff squealed and shuddered through her climax, quickly followed by Renee.

They caressed the other through the waves of pleasure, until both were sated and Tiff rolled off Renee and lay on her back, panting for breath, clutching Renee’s hand in hers.

Once they could move again, they swung around so their heads were on my pillows and they cuddled together, arms and legs entwined, giving each other soft kisses.

I was stroking myself, precum flowing from me making my cock nice and slippery. It was Renee who noticed and brought it to Tiff’s attention.

“Oops, sorry Granddaddy. I forgot about you. Tell me, have you ever had two girls give you a blow job at the same time? Well, today is your lucky day. Get up here.”

They rolled apart and had me lie on my back in the middle of the bed, Tiff on my left and Renee on my right.

“What do you think, Nays. Isn’t it a beautiful dick? Long and fat and so hard.”

Renee wrapped her hand around it. “Feels fucking good, too.”

Her hand with the painted fingernails looked delicate against it, but she began pumping me, and she knew what she was doing. As I closed my eyes in pleasure, I felt the bed move as Renee got on her knees, and then she was kissing the tip of my knob, her tongue licking the clear fluid oozing from my pee hole.

"Hmm, you taste good, Poppa."

I couldn't reply with more than a growl as she took my head in her mouth and lowered herself further and further down, not even pausing when I met her throat, pushing herself down until her nose was buried in my pubic hair. She massaged my balls while her tongue caressed the underside of my shaft and my knob, and I could feel the growing tingle as I prepared to cum.

"I'm gonna… I'm gonna…" I stuttered. Renee whipped her head off me, grabbed Tiff and the two began kissing and licking up and down my shaft, one playing with my balls while the other ran her fingers lightly over my glans.

It was too much and with a roar I released, my semen blasting out of my cock, painting the faces of the two girls as they laughed with joy.

"Yes, Poppa, paint my face, show me how good you feel."

"Jeeze Granddaddy, there's plenty for both of us. I feel so debauched getting a facial with Renee from you."

It was over too soon for me, I wanted to enjoy the feelings forever, but it wasn't to be. My dick deflated, lying on my thigh, cum slowly dripping from the end.

Tiff ran to the bathroom, peed and washed her hands and face, then came back with a couple of warm wet flannels and a big fluffy towel, and cleaned us up.

I lay there, still catching my breath while Tiff ministered to us, then she sat beside us on the bed, cross legged, all her charms on display.

Renee spoke first. “That was fun. Hard to believe we’ve only ever kissed before, Tiffs. Must admit, I didn’t expect the whole 69 thing, but damn gurl, it was hot.”

“I wanted to do something very special for Granddad Alf, and what guy wouldn’t enjoy some girl-on-girl action happening right in front of him. You did enjoy it, didn’t you Granddaddy?”

‘Oh god yes. It was the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. You two looked so good together.”

“I know we didn’t talk about it first, you know, about inviting Renee to join us. I hope you don’t mind.”

“I guess I’m OK with it.” I said with a grin.

“Good,” said Renee. “I know I am.” She gave me a kiss, and said, “I still want to be fucked by you, Poppa.”

Tiff moved back to my side and cuddled up to me. “I know Renee talked to you yesterday. I want you to know that I am perfectly OK with you being her Poppa with benefits, just as you are my Granddaddy with benefits. You can take her to bed, me to bed, both of us to bed. Are you OK with that?”

“What did I do to be so lucky to have you two in my life? Come here,” and I pulled them in and satisfyingly kissed each beauty.

“I call dibs on the bathroom,” I said, starting to climb over Tiff.

“Too late,” Renee said rolling off the bed and running out the door.

Tiff quietly groaned. “God, she looks good naked; I love how her tits jiggle.”

“Oh yes, Tiff. Quite spectacular.”

“She won’t come between us, Granddaddy. Don’t worry.”

“I wouldn’t let that happen, hun. You mean too much to me.” I crossed my legs. “Wish I had another loo.”



"Go, I'm sure I heard it flush."

I grabbed a dressing gown from behind the door and pulled it on as I went to the bathroom. The relief was nearly orgasmic, and once I'd finished and washed my hands I went to the kitchen where I found Renee and Tiff making a hot drink for us all. They were dressed so I assumed we had finished in the bedroom for the day.

We talked for a while and once they had left, I pottered about tidying up, changing the sheets, then curled up in the sun with a book and fell asleep.



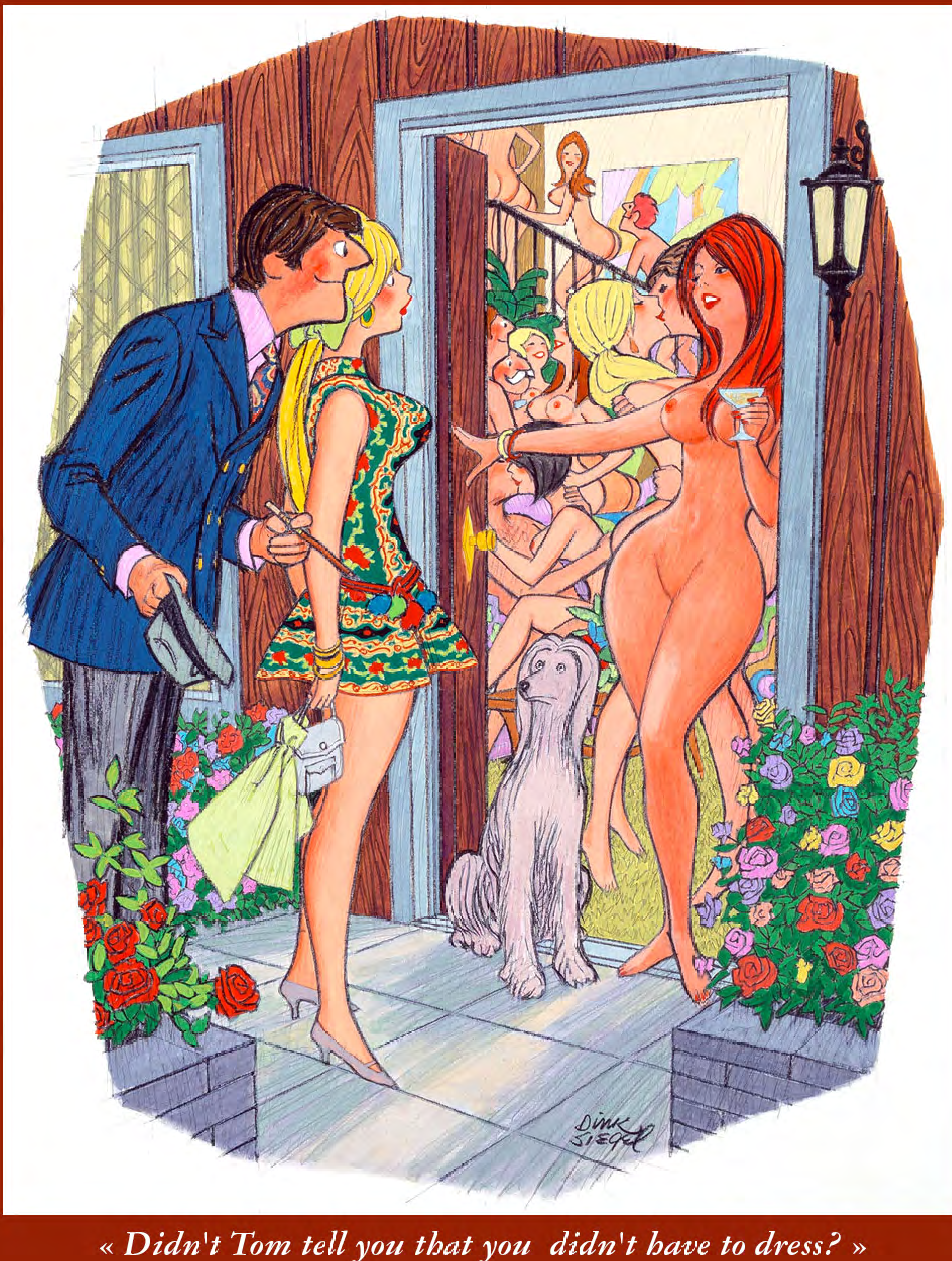








HUMOR LASCIVO



« Didn't Tom tell you that you didn't have to dress? »

LASCIVIA — THE LIFE

How sex workers can bring much-needed “human happiness” to the disabled

By Jessie Sage

When Ethan* (names have been changed to protect privacy) was growing up, he remembers his older brother asking him repeatedly when he could have a girlfriend. Over a Zoom call, Ethan tells me that he always understood this question to be shorthand for, "When can I have a sensual experience?'" His brother, who is now in his 60s, is autistic and didn't have the skills or support necessary to be able to make the kinds of erotic connections that would have met his very normal, very human desire for touch and intimacy.

This is not uncommon for autistic adolescents and adults (though clearly, autism is a spectrum and this isn't true for everyone with Autism Spectrum Disorder). Emily's* sibling is also autistic and has expressed similar desires to her. "My sibling has always struggled to connect with people on an emotional level and it's incredibly lonely," she tells me over Zoom. "They will go to bars, they'll try to make those connections, but they face rejection over and over."

Yet not having an outlet for their desire for intimacy does not make those needs go away. It certainly didn't for Emily's sibling. "I think because of the lack of intimacy in their life, my siblings overcompensate with people who they are close with like family and friends," she says. For example, they are often touchy in a way that makes some uncomfortable.

Allison* is a New York City-based Licensed Clinical Social Worker who works with disabled adults. Specifically, she works for a case management agency that supports disabled adults and their families in navigating benefits and entitlements. In her words, "We're helping fill in the nooks and crannies of adulting for adults with disabilities." This often includes assisting with housing and employment, pairing their clients with volunteers who will help meet some of their social needs, etc. While these "nooks and crannies" fill basic needs, sexual intimacy is rarely considered to be a basic need; and yet, Allison says her clients express this desire to her and the other professionals in their lives.

It makes sense that disabled adults would look to the professionals they work with when trying to express their need for intimacy because, often, their therapists and aid workers are the people they are closest to. "For an adult with a disability, their most intimate moments are still professional moments." But Allison points out the problem here by asking, "So where do



they have access to truly intimate moments?" In the absence of other options, she often sees clients "holding their one-on-one community habilitation worker's hand when they're out to dinner, or wanting to touch their speech pathologist's face, or wanting to hug their case manager for a long time and getting aroused."

While it is certainly not the therapist and support staff's job to meet the intimate and sexual needs of their clients, Allison is intentional about calling these attempts at intimacy unexpected and not inappropriate, as to not shame the clients she works with. After all, what they are expressing is a natural human desire. "All of these things communicate to me that they do not have roles and relationships in their lives where they have an expected outlet for intimacy."

In her work, these unexpected moments have forced her to confront the gaps in available social services. "There are moments where I've been touched in a way that was harmful or in a way that was unexpected to me," she says. And yet, stepping outside of her own experience has allowed her to see why that happens. She reflects, "More than one thing can be true in the same moment: It's true that I feel physically uncomfortable or like a boundary has been crossed. It can also be true that the person is trying to express a need that's not being fulfilled." This got her thinking about the fact that while it is not her job to meet those needs, there is an entire profession of people who do just that: sex workers.

Jet Setting Jasmine is both a sex worker and a licensed psychotherapist who knows that it is not just disabled adults who look to therapists, social workers, and other professionals to meet some of their needs for intimate connection. She says, "I think that if therapists are able to see the way that their clients can inappropriately utilize therapeutic services, then they could redirect them toward a professional companion [a common euphemism for sex workers]."

As someone who has worked in both capacities, she understands that there are boundaries that therapists cannot and should not cross, but is quick to point out there is an alternative to "tossing our clients out into the general public." If therapists could "get past their own biases," she says, they



would see that sex workers provide "a guided learning space to explore and experience sexuality."

Indeed, Ethan points out that in Denmark, one of the most progressive countries in the world in regards to the disabled, "there is part of the monthly disability check that includes money devoted to hiring sexual services." That Denmark would consider sexual services to be a basic need makes sense to Ethan who was asked for decades by his brother when he could have a girlfriend. "Every creature alive, just about, is capable of being soothed by touch," he says. "It's just a tragedy that it's not addressed."

This tragedy has very real consequences in the lives of many disabled adults. "I think that [lack of intimacy and erotic touch] absolutely contributed to my brother's difficulties in life," Ethan says. "To have no sensual outlet, to never be held, to never be cradled, to never feel safe within his own skin in the way that one does when they're in an intimate connection with somebody else." This belief was confirmed when Ethan finally decided, after his parent's death, to hire a sex worker for his brother — to get his brother the girlfriend he'd been asking for. Indeed, after his first meeting with the sex worker his brother calls Julie (not her real name, and also not her sex worker name), Ethan's brother said to him, "Julie makes my life easier."

Emily and her sibling's case manager Allison ultimately realized that it was worth hiring a sex worker for Emily's sibling too, who was struggling in some of the same ways Ethan's brother was. After his first session, Emily's sibling called Allison and told her over the phone, "That was the best date I've ever had!" Allison tells me that as she talked to them on the phone she cried. "This is a person who is wildly misunderstood," she said. Yet in turning to a sex worker, they could have the kind of experiences they wanted and needed.

Emily feels strongly that access to these services can be life changing for adults with disabilities who don't otherwise have access to touch and truly intimate experiences. "I think working to lower the stigma and seeing how [working with a sex worker] can lead to beautiful intimacy and joy for so many people is very important," she says. "The work that sex workers are doing is really important and should be celebrated."


KARMA

Celeste Pietrusza, PhD, a clinical psychologist who works with the Manhattan Alternative, a collective of unaffiliated sex positive therapists, tells me that it is sad that there are not more places where we can talk about the importance of collaboration between sex workers and other professionals, like therapists. She says, "I realize that the project of talking about sex saving us all is a fantasy, but the optimistic psychoanalytic part of me believes that some problems could be averted if we had more collaborative, collective places to explore sexuality."

Allison shares this vision. "Just as clinics exist with a bunch of therapists, I foresee a space for sex workers who specialize in different things or work with a specific type of client, just as therapists do," she says. Having something like this, she says, would allow her to make thoughtful referrals based on who the sex worker and the client are.

Though this remains a fantasy so long as sex work is criminalized, Ethan feels strongly that this is to the detriment of those who would benefit from sexual services. "Sex workers show demonstrable, concrete results. Their currency is the currency of human happiness," he says. This can be a hard sell in a culture where sex workers are marginalized, stigmatized, and criminalized. Yet in Ethan's words, "Every parent wants their child to be happy. Below all of their prejudices and biases, they still want their child to be happy."

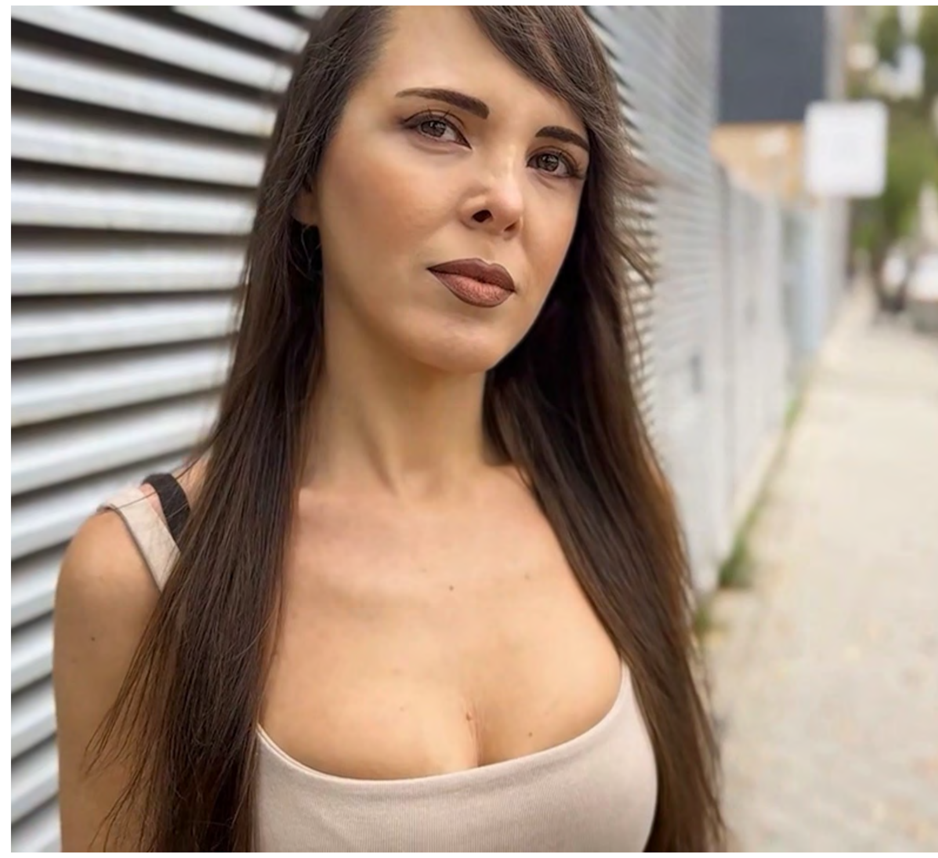
In conclusion, he says, "Any sex worker who is even minimally talented will leave their client happier than they were when they came in. That is especially true for those who are crying out for sensual attention."

Jessie Sage (she/her) is a Pittsburgh-based sex worker and writer. Her freelance writing has appeared in a variety of publications including The Washington Post, Men's Health, VICE, The Daily Beast, BuzzFeed, Hustler Magazine, and more. At the beginning of 2024 she launched a new podcast: When We're Not Hustling: Sex Workers Talking About Everything But.

You can find Jessie on Twitter @sapiotextual & Instagram @curvaceous_sage. You can follow her new podcast on Twitter & Instagram @NotHustlingPod. You can also visit her website jessiesage.com.


Tango












PuTaLocura.com
CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER


LASCIVIA
UNA PUBLICACIÓN
"FOR GREAT PEOPLE"

LASCIVIA — JUNGLE FEVER

Perverse Fantasies More Common Than We Thought

By healthyplace.com Staff Writer

Therapists who once viewed perverse sexual fantasies as the furtive compulsions of a lonely minority are seeing them in a new light, as more and more "normal" people report them in therapy and new studies suggest that even violent fantasies are surprisingly common.

The new research is focusing on fantasies involving what most experts would call aberrant sexual acts, like bondage or cross-dressing, rather than more prosaic fantasies such as making love in an exotic locale or, perhaps the most popular fantasy among men and women alike, making love to someone other than one's partner.

The new approach may be most controversial in seeing perverse fantasies as commonplace and in suggesting that this form of "perversion" is as common in women as in men.

Simply being aroused by a given fantasy is not necessarily a sign of perversion. Indeed, experts disagree on where normal sexuality ends and perversion begins.

But the hallmark of all perverse fantasies, said Dr. Arnold Cooper, a Cornell University psychiatrist, is that the sexual partner is treated as "a nonperson, someone with no feelings."

Most experts on sexuality see nothing wrong with sex fantasies. Standard clinical wisdom holds that, so long as fantasy does not harm anyone, it is not a problem and, indeed, can even enhance a couple's sex life.

But many influential psychoanalysts are focusing on the sometimes subtle difficulties in intimate relationships that such fantasies can create, and on the range of purposes they serve, from filling empty relationships and allaying depression to bolstering self-esteem.

The new thinking holds that deep within such adult fantasies as having an obedient harem of love slaves or an urge for sexual humiliation lurk infantile longings such as for an attentive love or the need to overcome a profound sense of powerlessness.



But the fantasies cannot help repair such emotional traumas, the psychoanalysts say, in part because they make those who rely on them emotionally unavailable to their partners.

> *...30 percent of men are sexually aroused by watching portrayals of physical violence against women, leading researchers to assume they fantasize about such violence... A study of college-age men found 12 percent had sexual fantasies involving children...*

The new view was summed up by Dr. Gerald Fogel, a psychoanalyst at Columbia University, who said that virtually everyone has aberrant sex fantasies, but that they are not always conscious of them. "Even so, they usually emerge over the course of psychoanalysis in almost everyone," he said.

Many sex therapists disagree. For example, though agreeing that a surprisingly high proportion of ordinary people sometimes have perverse fantasies, Dr. Gene Abel, a psychiatrist at Emory University in Atlanta, said, "People in psychoanalysis, or people who volunteer for studies of sexuality, just are not a representative sample. No one yet knows the true prevalence of perversion in the normal population.

Another major area of controversy is the contention of some psychoanalysts that women are as prone to perverse fantasies as men.

Many studies have found that most officially diagnosed perversions, such as pedophilia or fetishes, are extremely rare or non-existent in women, leading sex researchers to assume that perverse fantasies are rarer in women than in men.

But the new approach says the forms they take in women often are more subtle and so have escaped psychiatric notice.

Indeed, a study of the fantasies that arouse women, published last month, found that a surprising number have what psychoanalysts would describe as perverse fantasies and that the fantasies are highly arousing.

For example, fantasies of being watched while having sex, watching someone else have sex and being forced to have sex were among the most common and the most arousing fantasies, the study found.

The women read written descriptions of 112 fantasies, rated how arousing they were and reported how often they had had such fantasies in the past year.

The study of 119 women, which measured the genital blood flow of some of the women during these fantasies, were published in Behavioral Research and Therapy.

The study, done by psychologists in Australia, corroborates other recent studies of the content of women's fantasies, and is the first to use direct measures of sexual arousal to establish how powerful the fantasies are.

More troubling, though, are some of the data for men. A study of college-age men found 12 percent had sexual fantasies involving children, according to Abel, who has just completed the research.

And an earlier study, at the University of California at Los Angeles, found that 30 percent of men are sexually aroused by watching portrayals of physical violence against women, leading researchers to assume they fantasize about such violence.

Some people have concern and confusion over having an intensely sexual and repetitive fantasy. You can read more about that here.

Perverse Fantasies - You're Not Alone

Some people have concern and confusion over having an intensely sexual and repetitive fantasy (like maybe ejaculating on a woman's body). If you're


001

one of those, don't worry, you have some company-- a lot. Sexual fantasies are without a doubt the most common kind of sexual experience and are a part of the vast majority of men's and women's psychological landscape. They are completely private and safe and can actually be enhancing. Fantasies are a way of giving your sexual feelings a holiday--you can try different partners, positions, and situations without having to be accountable--or worry about disease.

Fantasy can allow one to role play upcoming encounters, temporarily escape from real life, relieve pent up pressures, or most commonly (in over 70% of men and women), to intensify sexual arousal during masturbation or love making. Fantasies can just pop into a person's mind unsolicited or can be carefully and elaborately orchestrated.

Many men and women report "unusual" sexual fantasies that they would never do because they seem dangerous, illegal or outside their value system. Some worry that having these unsettling daydreams means they might act on them or be mentally ill. Then their fantasy becomes a source of guilt, anxiety or fear. When a fantasy intrudes on real life to the point that it interferes with personal relationships, sexual functioning (a person cannot respond to a real life partner), or work or a person becomes so obsessed with it that he feels compelled to act it out it is then a bona fide problem exists.

So check in with your fantasy. You may feel less "squirmy" if your fantasy fits the non-intrusive, non-compulsive category. If it does, you may want to seek professional help to uncover its sources.





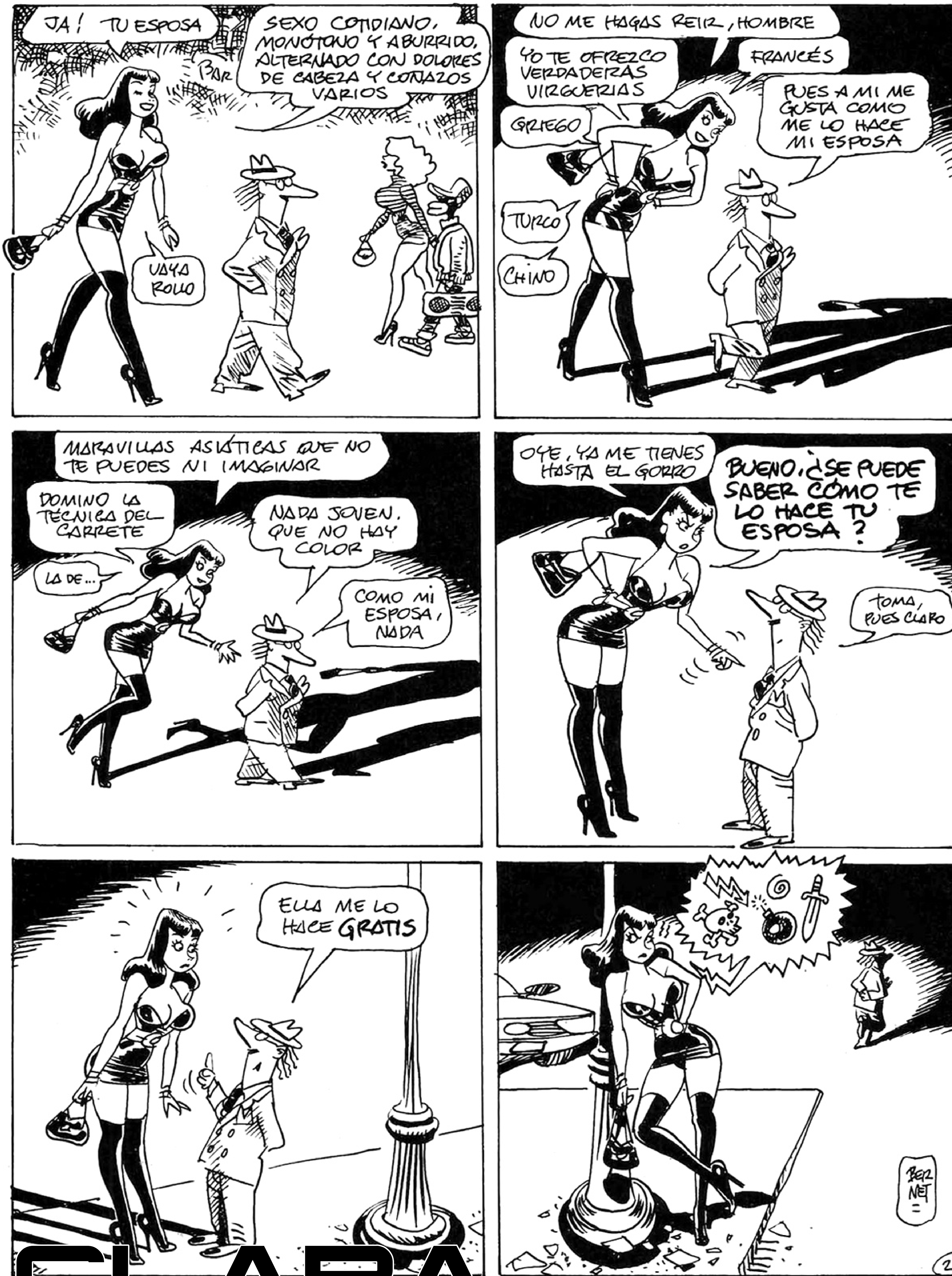









TEXTO: TRILLO & MAIRAS
BERNET ©
LLEVO AQUÍ VARIAS HORAS SIN COMERME UN ROSCO, Y LUEGO DIRÁN QUE LA CRISIS YA HA PASADO
VAYA NOCHECITA
A VER SI ESTE PICA
¿QUÉ? ¿ECHAMOS UN POLVO, GUAPO?
MEGA VIDEO
BAR
TOPLESS
HOTEL
¡?!
ANÍMATE, NO LO VAS A OLVIDAR EN TU VIDA
NO, GRACIAS. NO ME INTERESA
ESTE ES TÍMIDO
MIRA TESORO, TODO ESTO PUEDE SER TUYO
TE VOY A HACER PERDER EL MUNDO DE VISTA
TE HAGO TODO LO QUE QUIERAS
¡?¡
NO INSISTA, JOVEN
A MI ESTO ME LO HACE MI ESPOSA
1


JA! TU ESPOSA
Bar
SEXO COTIDIANO, MONÓTONO Y ABURRIDO, ALTERNADO CON DOLORES DE CABEZA Y COÑAZOS VARIOS
VAYA ROLLO
NO ME HAGAS REIR, HOMBRE
YO TE OFREZCO VERDADERAS VIRGUERIAS
FRANCÉS
GRIEGO
TURCO
CHINO
PUES A MI ME GUSTA COMO ME LO HACE MI ESPOSA
MARAVILLAS ASIÁTICAS QUE NO TE PUEDES NI IMAGINAR
DOMINO LA TÉCNICA DEL CARRETE
LA DE...
NADA JOVEN, QUE NO HAY COLOR
COMO MI ESPOSA, NADA
OYE, YA ME TIENES HASTA EL GORRO
BUENO. ¿SE PUEDE SABER CÓMO TE LO HACE TU ESPOSA?
TOMA, PUES CLARO
ELLA ME LO HACE GRATIS
BERNET
2

CLARA


Y AHORAAAA... JESULÍN DE MATUQUE INTENTARÁ BATIR EL RECORD MUNDIAL DE CANTIDAD DE POLVOS QUE OSTENTA HASTA HOY EL AUSTRALIANO JOHN PINGASS CON 19 PRESTACIONES EN DOS HORAS
AQUÍ TENEMOS A LA PARTENAIRE DE JESULÍN DE MATUQUE...
¡¡¡... Y AQUÍ EL JESULÍN EN PERSONAAAAAA!!!!
¡BRAVO!
¡A POR ELLA JESULÍN!
ÑAKA
ÑAKA
ÑAKA
¡¡¡UNOOOOOOOO!!!!
¡¡¡AAAAHHHH!!!
ÑAKA ÑAKA
¡¡¡¡¡¡¡DOS!!!!!!!
¡¡¡AAAAAHHH!!!
ÑAKA ÑAKA
¡¡¡SIETEEE!!!
¡BRRS!!!
1


¡AHHH!!!
¡¡¡CATORCE!!!
¡¡¡MA-CHO, MA-CHO!!!
¡¡¡¡¡¡¡DIECIOCHO!!!!!!
MUY BIEN
ESO ES UN HOMBRE DE VERDAD, TÍOS
ERES UN SÍMBOLO JESULÍN
BGSS!
ESTÁ A PUNTO DE ALCANZAR LA MARCA MUNDIAL
¡¡¡¡ ACGGGGH!!!
¡COF!
¡¡¡¡ SUPERHOMBRE!!!!
¡¡¡¡¡¡ DIECINUEVE!!!!!!
¡¡¡GGGG!!!
ZZ
Y AHORA BATE EL RECORD MUNDIAL. ¡ESTO ES UN ESPAÑOL!
¡¡¡ EPAÑAAA!!!
¡¡¡ EPAÑAAA!!!
ZZZZZZZ
AY
¡MACHO!
ACABA CON ELLA, JESULÍN!
CREO QUE...
...NO PUE... DO MÁAAAS
OH
¡AAAAAH!!!
OH
OH
¡OH!
GGG!
AY
¡MARICÓN, MARICÓN, MARICÓN!
BERNET
2


Relatos Eróticos de
KAMATARUK
Relatos de mis dos Mitades: Zarrio | Kamataruk
DONDE EL LADO OSCURO DE LAS LETRAS COBRA VIDA

LASCIVIA — FIRST DESIRES

Imperfections

By Michael_Butterfield

“So what brings you clear out here to Golden?” he asked, eying the Massachusetts plate on the front of my Tempest with an expression of mild suspicion. He turned the key in the front door and motioned me in.

“Well, I’m actually a Colorado native,” I replied. “I just finished my engineering degree at MIT, but I’m going to be starting my masters at the School of Mines this fall.” I noted that this seemed to satisfy him, but didn’t pay it too much mind. I was too busy checking out the “furnished two-bedroom house” the stooped old man was showing me.

The word “house” might have been a bit grandiose for this particular dwelling. It was in the old part of town and was more of a cottage in actuality, but it appeared to be nicely maintained on the outside and the stoop had a decent view of the huge monogrammed “M” up on Mount Zion.

The interior was a mixed bag. Most prospective renters would have wanted the more modern wall-to-wall carpeting, but I loved the old, worn oak floors. The living room featured a fireplace and sturdy built-in bookshelves that filled an entire wall, a great feature for a bookworm like me. The bathroom had been recently remodeled with neutral colors and the tub/shower unit had sliding glass doors. There was even a massaging showerhead, likely left by a previous renter.

On the other hand, it was obvious that the kitchen hadn’t been updated in a quarter century. By this time, in the summer of 1985, even Avocado Green and Harvest Gold had mostly been replaced by Almond and White, but these particular appliances still soldiered on in 50’s vintage turquoise.

One of the bedrooms was laughably small, useful as an office at best, but the living room and other bedroom were reasonably large. The furniture was about what you would expect in a rental, but didn’t look too bad. All things considered, the cottage met my specifications just fine.

Except for one thing.

He probably caught my frown. “I guess you noticed that there aren’t any beds,” he said, perhaps a bit defensively.

“Well, yeah. The ad did say ‘furnished’.”

“Well, over the years I’ve found that beds get trashed more often than the rest of the furniture. It was costing me a lot of money. I don’t supply beds anymore, but I lowered the rent some to make up for it.”

I decided that it was just as well. I’d had a run-in with bedbugs back east and it might be a good thing to be able to pick out my own sleep surface this time.

“I guess I could get my own,” I allowed.

He nodded slowly. “I usually try to rent to mature folks. You sounded older over the phone. You’re not the kind of kid that throws wild parties are you?”

I could tell by the look in his eye that he’d be a hard one to fool. It was a reasonable question though. During my undergrad days, I’d lost my share of a deposit, plus some, when a couple of my apartment roommates hosted a blowout that got a bit out of hand. I’d been at work on a late shift when it happened, but had gotten stuck with the consequences nonetheless.

“No sir,” I replied, meeting his eyes, “I’m also starting a full-time job with a local engineering firm. With classes and work, I’ll be lucky to find time to sleep.”

He just nodded, but I could tell he’d decided I might make an acceptable tenant. “Well, what do you think?”

“The ad said $450 a month?” That was serious money, but a fraction of what a place like this would have cost me back in the Boston area.

“Yup, with gas and electric included, and furnished as is. You can add up to two other people to the lease for an extra $50 each.”

I nodded.

“A month,” he added, rather unnecessarily.

“I think it’s going to be just me, but I’ll keep that in mind,” I said.

I’d kept myself going all through my undergraduate years by promising myself that as soon as I graduated, I’d live in an actual house for the first time

in my life. Renting this one just for myself was a guilty luxury I could now afford, if only barely. My job was entry-level and my scholarship modest, but if I was reasonably smart with my expenses I could swing it. Even if it had been just to myself, a promise is a promise.

“Okay, I’d like to take it, Mr. Cabrini. I’ve got a list of references if you need them.” He gave me an approving look. The fact that I’d offered them without his asking had evidently impressed him.

“Oh, you seem trustworthy enough. It’s yours.”

“Great. I guess I’d better start looking for a bed, then.”

He nodded. “You’ll probably want to do that before you return your U-Haul. That’d be a lot easier than strapping it to the roof of your car.”

“That’s good advice, sir. When can I move in?”

“The minute you sign this contract,” he said, pulling a multipage document out of his battered leather folder, “and pay first month’s rent. And the $300 deposit.”

“Do you take cash?” I asked, reaching for my wallet. It was most of the money I had left, but I’d budgeted for this.

“I guess I’ll be leaving the keys here with you,” he said with a yellowed smile.

It took me about a half hour to unload the trailer that had been attached to the back of my beater Pontiac since I’d left for Golden. Mr. Cabrini’s advice about using it to bring home a bed made sense, but I was exhausted from three days of driving, sleeping fitfully in the back seat each night to save money, and then most of a day of apartment hunting. I guiltily decided to just lie down on the couch for a few minutes, knowing that it might end up being a lot longer.

I needn’t have worried. The springs in the couch were so broken down that the central support dug hard into my side. I got back to my feet and looked around. The wood floors were complemented by linoleum in the bathroom and kitchen. The couch cushions were permanently attached, so I couldn’t put them on the floor. There wasn’t a reasonably soft horizontal surface in



the house. I didn't want to blow any more of my limited funds on a night in a motel, so unless I wanted to sleep on a hard floor, or in my car for a fourth night in a row, I needed to buy a bed tonight.

I was due to start work in a couple of days, but my first paycheck wouldn't be until the end of the month. After shelling out for the cottage, my funds were severely limited and I had no line of credit. I was going to have to do this on a shoestring budget, so used was the word of the day.

The classified offerings in the Golden Transcript were thin. Three of the beds had been sold and the two I looked at were of highly questionable hygiene standards. There was only one ad left. "Used waterbed $150." It struck me that at least with one of those, you'd never have to worry about blood sucking vermin living in the mattress. I'd never owned a waterbed, and this one seemed kind of expensive compared to others I'd seen in the past, but it was after dinnertime now and I was running out of options. I called the number from a pay phone.

"Hello?" The female voice that answered sounded young and smoothly melodic, which reminded me of a grim statistic. The male to female ratio at the Colorado School of Mines was about five to one, much worse than even MIT.

"Uh, yeah," I said, starting out awkwardly as usual. "I'm calling about the waterbed for sale?"

"Sure. It's a king-size with a bookcase headboard and twelve-drawer pedestal. It's in really good shape, too."

Only then did it occur to me that there was another consideration. The whole goal of buying a bed this afternoon was to have something to sleep on tonight, but it was unlikely that I could drain, disassemble, move, reassemble, fill and warm up a waterbed in the amount of time I had left.

"Is it set up?"

"Yup, and it's filled at the moment so you can check it out, but I'm going to have to drain it in the morning because I'm moving tomorrow. I really need to sell it because I can't take it with me."

“Well, here’s the problem,” I said. “I was hoping to get a bed set up in my new place tonight and I’ve heard that draining a waterbed can take hours.”

“Not a problem. I live up on the third floor, so if we ran the hose out the window and down to the storm drain it would siphon out in like twenty minutes, especially since I have a three-quarter inch hose. The rest of the disassembly would take less than a half an hour and I’d even help you load it up.”

Ask around and probably not one person in fifty could tell you what diameters garden hoses come in, much less that a three-quarter inch is relatively big. This girl also knew that a siphon works progressively better as it has more drop. As a certified engineering geek, I was intrigued.

“I suppose that might work,” I allowed, but there was still the setup and fill, not to mention that this thing would be huge. While my larger bedroom had plenty of space for it, I really didn’t see the need.

Then there was the price. That kind of money would get me into a brand new standard full bed, albeit at very basic quality, and I already owned full-size bedding.

Everything about this deal was wrong and I knew I should just forget it, but logic had now been relegated to the back seat. I just really wanted to meet this girl. I tried not to think about the likelihood that she’d be three hundred pounds and/or married. Instead I reasoned that since she was up against a deadline, I could probably talk her way down from her asking price and get her to throw in whatever bedding it had. After all, the bed would fit in my room and if I didn’t manage to get it set up quickly enough, I could still throw enough clothes down on the floor to survive another night.

“Where and when can I see it?” She gave me the address, saying that she’d be able to show it to me in about an hour if I wanted to swing by. I agreed immediately, hoping I didn’t sound overeager.

“What kind of vehicle do you have?” she asked. “With all the drawer units, the bed’s pretty bulky.”

“I’ve still got my U-Haul. That shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Great. Where did you move from, if you don’t mind my asking?”

“The Boston area. I’m starting a new job at RJS Composites on Monday.”

“Really? I’ve heard that’s a pretty cutting-edge kind of place. What do you do?”

“I’m an aerospace engineer,” I said, not mentioning that I was entry-level and still sopping wet behind the ears.

“Cool,” she said, like she meant it. “I’ll look forward to meeting you.”

“Likewise.” I hung up the phone smiling.

With an hour to kill, I headed back to my new place to get cleaned up a little. I’d taken a sponge bath in a rest area bathroom stall and washed my hair in the sink that morning, but hadn’t had a real shower and a good shave in days. Now was the time, because like they say, you only get one chance to make a first impression.

When I arrived at the address she’d given me, I found an upscale apartment complex of maybe half a dozen buildings. I parked in the central lot and went looking for her apartment. Naturally it was in the one furthest away. As I went up the outside stairs, I noted that they were narrow and the landings were unusually tight. Poor work on the part of the architect, I figured, and it would make getting the bed down to the trailer a real pain. No wonder she was having trouble selling it.

The rumble of distant thunder called my attention to the dark clouds coming over the mountains, announcing the imminent arrival of an evening storm. These were a near daily occurrence along the front range of the Rockies in late summer, but today’s edition looked particularly ominous. This whole deal was looking worse by the minute.

I knocked, now certain that I’d be meeting a fat hausfrau, but when she opened the door I found myself face-to-face with a tall, young brunette in a halter sundress. She had dark eyes, flawless olive skin, glossy hair pulled back in some sort of fancy style, and a distinctive, yet somehow very attractive, Roman nose.



“Hi, I’m Alan,” I said, surprised at myself for not stumbling over my words for once. “I called about the waterbed.”

“I’m Rachel,” she said. “Nice to meet you, Alan. Come on in.” She closed the door behind me, then led the way. I noted that other than several tall stacks of moving boxes on the kitchen tile, the apartment was cleared out to the bare walls. It appeared to be ready for the next tenant to move in.

“I’ve got all the windows open because I cleaned the carpets today and I need them to finish drying out,” she said, evidently in apology for the steady stream of air blowing in through the back windows and out the front. “They cut me some slack on my move out date in return, but I still have to be out by the end of the day tomorrow.” The breeze felt good at the moment, but I could smell the building storm on it.

As I followed her down the hall, I observed that Rachel was slim and athletic, with just enough curves to her body to give her a nicely feminine look. I liked the way her open-backed dress displayed the glowing smoothness of her skin and the lithe movements of her hips as she walked.

I reminded myself that I was here for a waterbed, not a date, and that Rachel was way, way out of my league, but I was still nursing the faint hope that my love life would improve following my undergrad years.

I’d attended college on an extremely tight budget, working full time to supplement my small scholarship. It’s not easy to get out and party or do much dating when you share a two-bedroom apartment with three other guys and deliver pizza six nights a week. That was my excuse and I was sticking to it.

The waterbed sat alone in her otherwise empty room. “Go ahead and take your time looking it over,” she said. Then, conversationally, “I’m a senior at Mines and I’ll be sharing a room to save money at my new place. I won’t have space for this thing.”

Then the tone of her voice saddened and I glanced over to see that she was frowning. “In fact, I’m going to be stuck on a top bunk in a really nasty basement apartment with five other girls.”

That had to suck. It sounded like my undergrad experience. While I'd personally liked most of my many roommates, I was a basically private person and hoped I wouldn't ever have to live in such close proximity to a bunch of other guys again.

I looked the bed over. When I'd seen waterbeds in the stores, they'd been consistently at the bottom end of the craftsmanship scale, often closer to rough carpentry than furniture, but this bed was impressive. The rails were made of an extremely high-quality hardwood and fit neatly into turned corner posts. The drawers were faced with the same wood, had clean dovetail joints and rode on ball-bearing glides. The doors in the tall bookcase headboard had the newfangled European hidden hinges, and the bed positively glowed with a light cherry stain done to a much higher standard than the spray-on finishes typical of the genre. The side rails were thickly padded and covered in real leather instead of vinyl, and the bed was made up with a set of royal blue sheets and pillowcases in what felt like a very high thread count. The whole thing was topped with a colorful sunset-themed comforter. It was an exceptional package.

"The bedding comes with it and I replaced the heater last year," she said. "The hose with the fill and drain kit is in one of the drawers, along with an extra set of sheets. The whole thing comes apart with just a Torx wrench and there's one of those in there too."

"This is really fantastic workmanship," I said, impressed that she knew what a Torx wrench was. I'd already decided that I wouldn't dare insult her by trying to talk her down from her asking price. This thing was easily worth triple that. "I can't imagine a company putting this much attention to detail into a waterbed and making any money at it."

Her face took on a wistful expression. "My father owned a custom cabinetry shop for a while and he made this for my twelfth birthday, but there comes a time when you just have to let go."

Wow, sentimental value. Now I felt really guilty about buying it at such a low price, but then reasoned that if I didn't, someone else would. "He obviously put some love into it," I said.

"That he did."

I gave the mattress an experimental push. It didn't feel like I'd expected.

"The original mattress sprung a leak two years ago," Rachel explained, probably seeing the surprised look on my face, "so I had an excuse to get one of the new zero-motion ones. Go ahead. Lie down and check it out."

I felt a little self-conscious lying down on the bed of a girl I'd just met, but I kicked off my sandals and gently worked my way over the rail. I still expected waves, despite what she'd just told me, but it felt more like I was lying down in a layer of oozing mud, conforming perfectly, yet not moving much once I was in position.

"Wow, it really is zero motion."

Rachel nodded. "They say it's great if there's more than one person, because you don't jostle your partner when you get in and out of bed."

It seemed possible to me that Rachel was probing a little to see if I was attached. "They say?" I teased, maybe probing a little myself.

"You tell me," she said with a prim smile, walking around to the other side of the bed and laying down next to me. Well, not really next to me. It was a king-size after all, so there was still a lot of space between us.

"I'll bet you hardly felt that," she said.

I looked over at her. "Very nice."

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I realized that they could be taken in a number of different ways. If she decided to treat them as a compliment of her excellent supine form, though, that was fine with me.

Rachel just nodded. I would have guessed that she would get up again right away, but I could easily understand why she didn't. The clouds had moved in over the last couple of minutes, and with the suddenly cooler breeze coming in the window, the warmth from the heated mattress felt really good.



Rachel sighed in evident relaxation and closed her eyes. Maybe she was just hamming it up to help get the bed sold, but I used the opportunity to check her out some more.

She really was lovely. I liked the way her breasts flattened only slightly when she was on her back. They weren't overly large, but they rode quite high and proud on her chest. It might just have been the result of the breeze, but I could see her nipples standing up hard under the light floral fabric of her dress. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra and, while I hadn't ever been a fan of the braless look, with breasts like hers I had zero objections.

Her face wasn't what you would call "cute" in the modern sense, but it had that undeniable classic beauty that I'd liked immediately. I'd already witnessed that it really lit up when she smiled, and she seemed to smile a lot.

It was then that the inevitable rain started. Since her apartment was on the top floor, we could hear the pitter patter on the roof. Seemingly within seconds it went from sprinkle to drizzle, then to hard and steady.

Rachel opened her eyes, looking past the foot of the bed and out the window. "Since the parking lot is miles from here, there's no way you'll be leaving without getting drenched."

"Well then, I hate to impose, but would you mind if I holed up here, just until it stops?" That was a bit daring for me, but somehow, with Rachel, it just felt natural.

"Not an issue. This is a rare night off for me and I was going to spend the evening right here, reading a book. I'd offer you a chair and refreshments while you wait, but..."

"This is a lot more comfortable anyway."

"It sure is." She stayed right where she was. Happily, she didn't seem to be in any hurry to sell the bed.

"So Rachel," I said, "I'm going to be working on my post-grad at Mines, but I've been in this town less than twelve hours. What can you tell me about it?"

So she spoke about Golden, its small-town feel, its mining history, where the good shopping was (she knew the best places for guy's clothing too) and where to find the best hiking trails. She raved about the tours she'd taken at the National Renewable Energy Lab, the Coors Brewery (free samples!) and the National Earthquake Information Center, which was right on campus. Rachel was positively giddy about the cool technology she'd seen. I liked that in a pretty girl.

While it continued to rain, we talked for an hour or so about our respective college experiences. She was working on a double major in physics and mathematics, and hadn't yet decided whether she was going to teach or go into industry. She'd grown up in Oklahoma, but had fallen in love with the mountains and really wanted to stay in Colorado after graduation.

Rachel had lived in the dorms as a freshman, then shared this two-bedroom apartment with a female friend of hers for the last two years. A recent setback in her stock portfolio, though, had left her with a serious shortage of financial resources.

"My mom funded our college accounts with an inheritance from my grandfather," Rachel explained. "It really wasn't all that much, but I managed to get a really big scholarship and my account was going to be enough to pay the rest. Since it tanked, though, I've had to wait a lot more tables and cut my expenses to the bone.

"My family has no money to spare and I really don't want to take out any loans. I'm going to use up the rest of my principal by the time I graduate this spring, but if I'm careful, I can get there."

She had a tight budget in college? I could sympathize, and I too hated the idea of student loans.

Rachel admitted to being something of a homebody and that she hated parties and the bar scene. "I have friends, but I also like my alone time," she said. "Why would I want to get drunk and try to scream over loud music if I could sit home in a comfy chair with a good book?"

That kind of attitude was way out of the norm in the college sphere, but she said it as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. And to me, it was. Most

of the weight in my U-Haul had been boxes of books, now sitting on my living room floor, patiently waiting to be placed into those built-in bookshelves.

I told her about my four years at MIT; the amazing instructors, the intense academics, and the competition from the vast array of top students from all over the world. We'd done an awesome team robotics project during my senior year with the sponsorship of a major manufacturer. I'm sure I was quite animated about it, engineering being my passion, but Rachel was right there with me, swapping stories about her instructors, fellow students and the incredibly competitive environment at the School of Mines. I realized quickly that she was, at the very least, my match academically, and probably a lot smarter too.

"I guess I'm just kind of a nerd at heart," she admitted.

I'd never met such a gorgeous nerd. If I'd been a little braver and self-assured, I'd have told her so. "There's no 'kind of' in my case," I told her instead. "I'm hardcore."

Emboldened by her admissions, I told her about how I'd been so incredibly busy that I'd had very little time for socializing. Then, not being very bright, I admitted that I'd been more comfortable that way, having a plausible excuse for not being more social, and that I hadn't even had a date in three years.

When that last bit left my mouth, I mentally kicked myself, figuring that I'd just blown it. What kind of moron tells a beautiful woman that he's that big a loser?

"You don't seem all that shy around me," she pointed out, not seeming to judge me for it. I heaved an inward sigh of relief.

"Well, somehow you just seem different, Rachel. Maybe I just picked up that you're a shy person too."

She nodded her head contemplatively. "Yeah, maybe that's why I feel so relaxed around you."

We lapsed into silence for a while, just listening to the rain on the roof and savoring that comfortable feeling.



The rain finally eased up. “So where in Oklahoma was your dad’s cabinet shop,” I asked, avoiding talking about the bed. Once money exchanged hands I’d have felt duty bound to start the process of taking it down and moving it. I was enjoying Rachel’s company way too much for it to end so soon. She didn’t appear to be in any hurry either.

“Oklahoma City,” she said. “He loved doing fine woodwork, but he barely made enough money to support the family.”

“Is that why he quit?”

She paused for a long moment and I had a sudden premonition that I’d really put my foot in it. “No. He died of a heart attack just before I turned thirteen.” The tone of her voice wasn’t reproachful, but I still felt like a thoughtless idiot.

“I’m so sorry, Rachel,” I said, rolling up on my side to be able to face her. “That must have been rough.”

She turned toward me as well. We were close to each other now and I loved the look of her face on the pillow next to mine.

“Really, Alan, it’s okay. I hate to make a big deal of it since it was so long ago. My mom thought he was crazy, crafting this big bed for a twelve-year-old, but I was always his favorite. I think he knew he didn’t have long and wanted to give me something I could keep with me. I’d bet he was imagining me in this bed with my husband and a whole gob of kids sandwiched between us, just like it was in our family when I was a kid. I’m sure he would have liked that.”

Wow, that was a powerful image, but an agreeable one. “Rachel, are you sure you want to sell it? I don’t know if I’m heartless enough to take away something that means so much to you.”

“No, Alan, don’t get me wrong. I understand why he made it for me, but it’s the memory of the thoughtfulness and love he put into it that means the most to me, not the physical object itself. If he were still alive, I’m sure he’d tell me to sell it if it would help me to graduate.”

“Well, I suppose…”

“Look, Alan, it’s just a bed. Wood, vinyl, cotton, a little metal. I’d heave the thing out the window if it would give me back a single minute with my dad.”

I nodded. I completely understood that, but hearing her express her feelings for her father somehow made me willing to share something that I hadn’t talked about in a very long time.

“I lost my dad too. He went to prison when I was an infant and he died there about six months later. After that it was just my mom and me.”

“Wow. That must have been tough, not even having a memory of your father.”

“Actually, it was good that he wasn’t in our lives after that.”

Rachel paused for a long moment, obviously considering the implications of that statement. She evidently decided not to ask me why, and that was just fine by me.

“So if it was just the two of you,” she said instead, “I’d bet you and your mom are really close. There were five of us girls and I was the tomboy, so I didn’t get a whole lot of my mom’s attention.”

I nodded. “My mom was everything to me, but when I was fifteen and had just gotten my learner’s permit, we were out for a drive and I got us into a wreck. She was killed.” I barely got that out without my voice breaking.

“Oh my God!” Rachel exclaimed. “That must have been horrible!” Her deeply stricken look made me feel like a real jerk for having laid it on her.

“Look, Rachel, I’m sorry. It’s not something I normally go around telling people.”

“No, really, it’s okay. I’m honored that you were willing to share it with me.” She looked so sad. “How did you survive a loss like that?”

“It took me several years to get past the worst of it, but I don’t think I’ll ever truly forgive myself. The other guy was drunk and he ran a red light, but still I can’t help thinking that if I’d been paying closer attention, maybe I could have done something to-”

“Don’t even talk like that!” Rachel interrupted, surprising me with the forcefulness of her response. “The same thing could have happened to anyone. It wasn’t your fault.”

In the years after the accident, I’d lost track of how many people had told me exactly that. Yes, of course it was true, but it never seemed to make any difference. I’d been the one behind the wheel and I could never shake the nagging guilt in the back of my mind that I should have been able to do something to stop it.

For all that, the proclamation of my innocence from Rachel’s lips made me feel better somehow. “Thank you, Rachel. Hearing that from you helps.”

She smiled. “Well, if I can be of any-”

BANG!

A bolt of lightning struck so near that the enormous peal of thunder seemed to explode at exactly the same instant as the brilliant flash. It momentarily lit up the room like broad daylight and the sound literally shook the building. Rachel’s reaction was immediate and extreme. She screamed, threw herself into my arms and buried her face in my chest. Both the lightning and her reaction caught me completely by surprise.

I wasn’t sure what to do, so I just went with it. “Rachel, it’s okay,” I murmured as soothingly as I could, gently stroking the bare skin of her back. Then, as if to put the lie to my words, another bolt struck almost as close. The lights flickered, then the power went out, leaving the room only dimly lit by the heavily overcast late afternoon light coming through the single window. Rachel pushed into me even tighter, causing me to roll onto my back with most of her length on top of me. It seemed obvious that she had a big issue with lightning.

I kept murmuring words of comfort, and as the next few bolts seemed to draw further away, her trembling eventually eased. I wasn’t in a rush, though, so I continued to hold her. I certainly didn’t mind, and figured that she’d eventually recover her composure. That’s not what happened, though.



Just when it seemed that she'd turned the corner, her trembling turned to tears and she began to sob, seemingly inconsolably, against my chest. Her face was turned down and away from me so I couldn't get a read on what was going on with her, but I got the definite impression that this was about a lot more than a thunderstorm.

This situation was not at all what I'd imagined when I'd shown up at her door. Here I was, lying on a bed in a bare room while a girl I'd just met sobbed on my chest. I noted to myself that I should really have been weirded out, but strangely it just felt right that we should be here like this.

"It's okay, Rachel," I murmured at last, "the worst of the storm has passed."

"I know," she whispered. She lifted her head and looked at me. I noted that Rachel was one of those rare and lucky women who look even more beautiful when they cry. She started to get up off of me, but I let her know with just a slight press of my hand that she was okay where she was. She settled back down.

"Alan, I am so, so sorry I threw myself on you like this. I must have really freaked you out."

"Well, I suppose most people don't have quite that strong a reaction to thunder."

"Yeah, I really don't like it, but given a moment's warning I'm normally able to put on a braver face. That one came out of nowhere, though."

"Then I'm glad I was here to help you through it."

Rachel lifted her head to face me, then smiled. "You're my knight in shining armor. Thank you."

"It was my pleasure. Look, I don't mean to pry, but I got the impression that there was more going on with you than just fear of a storm."

She nodded. "I was only scared for a minute, but then the way you were holding me brought back memories of how my dad used to comfort me whenever there was a bad storm. My sisters laughed at my fear, but he understood." She laid

her head down on me again. “I miss him so much, but I hadn’t cried over him in a long time.”

It had been many years since I’d held and comforted another human being, and it felt good to have been there for her when she needed someone. “It sounds like he was a great father.”

“He really was, but you know, there’s something you do when you hold me that he never did.”

“Really? What’s that?”

“Pop a big boner against my hip.”

Her words took a moment to sink in, then, “Oh shit! I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to-” I stopped yammering when Rachel gently pressed her lips to mine.

Her kiss was definitely a surprise, but a very pleasant one, and after a mere moment’s hesitation, I began to kiss her back. Her lips were soft and warm and I would have been happy to continue indefinitely, but she gently pulled away after just a few seconds.

“Now that I have your attention, Alan, let me tell you that I like that reaction from a man when I’m lying on top of him.” There was a twinkle in her eye.

Her words emboldened me. “I’d like to think it says I have excellent taste.”

“Well yes, yes you do,” she said, “but you’re not the only one here who’s sporting an involuntary physical reaction due to the extreme, yet quite welcome, proximity of an attractive member of the opposite sex.”

I liked her nerd-talk. “Yeah, I noticed that earlier,” I said, taking a risk by reaching up with the back of my finger and lightly brushing an erect nipple through the fabric of her dress. I couldn’t remember ever being so forward with a woman before.

Previously, I would have assumed that a girl who would allow me to touch her so intimately this quickly was probably a bit too loose with her morals for my admittedly old-fashioned tastes. Then again, with Rachel it just felt

natural. In any case, I reminded myself, I shouldn't be critical of the girl for getting frolicsome if I was doing exactly the same thing.

I looked at her to see if she was really okay with my touching her, but her face had a faraway look on it, like she was making some kind of important decision. Then the look was gone, replaced by a plainly determined expression. Something had happened with her in that moment.

"There's stuff in your way," she said. "Here, let me help." She reached to the nape of her neck and undid the straps holding up the top of her dress.

The undoubtedly eager look on my face probably disguised it, but I was starting to worry. I'd been comfortable with Rachel when we were just flirting, but now that things were turning serious I was starting to wonder what she'd do when she found out the ugly truth about me. That had never gone well in the past, but I selfishly didn't want to stop just yet. If there were even a tiny possibility that this could work out, I'd take that chance and let the chips fall where they may.

To my pleasure, she sat up, straddling me, and I delighted in the feel of my erection pressing against her crotch under her dress. She was holding her forearm across her chest, keeping her dress up even as the straps fell down from her bare, flawless shoulders. I tried to be patient as, with an unaccountably serious expression, she moved her arm lower and lower. First, the upper surfaces of her incredibly proud breasts were exposed, then the tops of her perfectly-sized areolas. Finally, her swollen nipples and shapely undersides came into view. They were even more breathtaking than I'd supposed.

"Oh Rachel," I murmured quietly, "you're so beautiful." I slowly and tentatively reached up to touch them.

"Wait," she said. I put my hands back down, carefully hiding my disappointment. "Before we go any further, there's something else you should see."

Without further ceremony, she let her dress fall down the rest of the way to her hips, revealing what she'd been so nervous about.



Rachel had a massive port wine stain, starting just under her right breast and continuing down into her panty line in a rough shape reminiscent of a crescent moon. It wasn't one of those light, salmon-colored stains; it was the real deal. Deep red to the point of being almost purple. I had never seen a birthmark that large, and showing up on a body that was so otherwise flawless, it came as something of a shock.

I guessed then why she had stopped me from touching her. She wouldn't want us to be too invested in each other if this was going to be an issue for me. And she plainly expected that it would be.

I looked up into her face. There was an incredible vulnerability there. She was nervously biting her lip and her expression spoke of a nearly palpable uncertainty. Rachel was holding herself out for inspection and awaiting a decision on whether she was acceptable to me.

In response, I reached up again. She didn't stop me this time as I put my hands on her bare sides and lowered her down to me.

When my lips first touched her chest, it wasn't on one of her perfect breasts; it was just underneath, at the very top of her mark. I felt her shiver as I kissed her there, wetting my lips as if to melt and taste the stain.

"Oh my God," she murmured.

I continued to kiss her with wet lips and used my hands to guide her above me so that I followed the border between her blotchy red and flawless olive skin. The birthmark wasn't just a discoloration; it had a rough and fibrous texture to it. I followed the boundary line down the front of her chest until I arrived at her navel. It was neatly bisected by the stain and Rachel gasped as my tongue wiggled inside for a moment, then continued to move south. I kept on kissing, tonguing and loving her body until I reached the top of her pink satin panties.

By now she'd mostly crawled out of her dress. I guided her to roll off of me and onto her back. Without asking permission, I began to slowly slide her panties down and continued to follow the stain border across her lower abdomen. Her stomach, gloriously flat and toned, quivered as I met her pubic hair.

Rachel hadn't shaved there, that not being the custom of the day, but she was very neatly trimmed. She began to moan as I kissed nearer and nearer to her center, so without breaking my lip lock, I pulled her dress and panties down around her knees. She made no protest as I slid them off and tossed them over the foot of the bed. She lay naked beneath me.

Even in the dim light, I could see that the border of her birthmark went nearly perfectly down between her nether lips. I kissed her lightly there, barely touching her. Rachel moaned softly in frustration, obviously wanting more, but that wasn't what I was doing, not now.

I followed the edge of her birthmark onto her right thigh, a place where the stain wouldn't be covered by even a one-piece swimsuit. Then I lifted her knees onto her chest so that I could follow it as it went underneath her.

It was now that I finally looked back up to her face. I could see a trace of embarrassment there from being so totally exposed to me. There was also some passion and excitement from being touched in such an intimate area, but if she was still apprehensive about my acceptance of her, I couldn't detect it. Good, that was just what I'd hoped for.

It was also very obvious that her body was reacting to what I was doing, as I spotted a small rivulet of her juices winding its way down her taint. It was on my way, so I licked it off as I went by, to the accompaniment of Rachel's gasp.

The stain ran about four inches down her thigh, then up again to cover the lower quarter of her otherwise flawless butt cheeks before writhing up her other thigh. I let her legs back down and kept kissing, slowly moving back up into her bikini line and then completing the circuit up and across her chest. As I finished, I placed my hand right across the fattest part of the stain before lying down on my side, facing her, kissing her lips gently and sharing with her the now faint taste of her arousal.

"So tell me," I murmured, "was it Monet or Rembrandt who did your artwork. It's beautiful."

"I'm afraid that bit was slapped on by a stork."

"Well, my compliments to the sea bird. I happen to like it."

“Then you’d be the first,” she said, getting more serious now.

I nodded, acknowledging the change in mood. “I imagine some people might find it a bit disconcerting at first.”

Rachel sighed. “Guys hit on me a lot during my first semester here, but my mom taught me a little self-respect. I wasn’t going to be used like a Kleenex. I only dated guys who seemed to be willing to really get to know me as a person before getting too physical, but they invariably cooled things off when they saw my birthmark, even when I warned them ahead of time.

“I haven’t accepted a date since my freshman year, but it’s been a moot point. Word of my affliction spread all through my circle and the guys haven’t wanted to be anything more than just friends ever since. They seem to think it’s a contagious disease.”

“Damn shallow of them,” I told her, “and they have no clue what they’re missing.”

Rachel looked through me with a thousand-yard stare. “I suppose if I’d been a little more desperate, I could have gone out with guys I wasn’t attracted to or caught a guy when he was too drunk or horny to care. If a girl wants it bad enough, she can always lower her standards and find a guy who’s hard up enough to put up with about anything.”

“Someone like me, maybe?”

I knew immediately that I shouldn’t have said that, but with my luck in the dating pool, my self-esteem wasn’t the best.

She gave me a reproving look. “Don’t even think that, Alan. My being naked with you isn’t settling at all. Just so you know, when you called I was still wearing the tank top and cutoffs I cleaned these carpets in. Normally I’d have been fine wearing those to show the bed, but I liked the sound of your voice and your obvious intelligence so much that I showered, shaved my legs and pits, trimmed my bush and even wore a dress without a bra. I hardly ever go without a bra. I got all gussied up, hoping that you’d be cute and somehow, miraculously, accepting of me. I don’t often bother to get my hopes up anymore, but there was just something about your voice…”



“I liked the sound of your voice too. It was what brought me here.”

She nodded. “So when you showed up at the door, my heart kind of sank, because-”

Huh? “I have that effect on women,” I interrupted with a forced smile, hoping to be light and flippant, but why had she said something as hurtful as that?

She saw right through my smile and her face took on a stricken look. She quickly reached out and put her hand on my shoulder. “No, no, please let me finish, Alan. See, every really handsome guy I dated had this sense of entitlement, like any girl he deigned to go out with had to be perfect. It was like these guys were so good looking that they could afford to casually discard any woman that somehow didn’t measure up. So when I saw you, I figured I was out of luck, because you’re so damn gorgeous.”

My immediate reaction was that she was blowing sunshine up my ass, but her expression said she was in dead earnest.

“Seriously? I mean, okay, I guess I’m not an ogre, but ‘so damn gorgeous’? No way.”

“Oh yes you are,” she insisted. “What are you, like six-two? Broad shoulders, narrow waist and hips, muscle all over you, a clear, handsome face, and that amazing mane of dark, curly hair? Yup, gorgeous I tell you.”

I honestly hadn’t given much thought to my personal appearance in years. I’d been too busy trying to survive college and I hadn’t been dating anyway. My hair was a bit long because I saved money by only getting it cut every six months. I’d run and lifted for fun and health, not for my looks. Inside, I still thought of myself as that gangling, pimply nerd with the unruly mop on his head.

“You’re the gorgeous one here, Rachel. All of you, from head to toe.” She really was. This unselfconsciously nude angel lying next to me, port wine stain and all, was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen.

She shook her head, evidently not willing to take my acceptance of her at face value any more than I was willing to accept her assessment of me.

“I decided to take a risk and show you my birthmark because you were so understanding when I freaked out over the storm,” she said, “but I still steeled myself to having you back off once you saw it. The acceptance you showed me with your lips may have been the most beautiful thing anyone has done for me since I was a kid. Why are you such a saint?”

It was time. “I wish I could tell you that it’s because I’m a saint, but I’m not.”

“Then what is it? Why doesn’t my disfigurement send you packing like all the other guys?”

In answer to her question, I got up on my knees, facing her. She looked up at me with a puzzled expression.

“Rachel, this is why.” I pulled my T-shirt over my head, but kept it in my hand, knowing she’d want me to put it right back on. Her eyes went wide.

“Wow,” she murmured, getting up onto her knees and facing me, her eyes riveted to my chest. “Is this why your dad went to prison?”

I nodded. “I was just five months old and my mom was at work. He evidently got fed up with my crying while he was pressing his shirt. No one bought his story that the iron ‘just fell’ on me.”

“Can I touch it?”

You could have knocked me over with a feather. She wanted to do what?

“Uh, you’re the first girl who’s ever asked to do that, but sure, if you really want to.”

She reached out and ran her fingers across my maimed chest. Her touch was gentle, though in the place where she touched me I didn’t really have much feeling. She looked up at me and shook her head. “How could anyone do this to a child, much less an infant?”

“A lot of people were asking that. The story made the front page of both Denver papers and there were enough death threats against my dad that he didn’t even attempt to make bail. They held him in solitary for his own safety,

but he was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor right before the trial was going to start. It was an extremely aggressive cancer and he lived less than a month after that."

I showed her the small burn scars on the insides of my wrists where my tiny hands had evidently tried to push the iron away.

"So do you think it was the tumor that made him do this?" she asked, her voice almost a whisper.

I nodded. "I have to tell myself that or I'd be scared to death that I could hurt my own kids someday. My mom wouldn't talk about it much. I think she was waiting until I was an adult to fill me in, so I may never know. She was a wonderful person, though, and a good judge of character. I'm certain she wouldn't have married him if she'd seen any signs that he would one day do such a thing."

Rachel was still exploring my chest with light touches of her fingers. "It looks like they did a lot of work on it."

I nodded. "Most of the burn was third-degree and they had to do quite a few grafts. Fortunately, I was only old enough to remember the last couple of operations. They say they could do some cosmetic work to improve the look of the whole thing, but until now I haven't had good enough health insurance."

The scar on my chest and stomach had grown along with me. It was now probably five times the size of the Hamilton Beach that had inflicted it.

Rachel leaned in closer. I felt her wet tongue on me and flinched involuntarily. "At least he left you a nipple," she giggled.

I was nearly floored by the fact that she could be playful while looking at my hideous chest, but I was more than ready to stop talking about what my father had done to me.

She sucked my nipple into her mouth for a moment. As she swirled her tongue around it, I was amazed at the intensity of the sensation there.



“You’re wearing too much clothing,” she eventually murmured. “You mind if I do the honors?”

“Mind? I’d be delighted.”

Rachel undid my shorts. Sliding them down to my knees, she could more clearly see the bulge in my briefs.

“Methinks someone’s enjoying this,” she said. Without further ceremony, she slid them down. “Oh my! I think I’m going to enjoy this.” She took my swinging member in her hand.

I lifted one knee at a time and slid my shorts and boxers off, throwing the wad over the foot of the bed to make a pile with hers. Then I finally completed the action that I’d started when she’d lowered the top of her dress for me. While she carefully ran her hands up and down the length of my growing erection, I took her breasts into my hands.

I’d had occasion to handle the bare breasts of maybe half a dozen women in my life, but Rachel’s were a revelation. They were so smooth, so firm. I’d thought they looked sensational, but they felt even better. Her skin tone was completely even, probably from never having been out in the sun in a bikini, and her nipples were hard and proud. She moaned as I ran my thumbs across them, teasing, then caressing.

It felt good to touch and be touched, but there was something I wanted even more. I took Rachel in my arms and began to kiss her for real. Her hands came out from between us and she wrapped her arms around me, clinging tightly as our tongues dueled. I was out of practice, but soon regained my confidence.

I reveled in the feel of her nude body pressed to mine. She felt just perfect, and I again marveled at how a trip to look at a used waterbed had quickly turned into this. It was vanishingly improbable, but still very, very right.

“Oh my God, this is so good,” Rachel murmured into my mouth. “I never thought I’d find you.”

A very enlightening statement, but those were my sentiments exactly. Her hands were roaming all over my back and shoulders. I groaned and felt myself

harden further in response. My shaft was soon pressing hard up against Rachel's crotch.

"It feels like someone's getting excited," she murmured, moving her hips just enough that the flat of my member slotted between her lips. I could feel the sudden reduction in friction as her moisture bathed me. "Here, move onto your back and I'll help you with that," she murmured.

It wasn't easy, forcing myself to release her from my arms, but I did.

Rachel guided me to spread my legs, then knelt between them and began to massage the inside of my thighs, starting down near my knees. I'd kind of expected her to go right to work on my member, but even in my state of extreme horniness, I knew this would be better.

Unfortunately, she was touching me just a little too softly. Despite my best efforts to hold still, I flinched.

"Are you okay?"

"Not your fault. It's just that I'm congenitally ticklish."

She gave me an evil grin. "I'll have to keep that in mind, Alan, but for now I think I know how to get around that." She started right where she'd left off, just using a little more pressure. The feel of her hands on me went from tickle to magic.

"Is that better?"

"Yeah. You've got all evening to stop doing that."

"Good, because we've got all evening."

Rachel's hands seemed to gain confidence from my reassurance and she slowly began working her way inward. Her hands were soft and warm and the unprecedented sight of such a beautiful girl working to give me pleasure was mind blowing.

I loved the way she looked at my body with obvious desire. I loved her long stately neck, her narrow waist, the way her breasts bobbed ever so slightly as she moved, and her long, soft fingers where they touched me.

Slowly her hands moved closer and closer, the pleasure and anticipation now so intense that I could hardly breathe. Rachel sighed with pleasure of her own as she cupped my balls, gently probing and caressing. “Does that feel okay?” she asked softly, looking up into my eyes. “I like playing with them.”

“It feels wonderful, Rachel,” I murmured.

Her ministrations to my nut sack felt like an equal measure of clinical exploration and loving massage, but it was all good. I was more than willing to wait until she moved on to the more erogenous area just above, but I didn’t have to wait for long.

Still cupping my balls in one hand, Rachel reached up with the other and gently swirled a big, slick droplet of precum around my cockhead. The sensation was so intense that… Oh no, not already! “Uh, Rachel? I’m gonna…”

“Now?”

I nodded with both urgency and embarrassment. She had barely even touched me there but, like a complete noob, I was about to blow my wad all over her bed! I started to reach down, thinking that I could direct it onto my stomach and not make such a mess. Instead, and to my utter amazement, Rachel grabbed me in both hands and popped her mouth over the head just as I erupted.

I groaned as I shot rope after rope into her mouth. Her eyes grew wide and I realized that this might have been a first for her. She gamely hung in there, though.

I wasn’t looking forward to having to explain myself, but the sensation of her mouth on me was so unbelievable that I tried to just live in the moment. I rubbed the smooth, soft skin of her shoulders as my issue petered out.

Eventually I was done and Rachel sat up. With a little sideways flick of her head, she swallowed.



“Rachel, I’m so, so sorry,” I said, shamefaced. “I really wanted to last a lot longer than that.”

As with the last time I’d tried to apologize to her, she instead stretched out across me and kissed me. Even in my post-coital state, I responded with vigor.

All thoughts of apologies were pushed to the side now and I began to run my hands over every part of her body that was within my reach. Again I marveled at the supple smoothness of her skin. Her buttocks were firm, hard and shapely, her back nicely muscled, but emphatically feminine. How could it be possible that I was here with a woman like this?

Rachel reached back and released her hair. It fell in a lustrous curtain around us, creating a dark, cozy space for our ever-increasing hunger.

I felt Rachel begin to grind herself against me, wanting more now. I knew it wouldn’t be long until I was ready to go again, but I wasn’t there yet, so, wrapping an arm around her incredibly slim waist, I rolled us over without ever breaking off our kiss. She spread her legs and began to rub against me again. She needed more, and I knew just what I was going to do for her.

I broke away from her lips and slowly kissed along the fine line of her jaw, up and toward her ear. She was still trying to move her hips against me, so I raised mine out of her reach. She moaned at the loss and at her need, but I told myself that it wasn’t really need so much as it was extreme want. She’d get what she needed, in spades, but she was going to have to be patient.

I nibbled at her earlobe for a moment and she gave up on trying to grind herself against me, instead reaching down to touch herself. I gently took her wrist and laid her arm back at her side.

“Patience,” I whispered in her ear. “Just trust me.” To my delight, she groaned but did as I asked.

I lifted myself on my hands and knees so that my mouth was the only physical contact between us. Then I began to slowly kiss and nibble my way down the side of her neck, and then to the finely sculpted hollow at the base of her throat. She was silent now, but I could feel that her entire being was focused on the feeling of my lips and tongue on her, just as I intended.

I kissed along her delicate collarbone and then down her side, just skirting the outside of her breast, then kissed along the well-defined border where the underside met her chest. As I circled up between, I could tell that Rachel figured I was going to slowly spiral inward, so instead, I surprised her by sucking her nipple straight into my mouth and biting down gently.

Rachel gasped and her hands flew up from her side and cradled my head, mashing my face to her. I took as much of her into my mouth as I could and sucked hard. She began to shake, and I realized that incredibly (and to no small pride on my part), Rachel was having a mild orgasm, just from my suckling.

I continued until she seemed to have recovered some, then did the same to the other breast. Rachel stayed in control this time, even putting her hands back down at her sides, but I sensed that she was now good and ready for me to head south to warmer and more humid climes. I started to do just that, but at my own pace.

On this trip I went right down the middle, across incredibly smooth, soft skin and rough, angry stain until I met her dark forest again. This time I skirted around her birthmark and across the front of her hip, pausing at my favorite spot on the whole female body, that perfect place right on top of the hipbone. Rachel's was not bony or pronounced, just barely and delightfully defined, and I worshiped at its glorious altar for a moment before heading down her thigh.

She moaned and squirmed in frustration as I went past her center and almost to her knee, but then I went to the inside and started back up. I could both see and scent her excitement as I kissed up her inner thigh, and she responded by opening her legs almost obscenely wide as I approached.

Rachel's smooth lip was engorged and nearly as red as her rough one, and I treated them equally, turning my head and lipping them both in turn. Her breathing was labored now as her anticipation grew, but after being as purposefully deliberate as I'd been, I wasn't going to rush things now. Her hands finally flew up from her sides and just brushed against my hair, but then she caught herself and laid them back down. I was so proud of her.

Little by little, I worked my lips and then my tongue a little deeper as I slowly went back and forth on her like a harmonica. My tongue again tasted her sweet

moisture as I penetrated her inner lips. Rachel moaned a mix of passion and frustration.

She wasn't the only one suffering though. My erection was back and almost painfully hard. My baser instincts were screaming at me to just scoot up there and get with the program, but I knew that in the long run, this would be better for both of us.

I began to massage her inner thighs with my hands, gradually moving them inwards toward her center. Rachel was gasping now, so close, yet not there yet, desperate for what she so urgently wanted and needed. I was almost ready to do that, but first I used my fingers to hold her lips open to me and plunged my tongue as far as I could into her sweet depths. She cried out as I went inside.

Rachel was a marvelous contrast in feel and flavor. Her nectar tasted like ambrosia and her stained flesh was rough against my lips. Her hips bucked and her legs writhed aimlessly as I probed her.

There was no use at this point torturing her any further, though, so I moved just slightly north and took her engorged, and fortunately unaffected, clit into my mouth and began to work it hard with my tongue. I slid a finger into her slick center, feeling how incredibly wet and tight she was, and began to move it in and out.

Rachel erupted in a fury of sound and motion. "OH GOD!" she screamed as she came, in a voice that was probably heard in the parking lot through the open window. I held her thrashing hips down with my free arm as I diddled her furiously, sucking hard on her clit and not letting up on her as she climaxed.

My efforts, and her patience, paid off as wave after wave of orgasmic ecstasy washed over her. That was what this whole build-up had been for, and it had worked out just the way I'd hoped. I'd never seen a woman come with such utter abandon and it was an absolutely glorious feeling knowing that I'd done this for her, but now I was going to reap some of the dividends myself.

At the height of what I figured would be the last climax her body could withstand, I removed my mouth from her and maneuvered myself into position. I gripped my shaft and rubbed it in her sopping lips for lubrication, then began to push myself forward. I gave a good shove and had just popped



my head inside her heavenly opening when I felt her hands gripping my hips and holding me from going any further.

"Wait," she managed to gasp, still in the grip of her orgasm.

I stopped and pulled out immediately, now worried that I had done something wrong. "Are you okay?"

She nodded, then pulled me down beside her.

I knew she still needed physical contact at this point, so I squeezed up tight against her, cupping her maidenhood in my hand and gently massaging her, bringing her down slowly and gently. Her lips met mine and we kissed deeply until her body finally cleared enough of the endorphin overload to allow her to relax in my arms. She seemed very content as our kisses slowed.

"Ah," she finally murmured, lying back on her pillow. "Thank you, Alan. That was amazing."

I wasn't quite as relaxed, though, still wondering what had happened when I'd tried to enter her. Suddenly, it occurred to me why she'd stopped me.

"I'm sorry I rushed things, Rachel. We didn't even talk about birth control, did we?"

Rachel gave me a smile, which I found very comforting.

"I'm not on the pill, if that's what you're wondering, but I'm in a non-fertile part of my cycle."

I'd read up on natural birth control at some point and had learned that it could be just as effective -- if not always as spontaneous -- as the pill if used correctly. Rachel was obviously a very bright girl, so I was willing to trust that we had no worries there.

"Should I be wearing a condom? I mean, with all the stuff out there, you must be worried that..."

She shook her head. "Since neither of us has been active in years, I'm not particularly concerned about that."

She rolled onto her side, facing me, and took my member in her hand. "I'm sorry if I made you think you were doing something wrong, Alan. You were correctly reading the signals that said I wanted to. And I really do..."

"But?"

"Alan, the issue is your size. A girl doesn't just swallow a pole like yours without some adjustment, especially if she's still a virgin."

I nearly gasped. "You're a virgin?"

She'd told me that none of the college guys had accepted her, but somehow I'd figured that somewhere along the way it must have happened. How could a twenty-one-year-old woman who was as drop dead gorgeous as this one be a virgin?

"Wow, this is your first time?" I asked, kind of repeating myself. She gave me a patient smile and nodded. "Do you really want to do this, Rachel? I mean, we don't have to if you-"

For the third time, she stopped my babbling with a kiss. "Alan, I'm not leaving this bed a virgin if you'll have me. We just have to take it slow and be careful."

If I would have her? Duh! But... "I love the sound of that, but, uh, you said something about my size?" It hadn't sounded at all derogatory, but we guys tend to be sensitive about that kind of thing.

She nodded. "That something is the fact that yours is among the biggest I've ever seen."

I couldn't tell if she was being serious or just trying to stroke my male ego. I'd always assumed that I was relatively normal in that department. Then again, due to my embarrassment over my scar, I'd avoided locker rooms at all costs and didn't have that point of reference. I'd seen a few porn films on Super 8 and VHS in college, but I figured that I wasn't really that much bigger than most of those guys.

“Well, Rachel, seeing as how your sample size is so small, that really doesn’t mean a whole lot.”

Her blush came back with a vengeance and it became blazingly obvious to me that there was a lot more to this than met the eye.

“Rachel, just how many dicks have you seen?”

She pursed her lips and shook her head. She obviously didn’t want to go there, but I was dying to know.

“Come on Rachel. You’re a virgin, yet you seem to think that you’re some kind of authority on the subject. What’s the number?”

Finally she let her breath out, giving in. “Oh God, this is embarrassing,” she said in a whisper. “Two hundred and seventy-three.”

“Live? In person?”

She nodded, shamefacedly.

“And you know the exact number?”

“I kept track in my journal.”

“Um, I’m kind of confused here.”

“It’s not what you think, Alan.”

“What, you used to work in a urologist’s office?”

“No, they were all here, in my apartment. See, my roommate was a bit of a… I mean, she liked to… Oh hell, I love Michelle and she’s a great friend, but she’s a total slut. She brought a new guy here every couple of days and her major kink was having me watch. Not participate, mind you, just watch.”

“Holy shit, that is kinky. Did you like that?” I tried to keep my tone non-judgmental.



Her embarrassment was obvious, but she resolutely owned up to it. "Hey, girls get horny too, and it was the only game in town for me. After letting her talk me into it the first few times, I really enjoyed her little shows after that."

"Didn't it bother the guys, having you sitting there, watching and judging their every move?"

"Not at all, because they never knew.

"Huh?"

"See, our rooms share a bath. When she brought a guy home she'd make out with him on the couch for a while before bringing him to her room. That gave me enough time to slip into the dark bathroom and leave the door open a crack. With the light on in Michelle's room, he couldn't see me watching."

I had to be honest. "Rachel, would you consider me a pervert if I said the mental image of you watching your roommate having sex turns me on?"

"Yes," she said, "I'd consider you a pervert." Then with a grin, "but I'm an even bigger pervert myself. While they were doing it, I'd be masturbating like crazy."

Talk about an image, and I was thrilled that she was comfortable enough with me to admit to it. "You know, Rachel, the thought of you diddling yourself really turns me on too."

"Perv. What you just did for me was ten times better than that, though."

"I rather enjoyed it myself."

She sighed. "So anyway, that's how I know you're much better endowed than the average guy. I would have thought that along the way at least one of your girlfriends would have mentioned this to you."

I paused, and then decided since we were being all honest here, I'd better tell the brutal truth. "I haven't had any girlfriends," I managed.

"Surely you've..."

I shook my head.

Her eyes grew wide. “Alan, are you a virgin too?”

Gulp! “Of course not, I lost my cherry a long time ago.”

She gave me a dubious look. “How long ago, exactly?”

“About four minutes.” I wasn’t sure just how much penetration was required to lose your virginity, but for that one glorious, shining moment, I’d been at least a little bit inside the most beautiful girl in the world.

Rachel rolled up on her elbow and, now looking more serious, rubbed her hand significantly across her birthmark, then lightly across my scar. She looked at me and pursed her lips. “These things have really held us back, huh?”

I nodded. Rachel’s soothing presence seemed to have a way of changing my perspective, so I told her about how it had been. “After getting rejected the first couple times when high school girls saw me without my shirt, I just kind of pulled back into myself. I guess my fear of rejection teamed up with my natural shyness. I’ve just found it easier to avoid getting into situations where I’d have had to face that kind of rejection again.”

Rachel was expressionless for a while, but then she nodded her head. “That’s amazingly close to what’s been going on with me. It’s a lot easier to play the “too busy” or “hard-to-get” games than it is to face another look of revulsion.”

“Understanding their reaction doesn’t make it any easier,” I said. “Rejection hurts.”

Rachel kissed me. “Yeah, but you didn’t reject me.”

“And you didn’t hesitate to touch me, even for a second. That means more to me than you’ll ever know.”

“Oh, I know all right,” she said, getting a slow nod from me, “but there is one other thing that I’d love to know.” She was giving me that mischievous grin again.

"What's that?"

"How did a guy who's still a virgin know exactly how to make me climax like that? I mean, I witnessed hundreds of guys go down on Michelle, but none of them could work your kind of magic. I swear I nearly had a stroke from what you did to me."

"Hmm, that's a "how can you have seen so many cocks if the guys all run screaming" kind of a question, isn't it?"

"Precisely."

"My story may be even more embarrassing than yours."

"Then I definitely need to hear it." Rachel laid her soft, perfect cheek down on my mutilated chest. I caressed her back and ran my fingers through her long, thick hair.

I took a deep breath. I'd never told anyone before, and this story could still get me hurt. The unknowingly aggrieved party lived less than a thirty-minute drive away, in the suburbs of Denver.

"When I was in my senior year of high school," I began, "there was this woman who lived next door to my foster family. She was in her mid-thirties, but still reasonably attractive to a lonely boy of barely eighteen. Her husband was a long-haul trucker who was often gone for weeks at a stretch. She talked me into coming over to her place one time and then seduced me. She wouldn't allow intercourse because she considered that cheating, but she taught me how to do everything else she liked.

"All during that school year, I would slip over there almost every day when he was gone. She was a massage therapist by trade and taught me that too. She liked to go out on the private deck and have me undress her, slather her in oil and give her hour-long massages in the sun, then take her inside and make love to her with my hands and mouth until she was totally spent. And she had some serious stamina."

Rachel's face held an intense expression as she prepared her reply. I was half expecting her to yell at me that what I'd done was disgusting and how she



never wanted to hear anything about it again. Instead, she spoke in a hopeful whisper. “You’re good at massage?”

I shrugged. “I’ve been told I am, but it’s been four years and I’m out of practice.”

She didn’t have to ask. I could see it in her eyes. “Here,” I said, “roll onto your front.”

She did and I straddled her hips. “I’ve never had a massage,” she said.

“Then I guess I don’t need to worry about being judged on the finer parts of my technique.”

We had no lubrication, so I just used gentle pressure from my thumbs, fingers and palms on the nape of her neck, shoulders and upper back. I knew from experience just where and how to manipulate her muscle fibers to get the best results. Rachel didn’t have to say a word. Her rapidly relaxing body told me everything I needed to know. I just continued my tale as I worked.

“Nora said her husband only liked blowjobs and straight intercourse, so I became her primary source for everything else. She wasn’t at all shy about telling me her preferred movements, pace, pressures, and locations. All of it. She was sexually jaded and admitted to me that she’d spent most of her twenties as a high-priced call girl, but I got to where I could make her scream every time.”

“You sure as hell made me scream,” Rachel murmured, “and you’re the devil incarnate with your hands. I may have to look her up and thank her for this massage.”

I chuckled. “I’m sure she’d be thrilled, but I think I’m enjoying this at least as much as you are.”

“Oh, I doubt that,” she sighed, but I had no doubts myself. Her body was the very definition of exquisite. I made my way down her back, working out kinks she’d never known she had. Then I did a deep tissue massage of the nicely toned muscles of her upper butt cheeks, being gentle, but firm. Rachel nearly purred.

"Nora's husband was six-foot-two, two-fifty, and he'd been in the Special Forces," I said. "I nearly got caught a couple of times when he came home unexpectedly. I still have nightmares about the time we didn't hear him until he hit the top of the stairs."

"Now that sounds like a fun story. Do tell."

"Uh, Rachel, I don't know how much of this you want to hear. Nora had us doing some weird stuff."

"Even better. I wanna know if she was as kinky as Michelle."

"Well, okay then. We were near the end of a marathon Saturday session. I'd given her a long massage out on the deck, then brought her off maybe five separate times in four different rooms. I'd used everything from my tongue and fingers, to a cucumber in the kitchen and a shampoo bottle in the bathroom. She was all about getting pounded that day and the rougher the better. Finally she was just about dead from sexual exhaustion. She told me that I'd reduced her privates to lumpy oatmeal, but she was still enjoying watching me masturbate both of us at the same time on her bed. I was very gingerly sliding a vibrator in and out of her while I stroked myself. She always loved it when I came on her."

"That's quite the mental picture."

"You have no idea. This time she got there just ahead of me and was in the middle of a climax when her husband called out her name as he came down the hall."

"Oh shit! What did you do?"

By now I had worked my way down past Rachel's beautifully smooth and rounded bottom. With just my soft touch for guidance, she spread her thighs and I knelt between them, massaging each of them in turn. I was purposely staying clear of her privates at this point, trying to keep my massage mostly nonsexual. At least as nonsexual as it could be with my soldier standing at rigid attention.

“Well, I left the vibrator buzzing away inside her, went over the far side of the bed and underneath on sheer instinct. From a false alarm a couple of weeks before, I knew there was just enough room for me to fit under there, lying flat on my stomach. Fortunately, my pants and shoes were in the guest room where he was unlikely to go. On the other hand, he’d arrived just at that moment when I’d already gone so far that I couldn’t stop myself from coming.”

“And?” Rachel was engrossed.

“Well, Nora found herself in one hell of a predicament. She was going to have to pretend that she had been fantasizing about him. She had to convince him that she had tied her own ankles tightly to the bedposts, had covered herself in mango-scented massage oil, and had started masturbating with a thick, ten-inch vibrator. I didn’t expect him to buy it for a second.”

I’d gotten down to Rachel’s calves. Their smooth and shapely appearance had fooled me. There was some serious muscle there. “You must be a runner,” I said, working with appropriate pressure for her advanced development.

“I’m not a marathoner, but I did run a sub-40 10k this summer,” she said proudly.

“Wow, that’s quick,” I said in genuine admiration. My personal best was just over 38 minutes.

I had Rachel roll over on her back and, starting at the top again, gave her the top-of-the-line job, only breaking proper massage etiquette for a minute to pay proper homage to those amazing breasts. She didn’t seem to mind in the least, but when I resumed my downward trek, she couldn’t contain her curiosity anymore.

“Come on, Alan. I’m dying to know. What happened next?”

“Well, I didn’t think we had a chance in hell when Earl walked in. From under the bed I could see his lower legs as he just stood there in the doorway. I’d bet his jaw was down to his knees. Meanwhile I was shaking with fear, but shooting my load into the carpet.”

Rachel had to giggle at that one. “Ewww!”



“Yeah, it was nasty, and I didn’t think he’d buy her explanation, but she never had to say a word. When he saw her like that, his pants dropped around his boots. Earl must have already been thinking about what he was going to do with her when he pulled up, because the bed started bouncing about five seconds after that.

“I stayed under there, laying still in my puddle of cum, while they went on for hours, just like she’d said they always did when he came home from a long haul. It sucked having to listen to him doing to her what I’d obsessed about, but I got some jollies out of the fact that he screwed her hard four times that night after I’d already made her too sore to walk. She was a trooper, though, and must have faked a dozen orgasms.”

“Oh my God,” Rachel said, covering her crotch with her hand in belated sympathy (and looking quite fetching while doing so). “I’m in pain just hearing about it, but in my book, she had it coming.”

“Yeah, she was nearly bleeding by the time he got done with her. Worse, at least as far as I was concerned, she couldn’t come up with a plausible reason to get him to leave the bedroom after they finally got done, and she’d told me that he still slept with one eye open from his time in Vietnam. I had to wait until he was in the shower the next morning before I could make my escape. I couldn’t allow myself to fall asleep that night because I snore occasionally. When I got home, my foster parents read me the riot act when I couldn’t account for my whereabouts.”

I finished Rachel’s massage with firm manipulations of her feet and toes, then laid down on my back next to her, taking her hand in mine. Our fingers intertwined perfectly the very first time. She started brushing her thumb lightly over mine, but quickly remembered before I could even flinch and bore down just a little harder. That was much better.

“So what did you get out of the deal?” she asked.

“She’d usually give me a quick hand job at the end, but I always had to leave my shirt on. The sight of my scarring disgusted her.”

“I think you were being used.”

“Yeah, I was her boy toy for sure, but it was more action than I was getting anywhere else. And it wasn’t just her, either.”

“Huh?”

“Yeah, after she had me trained, she’d occasionally have a couple of her girlfriends come over, saying that I was a professional masseuse she’d hired. Things always ‘got out of hand’ and they’d end up naked, getting my best sexual massages. I got quite a few hand jobs in the process, but it was always in a group setting and Nora wouldn’t let it go any further than that.”

“Since you were a ‘professional,’ did you get paid?”

“No, but I considered it a fair trade at the time. I was getting to run my hands all over a bunch of naked women and learning in the process about how different women respond to different techniques. I was in heaven. Besides, how many teenage boys get brought off by a woman who used to command $1500 a night for her services?”

“Okay, I guess that’s not bad duty for a high school guy,” she allowed.

“But I’m not in high school anymore. I’d rather be here, just holding your hand, than have Nora provide me the special services she reserved for her best clients.”

Rachel paid me the compliment of not laughing at that. “I don’t think there’s anywhere else I’d rather be myself,” she said in a quiet and sincere voice.

Neither of us felt like doing anything for a while. It was good to just be there together in her amazingly comfortable bed. The sun had gone down now and the only illumination in the room was from a streetlight outside the window. The rain had picked up again, but the heat from the mattress was keeping us warm.

“So where do we go from here, Rachel?” I finally asked.

“Anywhere you like, as far as I’m concerned. A massage like the one you just gave me buys you a lot.”

“Hmm, I’ll have to keep that in mind, but seriously, this has all been so sudden. I always figured my first time would be with someone I’d gotten to know really well.”

“Me too, but on the other hand, I feel like I’m more in tune with you than with any guy I’ve ever met, just from spending the last couple of hours with you.” She gave my hand a gentle squeeze, which I quickly returned.

“I feel exactly the same way. Being with you is almost infinitely exciting, yet very relaxing.”

“Relaxing yes, but with just a bit of underlying sexual tension. I’m lying with a man for the first time, after all, yet I’m still a virgin.”

“I suppose we could take care of that little issue, but let’s think about it for a minute. I don’t think we should be too hasty,” I said, totally deadpan.

I’ve been accused of having a sense of humor that’s a little too subtle. It’s gotten me in trouble a time or two, but I wasn’t fooling Rachel for even a second. Her response was to roll over the top of me and begin to rub her still sopping nether lips up and down on my now partially deflated member. It surged back to full tumescence almost instantaneously.

“I totally agree with you Alan. I don’t think we should rush into anything.” Her voice sounded like she was serious about waiting, but her actions emphatically said otherwise. Any ability or desire to joke about waiting evaporated into the ether. There was only one thing I wanted.

“Rachel, will you make love with me?”

Her response was to kiss me hard. Her need was urgent and deep and I thrust my tongue into her mouth as we were again enveloped in her hair curtain. She reached down and took a hold of my straining member, bringing me to her entrance. Selfishly, I was glad she wasn’t going to torture me with anticipation like I’d done to her.

“Is this okay?” she murmured.



I could only nod, suddenly unable to come up with any clever quips. I was nearly overcome by the anticipation of what we were about to do.

Rachel began to push down on me, but was so amazingly tight that I didn't immediately enter her. She used more pressure, but still I remained stubbornly outside. I realized that in my earlier eagerness, I hadn't been conscious of just how much force I'd used. No wonder she'd wanted a break in the action. I was now perfectly willing to let her be the one to guide the way.

Eventually, I felt the head of my straining manhood squeeze inside her. She moaned.

"Are you okay?" I asked. "I don't want to hurt you."

"It's a stretch, but a really wonderful kind of stretch. Be patient and I promise we'll get there." I busied myself by tonguing and suckling her wonderful nipples and kneading her luscious butt cheeks. Despite the intensity of what was happening inside her, she cooed with pleasure.

Little by little, I was drawn into her warm, slick depths. I was glad that I had come once already because otherwise I would never have been able to enter her like this without losing it. Finally, I felt her pubes press into mine. I was completely sheathed within her.

"Oh my God," Rachel murmured. "We're a perfect fit. I would never have dreamed I could take all of you inside me, or that my first time would be with a man as wonderful as you." There were tears in her eyes, so I drew her down to me and kissed their saltiness away. Instinctively, and almost imperceptibly, she began to move her hips to the ancient rhythm.

"I don't think we're virgins anymore," she whispered to me.

"Virginity was way overrated," I whispered back. I was amazed that I had somehow retained the ability to piece together a coherent sentence under these circumstances. Every young man tries to imagine what it will feel like when he enters a woman for the first time, but none of my fantasies could have done justice to what I was feeling now.

Rachel sat straight up on me and raised herself until I was barely inside her, then slowly slid back down as I witnessed the miracle of my body moving deeply into hers. Then she did it again and then, gloriously, again and again.

I began to experimentally thrust upward as she came down. “Mmm,” she murmured, approving. Gradually, our tempo increased and our bodies synchronized, moving together in perfect harmony on each stroke. I began to gently massage her engorged clitoris with the pad of my thumb and was rewarded by her positive reaction. “Oh yeah, just like that!” she moaned.

I was in heaven now. While I hadn’t quite given up on the idea of ever being intimate with a woman, never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined making love to someone like Rachel. It was almost more than my heart and mind could wrap themselves around.

Even as involved as I was, I jumped a little as another brilliant flash of light burst into the room from outside. The afterimage of Rachel’s glorious nude body, silhouetted in the window, seemed to be burned into my retinas, but the storm didn’t seem to bother her this time.

The wind’s intensity had increased to near gale levels. Moisture laden air rushed through the room and down the hall as Rachel’s bedroom curtains flapped wildly. Under normal circumstances I’d have leapt up to close the windows to keep the storm at bay, but now it just felt like fate that nature’s tumult should accompany our lovemaking.

Suddenly, the sound of the rain on the roof became nearly deafening as it turned to hail. Rolling thunder shook the building as lightning flashed. Through it all, Rachel seemed oblivious to anything but the love we were making.

By now I was thrusting up hard into her and Rachel was slamming down in return. I could feel our perspiration as her thighs became slick against my hips. From experience, I recognized the signs of her approaching climax. Soon, she was there.

Rachel pressed down against me while I ground my hips up against her, still buried to the hilt. This time she was nearly silent, but another flash of lightning showed her eyes to be clenched shut as her face wore the mask of

ecstasy. I was prouder at that moment than I'd ever been in my life for the ability to give this awesome woman such pleasure.

Eventually, Rachel collapsed onto my chest. I gently massaged her back as she returned to Earth.

"Was it good for you?" she finally managed, her whisper barely audible above the pounding on the roof.

I didn't even consider a smart-ass remark. "It was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced," I told her honestly.

"Did you come?"

"No, but that's okay," I said. That had been so amazing, even without shooting my wad, that it could be considered the highlight of my life.

"You bet it's okay," she said, "because I want you to be on top now."

Taking that as my cue, I again rolled us over, my still hard-as-a-rock erection staying warm and safe inside her. I began to thrust a little as her ankles wrapped around the back of my thighs. The motion was unfamiliar, yet instinctive.

"Like this?" I asked.

"Yeah, like that. Just more of it."

I began to stroke harder and faster, gaining confidence with each plunge.

"Oh yeah, that's it," she said.

Soon our pace surpassed even what we had done before. I stayed up on my elbows to keep my weight off her. Even in the darkness, I could tell that her next orgasm wouldn't be long in coming. Her long hair was spilled out over the pillow and she began to moan in time with my thrusts.

I could feel that I wasn't going to last long at this rate and didn't want to come alone. I experimentally changed the angle of my entry into her and rubbed my pubes against hers on each stroke, hoping to give her maximum stimulation.



It appeared to be just what she needed, because she arched her back and cried out in climax.

I automatically slowed.

“No,” she gasped. “Keep going! More! More!”

I happily complied and as her climax built, she started meeting my thrusts by rocking her hips back and forth. This was just finally too much for me and I plunged steeply down the slope of inevitability.

“I’m gonna come,” I moaned.

Then Rachel surprised me by reaching back and lightly rubbing her finger across my anus, completely overloading my already strained self-control.

The forbidden pleasure drove the peak of my sensations into the stratosphere as I climaxed. Jet after jet of my issue raced down my shaft and splashed into the deepest part of her being as we both shook with our release. Our lips met and we kissed deeply and frantically as the sensory overload took us. I’d never imagined that lovemaking would be this good.

Eventually, though, we came back down from our high. I would have happily stayed inside her forever, but inevitably I softened and was expelled. I laid down on my back next to her and she rolled up on her side to drape an arm and leg over me, sighing and resting her head on my chest.

We stayed like that for several minutes as the storm outside tracked off to the east and the air in the room finally became relatively still. We could hear the distant wail of emergency sirens, but we were totally relaxed together. The room was now cold as well as dark, but we welcomed the brisk air on our damp, steaming bodies.

Eventually though, we began to feel the chill. A worried look came over Rachel’s face and she crawled down to look over the foot of the bed. “Uh oh,” she said. “All of our clothes were under the window and they look like they got pretty wet from the rain blowing in.”

“Well then I guess we’ll have to keep each other warm under the covers until they dry,” I suggested helpfully, pulling the top sheet and comforter back so we could slide in. The bed was delightfully warm around our now chilled skin.

“Ahh,” she murmured, spooning in against the front of me. “I think I like this kind of thing.”

“Me too,” I said, cupping her breast. We snuggled in agreeable silence, basking in the glow.

“So I guess I should make you an offer for this bed,” I eventually said.

“Offer?” she exclaimed with mock outrage in her voice. “Like hell you say. This bed now has sentimental value to you too. I’m getting full price!” She rolled to face me and then, with malice aforethought, began to tickle my ribs.

“Okay, okay,” I gasped, squirming and then grabbing her wrists out of sheer self-preservation. That had been a completely unethical negotiating tactic. “I’ll give you your asking price on one condition.”

“Which is?”

“It’s too late to set it up at my place this evening, so I’m obviously going to need to sleep in my new bed here tonight.” I was doing my best to be assertive and presume that we were now an ongoing thing, but despite my outwardly confident demeanor, I was dying from the tension inside. Yes, the last couple of hours had been complete magic, but was this a one-time deal?

“Well, I suppose I could pull some blankets out of my boxes and take the floor in the living room,” she said with a sly tone in her voice.

“No good. I can’t sleep alone in a strange place.”

“So I’m to keep you company in this bed all night?”

“Yup.”

“You want me to sell my precious virtue and reputation for a mere $150?”

“Every last shred.”

“Hmm, you drive a hard bargain.”

“I could throw some more sex into the deal, if it helps.”

“So I might have more of those screaming, eye-popping, stroke-inducing, sheet-clenching orgasms?”

“Previous experience is, as they say, no guarantee of future results, but I suppose it’s possible.”

“Okay,” she said with a cute little giggle, “but on two conditions of my own.”

“Name them,” I said, deciding it was now safe to let go of her wrists. I was also feeling better about the chances that our relationship was no flash-in-the-pan.

“I want first right of refusal if ever you want to sell this thing.”

“Done. And the next?”

“I still love this bed, maybe more now than ever since I just lost my cherry on it, so I want visitation rights.”

I could see that a trace of the fear I’d felt was now mirrored in her eyes. She wasn’t quite sure I wanted to keep seeing her after this night was over. Of course she was being as patently ridiculous as I had been moments before. I couldn’t imagine life without her now.

“You can visit your bed any time you like as far as I’m concerned.” She tried to hide it, but I saw the relief. “In fact,” I continued, “I’m absolutely convinced that after all these years, your bed would miss you if you ever slept anywhere else. I’d hate to see that happen.” I knew what I wanted and, for once, was going to just ask for it.

“That’s a deal,” she said without hesitation, sealing it with a kiss.

It was just after lunchtime the next day when I maneuvered my Pontiac to the curb in front of the cottage. The old man was up on the porch, just putting



a chainsaw back in its case after cutting up a large limb that had evidently fallen in the front lawn during the storm. The house itself didn't look any the worse for wear.

"Good afternoon, sir," I called to him as I got out.

"Howdy, Alan," he said in return. "Did you find a bed?"

"I sure did." The trailer did indeed contain my new waterbed, but it was also stuffed to the gills with cardboard boxes. "Oh, and I found a roommate after all."

I walked back toward the rusty blue Corolla that had followed me here. Rachel met me halfway, grinning. We walked up to the door, hand in hand, fingers perfectly interlaced. She squealed, though, when I let go of her hand and scooped her up into my arms.

Mr. Cabrini didn't even blink. He whipped out his big key ring and opened the door for us. I thanked him, then carried her over the threshold.

"That's gonna be an extra fifty bucks," he said, deadpan. "A month."

I think Rachel's father would indeed have liked knowing what happened as the years and decades went by, in the bed he'd so lovingly made for us.

The End









ALICE ZAFFYRE HUNGARIAN



Budapest (Hungary), December 22. 2023

CAROLINA STAR RUSSIAN



Prague (Czech Republic), February 25. 2015

DOLLY DYSON GERMAN



Budapest (Hungary), February 15. 2022

JADE JADORE FRENCH



Budapest (Hungary), October 23. 2024

MELODY MAE RUSSIAN



Budapest (Hungary), May 9. 2017

WOODMAN CASTING X

CLICK HERE TO ENTER THE FOLDER

La historieta erótica de los '90 llega a su clímax

Hoy, aquí, presentamos las últimas 20 páginas de

CLIC 2

La joven señora Cristiani ha vuelto a caer en las redes del hombre que maneja el transmisor sexual. Con sólo mover una perilla Fausto excita a la bella, la enloquece, la obliga a bramar implorando atributos masculinos. Sin embargo, luego de humillarla en el canal de TV donde trabaja y hacerla ofrecerse al látigo de su tío el senador, se ve obligado a huir de una mansión fuertemente custodiada.
Detiene una combi en la ruta. Otra cara conocida de Manara va al volante: nada menos que Miel.
Adelante, pues, con el desenlace de esta cima del comic erótico internacional.

---

de Milo Manara




¡DÉJEME SUBIR! ¡SE LO SUPLICO!
BUENO... IGUAL YA ESTÁ HACIÉNDOLO...
¡MIL GRACIAS, SEÑORITA!
DIEZ DÍAS MÁS TARDE...
JUEVES 15 AGOSTO
MIERC 14 AGOSTO
MART 13 AGOST
LUNE
DOMIN
JUEVES 15 AGOSTO
QUEDARSE ACÁ ESCONDIDO ES UN INFIERNO, COMMENDATORE. LA CHICA QUE ME ALOJA DEBE SER MEDIO LOCA. ACTÚA COMO SI ESTO FUERA UN ESTUDIO DE T.V. PERO ACÁ NO VIENE NADIE. HACE DIEZ DÍAS QUE LA VEO SÓLO A ELLA, Y NI SE MUEVE DE ACÁ. ¡SÁQUEME DE ESTE LUGAR, SEÑOR CRISTIANI!


¡SIN NOMBRES, ESTÚPIDO! CON ESTOS TELÉFONOS INHALÁMBRICOS, PODRÍAN INTERCEPTAR NUESTRA COMUNICACIÓN. POR SU BIEN, NO SE MUEVA. LOS HOMBRES DEL SENADOR LO SIGUEN BUSCANDO, Y ELLOS NO BROMEAN. ADEMÁS USTED FRACASÓ: MI MUJER NO ESTÁ MÁS BAJO LA INFLUENCIA. PARA INFORMARSE, PRENDA EL TELEVISOR EN LA NCC.
Y AQUÍ LAS PRIMERAS IMÁGENES QUE NOS ENVÍA CLAUDIA CRISTIANI, A BORDO DEL BARCO VERDE.
NCC



* WWF: FUNDACIÓN VIDA SILVESTRE.




ESE VENERI, EN EL BARCO VERDE, ÉL ERA NUESTRO ASISTENTE, MUY BUENO POR OTRA PARTE LA NCC LE OFRECIÓ UN PAQUETE DE GUITA, Y AHÍ TENÉS...
MIEL, QUÉ NOMBRE RARO... ¿POR QUÉ TE LLAMAN ASÍ? NO POR TU NATURALEZA DULCE, ¿EH? ¡EXPLICAME!
¿SABÉS QUE TODO EL MUNDO ME PREGUNTA LO MISMO? Y CADA VEZ QUE LO EXPLICO... NADIE ME CREE.
MEJOR TE LO VOY A MOSTRAR. ¡PERO RÁPIDO!


ME ACABAN DE INFORMAR QUE CLAUDIA CRISTIANI ESTARÍA EN PELIGRO... LA PEQUEÑA PLATAFORMA HA DESAPARECIDO...
PUEDE SER A CAUSA DE UNA VIOLENTA TEMPESTAD... PERO SEGÚN EL CAPITÁN DEL BARCO VERDE...
¿Y... QUÉ GUSTO TIENE? HHHHHH...
A MIEL... A MIEL DE MONTAÑA...
LA PLATAFORMA PODRÍA HABER SIDO ARRASTRADA POR UN NAVÍO DESCONOCIDO...
LAS BÚSQUEDAS, RECIÉN EMPRENDIDAS, AÚN NO HAN DADO NINGÚN RESULTADO...
SUFICIENTE TENGO UN TRABAJO QUE TERMINAR.
¡SHHHH! DEJAME ESCUCHAR...
LOS DOS TÉCNICOS QUE ACOMPAÑABAN A CLAUDIA CRISTIANI TAMBIÉN HAN DESAPARECIDO...
¡DIOS, VENERI! ¡TENGO QUE AVISARLE AL PATRÓN!


UNA SEMANA DESPUÉS...
LA SEÑORA CRISTIANI Y SU EQUIPO SIGUEN PERDIDOS, LO QUE REFUERZA LA HIPÓTESIS DE UN SECUESTRO ...
NCC
TRES DIAS MAS TARDE...
HE AQUÍ LAS DRAMÁTICAS IMÁGENES DEL SALVATAGE. CLAUDIA FUE ENCONTRADA EN LA MADRUGADA DEL ONCEAVO, DÍA DE BÚSQUEDA...
NCC
A PESAR DE LA DISTANCIA, UNO DE LOS TRES OCUPANTES DE LA BALSA PARECE ESTAR EN BUEN ESTADO FÍSICO.
NCC
¡ES CLAUDIA, QUIEN HACE GESTOS PARA LLAMAR AL HELICÓPTERO!
LOS OTROS DOS, POR EL CONTRARIO, PARECEN MUCHO MÁS AFECTADOS, Y YACEN INERTES...
NCC
¡SALUDEMOS A NUESTRA VALIENTE HEROÍNA! LUEGO DE UN BREVE DESCANSO, CLAUDIA CRISTIANI INSISTIÓ EN RETOMAR EL CONTACTO CON SU PÚBLICO.
NCC


MUCHÍSIMAS GRACIAS, PERO SON DEMASIADAS ATENCIONES. FUERA DE UN POCO DE FATIGA, ME SIENTO PERFECTAMENTE BIEN.
NCC
SENTATE AQUÍ, EN EL LUGAR DE HONOR, COMO TE CORRESPONDE...
NCC
ANTES QUE NADA QUIERO EXPRESAR MIS DESEOS DE PRONTA MEJORÍA A VENERI Y CORRADINI, MIS COLABORADORES...
...QUE SE HALLAN INTERNADOS EN EL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL PERO QUE, AFORTUNADAMENTE, ESTARÁN MUY PRONTO CON NOSOTROS. CONFIESO QUE SIN ELLOS YO JAMÁS HUBIERA PODIDO SOBRELLEVAR ESTA PRUEBA.
NCC
¡FAUSTO, VENGO DEL HOSPITAL! ¡VENERI ME DIO ESTE VIDEO Y ME PIDIÓ QUE NO SE LO MOSTRARA A NADIE!
NO IMPORTA LO QUE ME HAYA PEDIDO. YO LO MIRO YA MISMO.


¡QUÉ BIEN! PUSO LA CAMARA SOBRE LA BALSA. ¡VAMOS A SABER TODO LO QUE PASÓ!
CLAUDIA CRISTIANI NO PARECE ESTAR EN MUY BUEN ESTADO...
HUMMHH... TODAVÍA TENES UN POCO DE SALIVA...
AHH... HHH...
PERO AHÍ TE QUEDA ALGO MÁS NUTRITIVO...
¿Q-QUÉ Q-QUERÉS HA-HACER?
NO... NO... DEJAME...
AY, EL POBRE PICHONCITO...
¿DE VERDAD NO ME VAS A DAR PARA QUE YO TOME?


DALE, QUE TENGO TANTA SED...
DEJAME, COCHINA.
¡BASTA!... ¡PARÁ! ME VAS A MATAR.
PUTA... PUTA... PUTA... SUCIA... PUTA...
NO TE DISGUSTA TANTO, PARECE, ¿NO?
DEJAME... DEJAME...
HHMMM... ¡YA TENGO EL AGUA EN LA BOCA!
AH... ESPECIE DE PUTA ARRASTRADA... VAS A TENER MI PELLEJO...
SÍ... SI...


¡NO PUEDE SER VERDAD! ¡ELLA TIENE EL DIABLO EN EL CUERPO!
SÍ... Y ESO ME HACE PENSAR...
AHORA, PONEMOS LA MESA. ¡ASÍ!
¿CUÁNTO TIEMPO PODRÁS RESISTIR? ¿PROBAMOS?
BASTA, ASQUEROSA... BASTA...
VAMOS, DEJÁ SALIR TÚ JUGO, ¡HIJO DE PUTA!


ASÍ... MUY BIEN...
¡ASÍ! ¡ASÍ!
AAAAAHHH!
MMMM... MMMM... MM...
HHHH... HHHH... HH...
AH... QUÉ BIEN... ME SIENTO TAN BIEN...


¿VISTE ESO? ¡CLAUDIA CRISTIANI! ¿QUIÉN LO HUBIERA IMAGINADO?
¡AHORA ESTOY SEGURO!
¡VAMOS! ¡SEGUNDO SERVICIO!
USTEDES TIENEN UNA ANTENA PARABÓLICA EN EL TECHO ¿NO?
SÍ...
¡CLARO! ¡Y YO ME OLVIDÉ EL TRANSMISOR PRENDIDO FRENTE AL TELEVISOR!
¡FUNCIONA, DIOS! ¡HASTA VÍA SATÉLITE!
¡EH! ¿ADÓNDE VAS?
BIG AL'S
HE & SHE LOVE MATES
¡FUNCIONA, FUNCIONA!
CREO QUE EL ÚNICO MEDIO DE DISUADIR A ESOS CAZADORES ILEGALES...


KLIK
NCC
... ES TOMAR SUS MALDITOS ARPONES Y METÉRSELOS EN EL CULO.
OH, DIOS... ¿QUE DIJE? ¿QUE ME PASA?
... QUISE DECIR... CON CONTROLES MÁS SEVEROS, TAL VEZ...
¡MIREN! ¡ACÁ, MI TELECOMANDO!
MÍRENLA BIEN. LO ACCIONO... VAN A VER...
... PORQUE UNA ESPECIE EN VÍAS DE EXTINCIÓN...
KLIK
¿QUIEREN VER UNA? ¡YO SE LAS MUESTRO EN SEGUIDA!
¡MIREN! ¡ESTA ES UNA ESPECIE EN VÍAS DE EXTINCIÓN!


¿POR QUÉ? PORQUE SI ESTA LINDA CONCHA BIEN MOJADA... NO SE HACE LUBRICAR DE VEZ EN CUANDO... HHH... HH... SE APAGA... NO GOZA MÁS...
NCC
HAY QUE MANTENERLA SIEMPRE ... HHH... EN ACCIÓN... HHH...
NCC
¿VIERON?
¡PUTA! ¡ES FANTÁSTICO!
NCC
¡POR DIOS!
¡HACÉS CLIC, Y ESA HERMOSA CONCHA SE DESVISTE!
¡MIREN! ¡IMPOSIBLE! ¡ES UN TRUCO!
¡INCREÍBLE! ¡NUNCA SE VIO ALGO PARECIDO EN LA NCC!
NCC
¡ESTE TIPO NOS ESTÁ TOMANDO EL PELO!
¡SÍ! ¡PERO SI ESO ES UN FILM PORNO!
¡¿SEGURO QUE ESA ES CLAUDIA CRISTIANI?!
¡NO! ¡ES UNA ACTRIZ PORNO QUE SE PARECE!
NO ME CREEN, ¿EH? ¡OK! APAGO MI TELECOMANDO, Y...
KLIK
MIN
OFF
MAX


¡BASTA! ¡PAREN! ¡NO FILMEN MÁS! ¡APAGUEN LA CÁMARA! ¿NO HAY NADIE EN ESTE MALDITO ESTUDIO?
¡PRENDEMOS EL MOTOR!
KLIK
SÍ... CONTINÚE... ASÍ... HHH...
¿QUÉ ES ESE BURDEL EN EL ESTUDIO 3?
¡ALGUIEN PUSO UNA PELÍCULA PORNO... ESO PASA POR LOS MONITORES!
¿UN CASSETTE PORNO? ¡LAS PELOTAS! ¡ES CRISTIANI QUE SE EXHIBE EN DIRECTO!
¿QUÉ PASA?
¡NO SE! ¡CRISTIANI SE RAYÓ!
¡EH! ¡MÁS VALE RAJAR DE ACÁ!
NCC


¿DONDE ESTÁ? ¿ADÓNDE SE FUE?
¡LAS CÁMARAS ANDAN, PERO NO QUEDÓ NADIE!
¡FAUSTO!
VI TU DEFENSA DE LA CONCHA EN TELEVISIÓN...
...ENTONCES ERAS VOS... HHH... LOGRASTE ALCANZARME HASTA DEL OTRO LADO DE LA PANTALLA... HHH... ¿COMO PODRÉ... LIBERARME DE VOS?...


HHH... DEBO MORIR... HHH...
PONEME SOBRE EL BORDE DE LA TERRAZA...
...Y DESNUDAME TODA...
CHUPAME...


HACEME GOZAR... HHH... Y GOZANDO, ME VOY A TIRAR... A LA CALLE...
NO PODÉS. ¡LA MUERTE DE UNA LINDA CONCHA SERÍA UN CRIMEN CONTRA LA ECOLOGÍA!
¿QUÉ DIJISTE?
... QUE LAS CONCHAS LINDAS NO TIENEN DERECHO A MATARSE...
¡AHORA... HHHHHH.... CHUPAME... AHORA!
...VOY... A GOZAR... CHUPAME... ¡AHORA!


NO, CLAUDIA. NO TENÉS NADA QUE EXPIAR. TU LOHENGRIN, VOS PODÉS ALCANZARLO CON EL RENUNCIAMIENTO. PERO TAMBIEN CON LOS PEORES EXCESOS... EN EL MISMO MOMENTO DE TU PLACER, TE TRANSFORMÁS EN UN CISNE INMACULADO...
¡ BUENO, AHORA LEVANTATE !
TENGO ALGO PARA DARTE...
AHORA... ¿ QUÉ ESPERÁS PARA HACERME PROBAR TU FAMOSO FAUST-FUCKING ?


ESTOY LISTA...
DALE... RÁPIDO... ANTES DE QUE LLEGUE ALGUIEN...
HHH... HHH... ¡CREO QUE... TU RUTA CONDUCE HACIA LA SANTIDAD... HHH... FAUSTO... P-PORQUE... YO TAMBIEN... EMPIEZO A SENTIRME UN POCO SANTA !

FIN


LASCIVIA
The magazine for men
who enjoy their exuality without fear!

LASCIVIA — ROOM IN ROME

40 Years Ago, Lesbian Erotica Magazine ‘On Our Backs’ Paved the Way for Horny Sapphic Art

By Gabrielle Grace Hogan

“It was one of those years,” says queer and feminist theorist Gayle Rubin of 1984. A “period of ferment over sex and feminist politics,” 1984 was a year of revolution, rebellion, and revitalization. It was also the inaugural year for the trailblazing lesbian erotica magazine On Our Backs.

Created by, for, and about lesbians, On Our Backs came about in the tumult of the “feminist sex wars,” a deeply polarizing internal debate in the feminist movement regarding sex, sexuality, pornography, erotica, and BDSM. Divided into sex-positive and anti-porn camps, the sex wars saw rabid disagreement on what the nature of things like pornography were doing for lesbians and for society as a whole. Many feminists argued that pornography and erotica were inherently objectifying and abusive. Writer and theorist Andrea Dworkin argued that not just pornography but heterosexual sex as a whole was a “means of physiologically making a woman inferior,” and claimed that anyone aroused by porn that depicted sexualized violence (whether real or scripted) “was evidence of a mind that’s absorbed the propaganda of the patriarchy and eroticized the subjugation of women.” On the flipside, sex-positive feminists argued that pornography itself was not an inherent evil, but rather its morality was dependent upon the creators and participants. Rubin, one of the founders of the lesbian feminist BDSM group Samois, believed sexual liberation was a key component of the feminist movement and that public expressions of female sexuality were crucial in asserting women’s existence as fully realized beings.

Both sides of this movement used media as a weapon to push their points across. off our backs, a radical feminist periodical first published in 1970, was created to discuss feminist lives and activism. However, several feminists believed the magazine’s take on sexuality to be “prudish” and its avoidance of properly addressing sexual liberation to be a huge oversight. Fourteen years later, in 1984, these feminists responded with On Our Backs.

On Our Backs, which originally ran from 1984 to 1990 and was revitalized from 1998 to 2002, existed for one central purpose: to portray lesbian sex and sexuality, with real lesbians. By “real lesbians,” the magazine meant lesbians who allowed themselves to be photographed in expressions of

Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Jan - Feb, 1989

$5.00

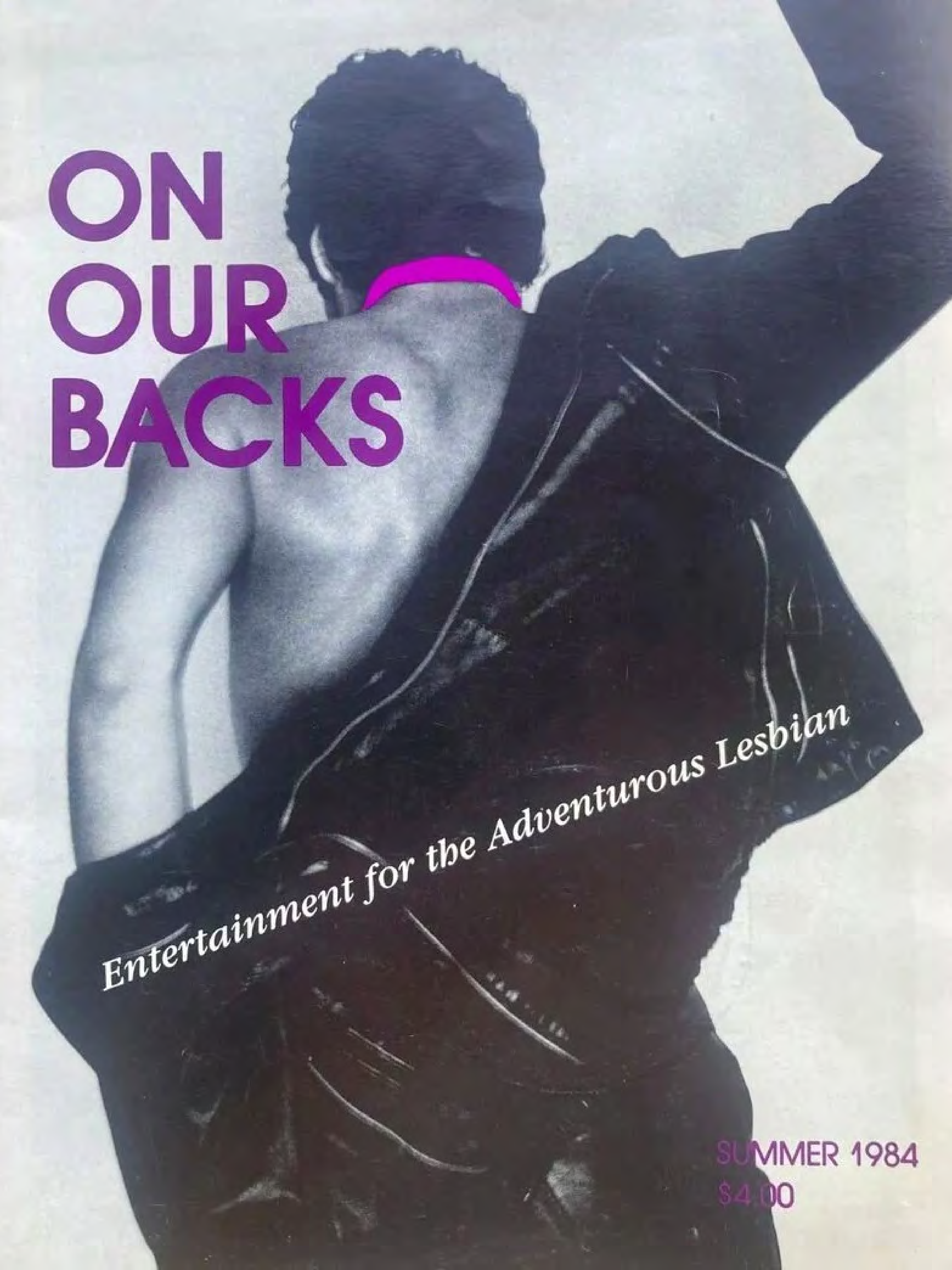


sexuality that felt true to them. “There were those of us who were very skeptical about the anti-pornography movement in feminism,” Heather Findlay, who took over the publication of OOB in the late 90s, tells me. “We thought it was censorious and anti-sex.” Findlay recounts a college experience of hers, partially inspired by OOB’s activism, in which she and a friend protested Playboy’s presence on Brown’s campus with their own magazine, titled Positions:

“Every year Playboy published its Women of the Ivy League issue. And they would advertise in the local Brown newspaper called the Brown Daily Herald for models. So somehow we got advance wind of this and on the same day the ad came out for this in the Brown Daily Herald, we bought a quarter-page ad and put out the call for women and men to model for Positions. [My friend] identified as straight and I did as gay, and we were going to make what we would now call in today’s language a pansexual publication. It just caused a huge media explosion. It was headlining in newspapers all over the country, that ‘Brown students were putting up a porno magazine.’ I just thought that that was the most creative and the most celebratory way to respond to the ills of pornography — not to censor it but to do our own. And to do it better.”

“To do our own, and to do it better” could very well be considered the rallying cry of OOB (I’m also partial to “come one, come all”). The magazine began in San Francisco as the lovechild of two lovers and three friends: Debi Sundahl, Nan Kinney, and Myrna Elana. Susie Bright and her lover Honey Lee Cottrell were attached to the project as well and became pivotal cogs in the “lusty lesbian” machine as editor and photographer respectively. OOB entered into a long lineage of lesbian periodicals — other publications like the Daughters of Bilitis’ The Ladder, Jeanne Córdova’s Lesbian Tide, Lesbian Connection, Sinister Wisdom, and others had been publishing (and some shuttered) by the time OOB entered onto the scene. Sundahl, Kinney, Elana, Bright, and Cottrell were intimately familiar with such magazines and were ready to throw their proverbial hats in the ring.

The work in OOB could be called a cavalcade of words, but subtle would not be among them. The first ever issue, available in full online thanks to the non-profit Internet Archive, is enough to make most blush. (I


ON OUR BACKS
Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian
SUMMER 1984
$4.00

learned quickly that certain articles are not meant to be researched in a public coffeeshop.) 1984 is described as the "Year of the Lustful Lesbian!" on the first few pages, and the content makes good on this promise, with short-form erotic fiction and poetry accompanied by lascivious illustrations; advertisements for sex toys and sexual health clinics; features like "April First, 1984: Satire: English S/M group meets Anti-Porn Crusaders" and "Lesbian Strippers: Erotic Dance Benefits for On Our Backs"; and classifieds, proclaiming "witch wants same," "novice femme wants experienced single (butch?) top," and other discreet-yet-detailed personals. If the creators of OOB wanted to fill the niche of hard lesbian sexuality literature, they'd done a bang-up job (pun intended). The issues that followed were full of the same, and often accompanied by names that now vibrate in the lesbian/queer and larger literary canon with great power: Dorothy Allison, Patrick Califa (whose work was in the first issue), Sapphire, Joan Nestle, Jewelle Gomez, Leslie Feinberg, Alison Bechdel, Lea Delaria, to name only a fraction.

But such self-expression didn't come without complications. "The big deal wasn't getting people to take their pants off, it was seeing their faces," Susie Bright, co-founder and iconic lesbian writer also known as Susie Sexpert, said in 2011. In the beginning (and throughout), many if not most of the contributors were behind the scenes as well. Bright discusses the first issue's centerfold featuring Cottrell, a "Bulldagger of the Season" meant to replicate Playboy's "Playmate of the Month." In the photo, Cottrell is "gnarly," her "brushy, silver hair sticking straight up" in nothing but white underwear and an unbuttoned white men's shirt. While some women reacted favorably (Bright fondly remembers a woman mailing a photo of her masturbating to the photo), the staff also received immense vitriol, letters calling butches "disgusting," and others decrying the sexualization of women by women.

OOB faced several complications when it came to distribution due to these reactions — Bright says "if it weren't for the gay men's bookstores and commie bookstores," the magazine's life may have been much shorter. She remarked that while gay men posing for similar magazines were much more open about using their faces, names, and identifying facts, lesbians were much more hesitant. Many letters of criticism were received by

Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Mar - Apr, 1990

$5.00



the staff, asking why the magazine couldn't feature women who were "bankers, librarians, someone who wears pantyhose," instead of just "rock chicks and strippers" — but as Bright says, the staff wanted to feature such women. The women themselves were just much more hesitant to actually volunteer for their sensuality to be photographed and printed for the masses. Likewise, the big ask of contributors and models to be "out" prevented involvement. But for many lesbians, OOB provided a relief.

"In those days, many of us queer women identified as either an OOB lesbian or an off our backs lesbian," says Findlay. "To know that I could be gay and that I could be fully sexual and that I could define that the way that I wanted to, and that I could be creative and experimental. That was like the second-best news after knowing that I could be gay in the first place!" Findlay came to OOB's staff in 1992, after a written correspondence with Kinney led her from Providence to San Francisco to work on the magazine. "The fact that Nan and Debie basically gave me their baby and let me take care of it…that was a blessing."

However, Findlay expressed frustration at the financial reality of OOB — namely, that it didn't make any money. Findlay says the original creators of the magazine weren't interested in making money, but in "making waves" — Findlay, however, dreamed of creating a lesbian publishing company able to pay its contributors and staff. After OOB's first folding in 1994, Findlay was a part of the creation of Girlfriends, an offshoot of OOB's motivations less interested in sex as a focus, and more interested in "critical coverage of culture, entertainment, and world events from a lesbian perspective." In 1998, due to the marketability and subsequent better financial straits of Girlfriends, Findlay as editor was able to purchase and open OOB back up for publication and distribution.

"It was very difficult as an editor to be working with huge figures in lesbian literature at the time and be promising them $25 for a short story!" Findlay laughs as she says this. "That made my work very difficult. And when we couldn't even pay them the $25 we'd agreed upon, that was even worse."

Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Sept - Oct, 1989

$5.00



Findlay describes resurrecting OOB as a "labor of love," which lasted until 2006 when, similarly to the first shuttering, the magazine came to a close due to financial instability. While she says this was "personally devastating," OOB's newfound irrelevance was something of a bittersweet progression: With the advent of the Internet, print magazines were going out of fashion, and lesbians and other queer people were more easily able to find one another in chat forums and email chains. The early aughts and the years after found an explosion of forward progression for LGBTQ+ rights, and while we are nowhere near a queer utopia, it's no question the world OOB was created for has changed for queer people for the better — in ways that, unfortunately, made that same magazine obsolete.

Admittedly, "obsolete" is quite a harsh word, and not quite the right one: While the magazine doesn't exist in the same capacity it used to, its influence on lesbian sexuality and literature cannot be forgotten, even though some may try. I think about this while reading Susie Bright's Substack, interviewing Heather Findlay, or walking through a warehouse party in Austin, Texas: The bravery of lesbians young and old still astounds me, and the reverence for those that made OOB come to be is palpable. Who's to say if a place like Autostraddle would even exist without it! I am thankful to be a descendant of folks like Bright and Findlay and thankful still that the legacy of OOB is being remembered so many years after the fact.

Elegizing a magazine like OOB today is in service of not forgetting history. Queer history builds on itself and lays groundwork for the present and beyond. Could we truly have Chappell Roan singing about "getting the job done" on Saturday Night Live to raucous applause without Cottrell's erotic photography? Could we have Bottoms, a sleazy lesbian-sex comedy, without the lesbian strip shows hosted to pay for the printing costs of the magazine? We do not live in a vacuum — it is easy for those of us lucky to live through "the lesbian renaissance" of our pop culture, to forget to pay our respects to those who made it possible to be inundated with this sapphic deluge. Queer art like Chappell and Bottoms, while popular and successful in the mainstream, are so appealing because of their refusal to be palatable to heterocentric audiences. Despite Chappell's fiery rocket to the top of the music world, her work at its core is extremely disinterested

Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

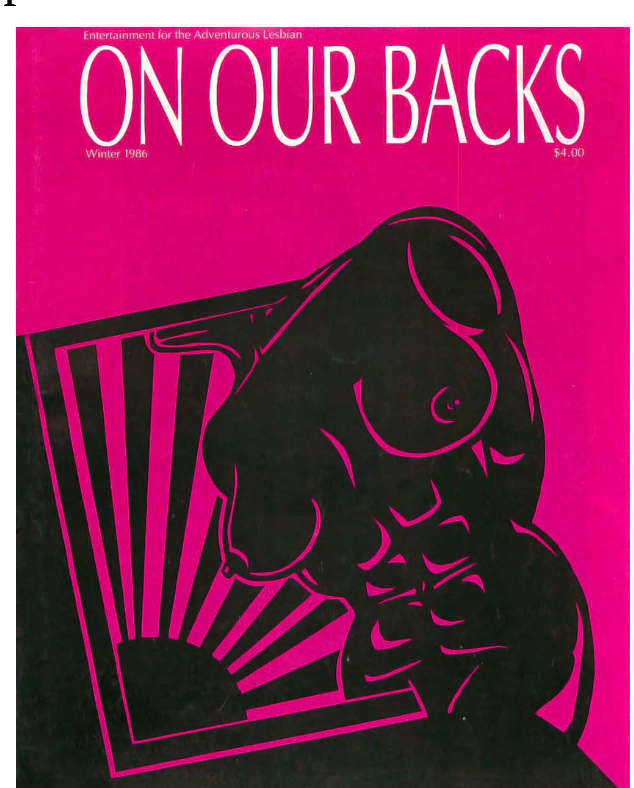
Winter 1987

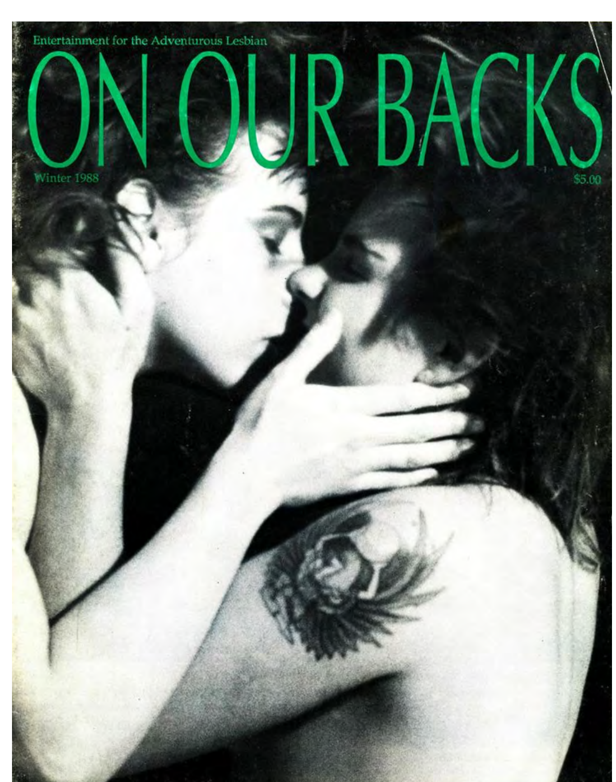
$4.00



in shrinking away from her lesbianism, but more specifically, away from her distinctly-lesbian horniness. There's "Red Wine Supernova," which boldly begs for the "long hair, no bra" female muse to "put her canine teeth in the side of" Chappell's neck. Or "Naked in Manhattan," where she desperately repeats "touch me" in increasing volume. Her music is not just about being a gay woman, it's about being a lesbian who fucks. Bottoms is a gay Superbad, in which the central conceit is sad horny lesbians doing whatever it takes to get laid.

Many lesbians may not see this as progressive or good (similar to lesbians of the 1980s sending hate-mail to OOB's HQs). And to be fair, the oversexualization of lesbian relationships is an unfortunately time-honored tradition in media, pornographic or not. However, to assume artists like Chappell fall into this category is to deny lesbians the agency of their own sexuality, much like the very media such critics seek to malign. It is different: Marti Noxon quotes TV execs' response to Buffy the Vampire Slayer's lesbian relationship, as "They can [kiss] once, but not twice — because that means they enjoyed it." When lesbians own their sexuality, when they prove they are doing it for themselves, and because they like it, this is still a radical, crucial ownership, the kind that OOB made a pillar of its mission. Perhaps even especially now, in a time where interest in lesbian culture by the straight mainstream feels exciting but also treacherous, this is what we should return to. It's not that we can't share with the mainstream — but it is special to remember we do not exist and prosper because straight people gave us permission. We do so because lesbians and queer people before us demanded it, in the street and in print.





ntertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Fall 1987

$5.00







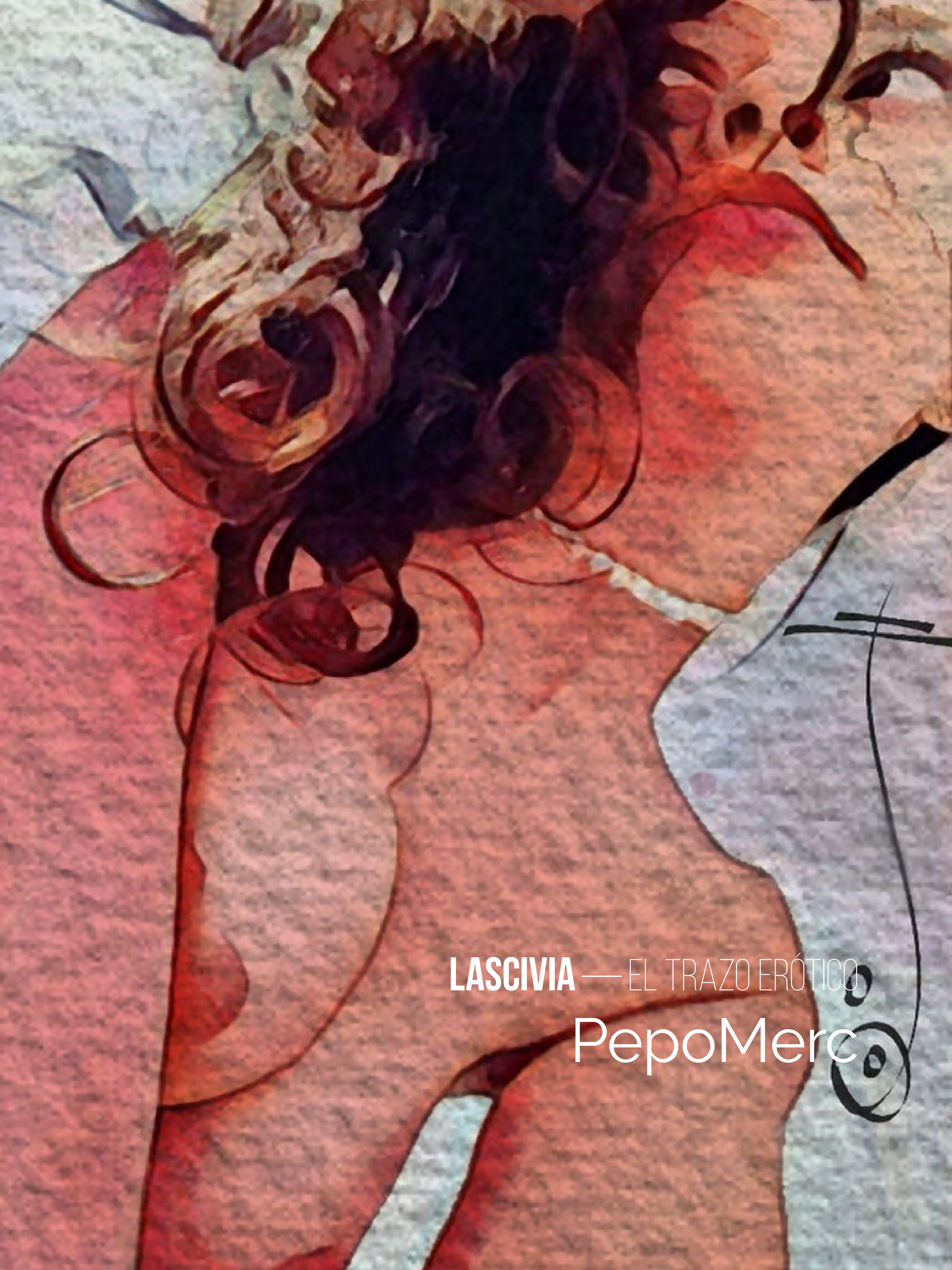







excogigirls
CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER



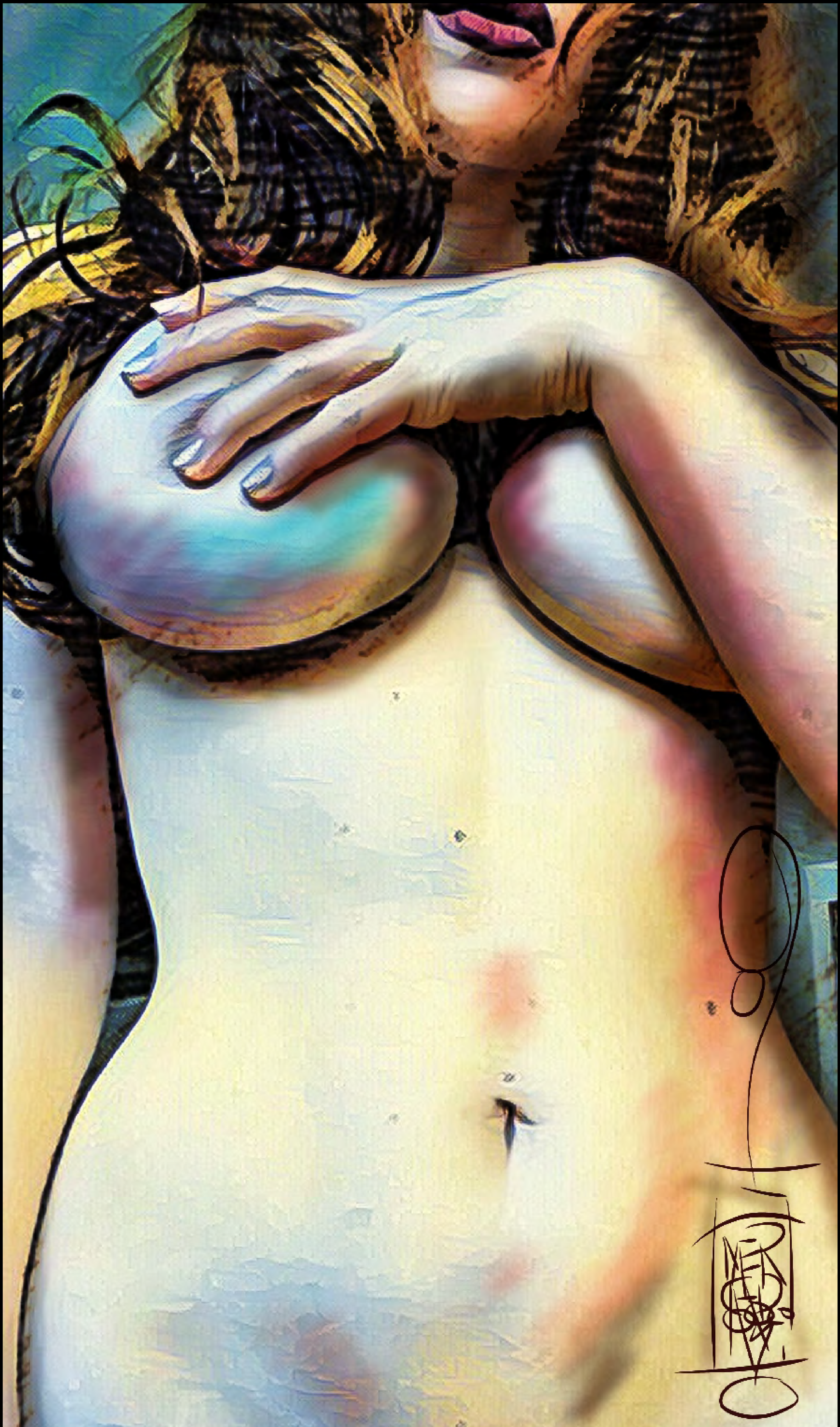


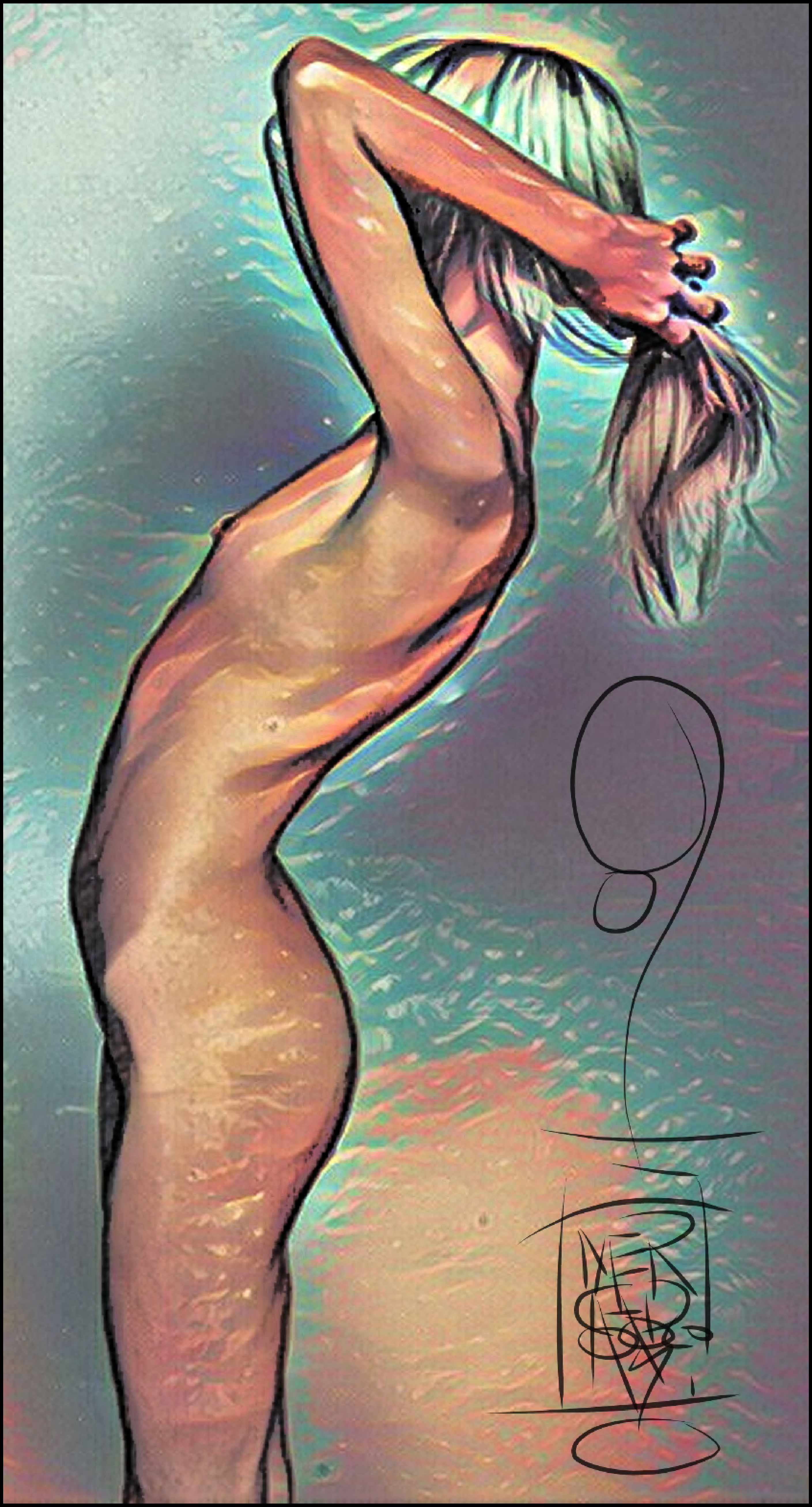
LASCIVIA — EL TRAZO ERÓTICO

PepoMerc

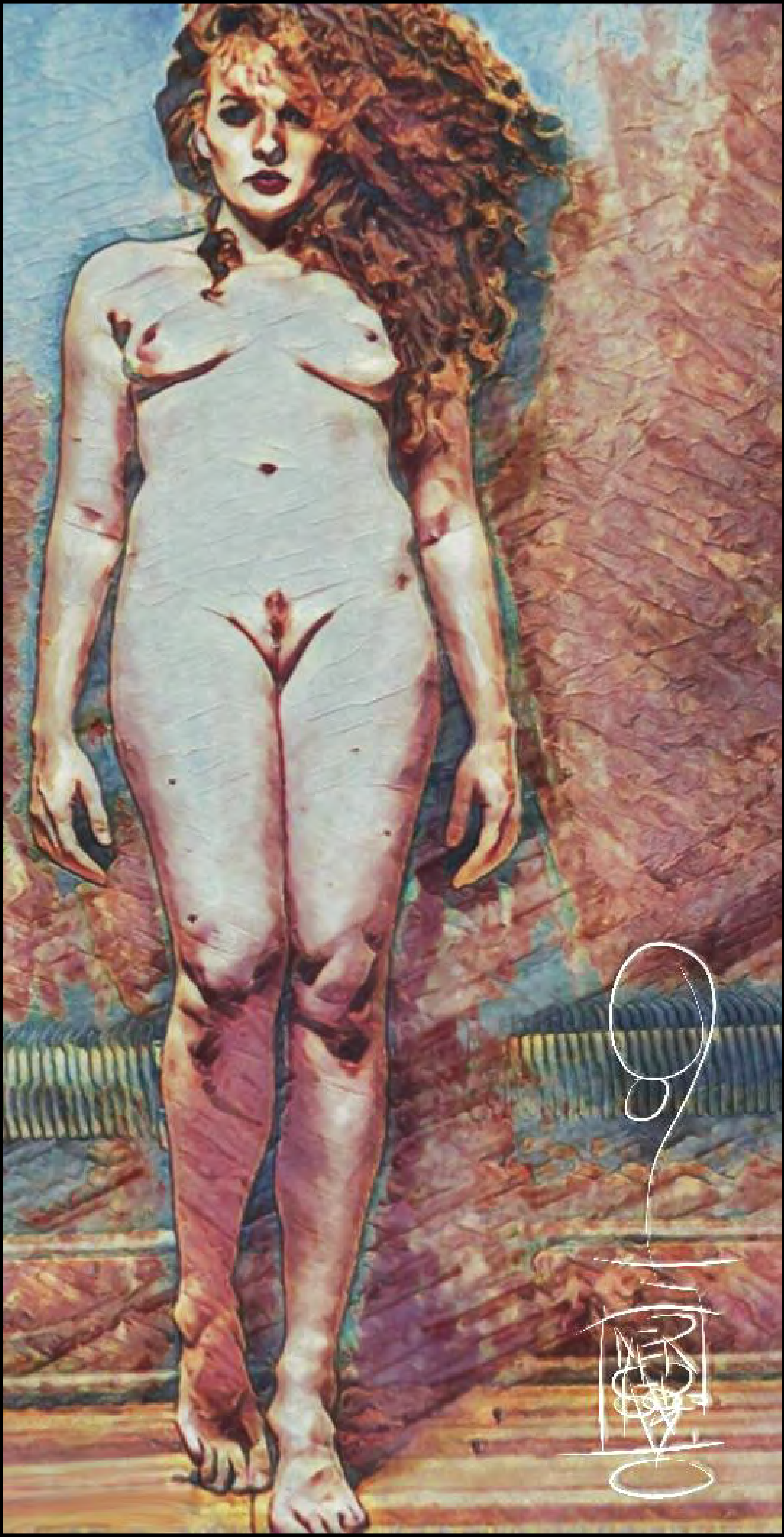














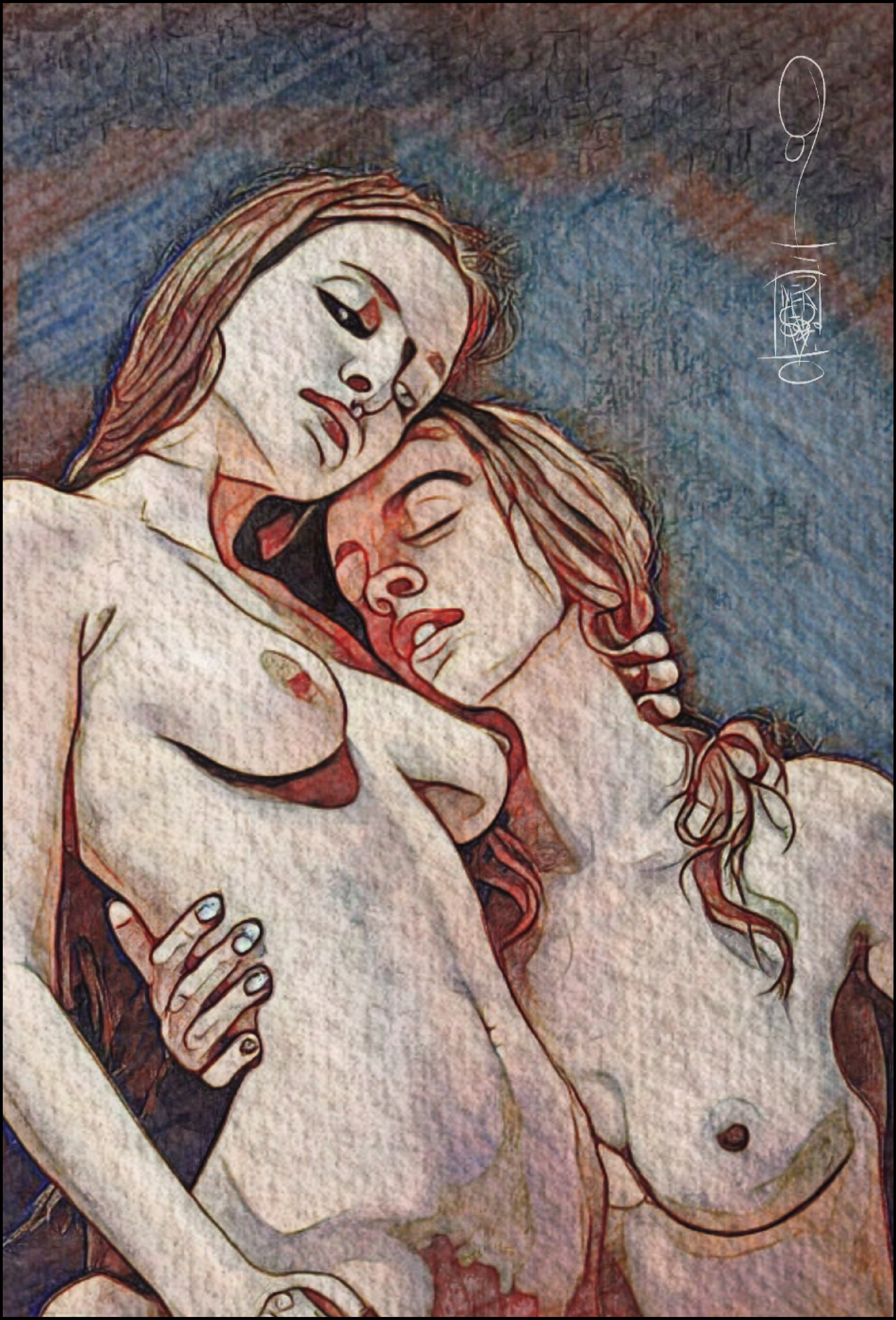




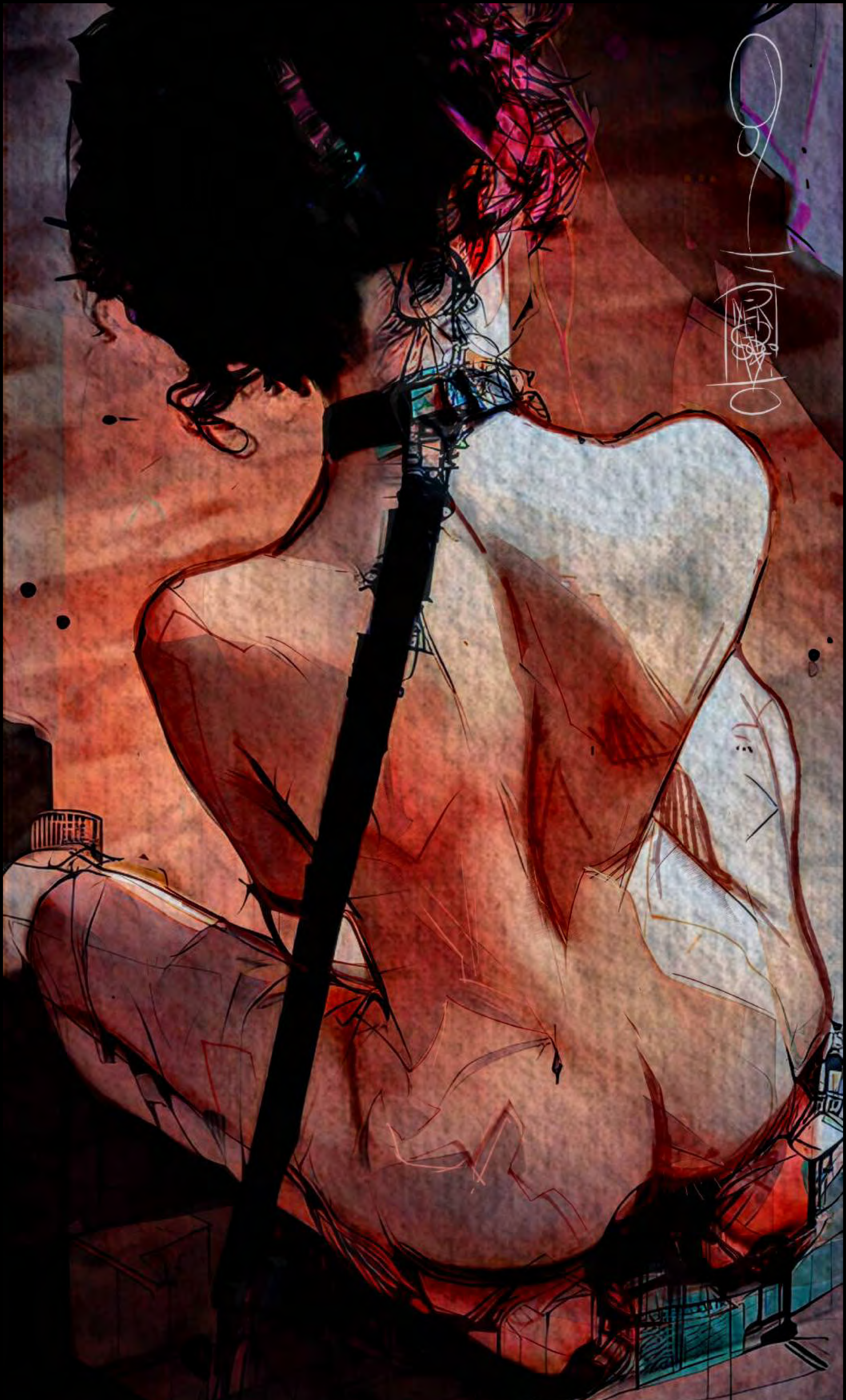








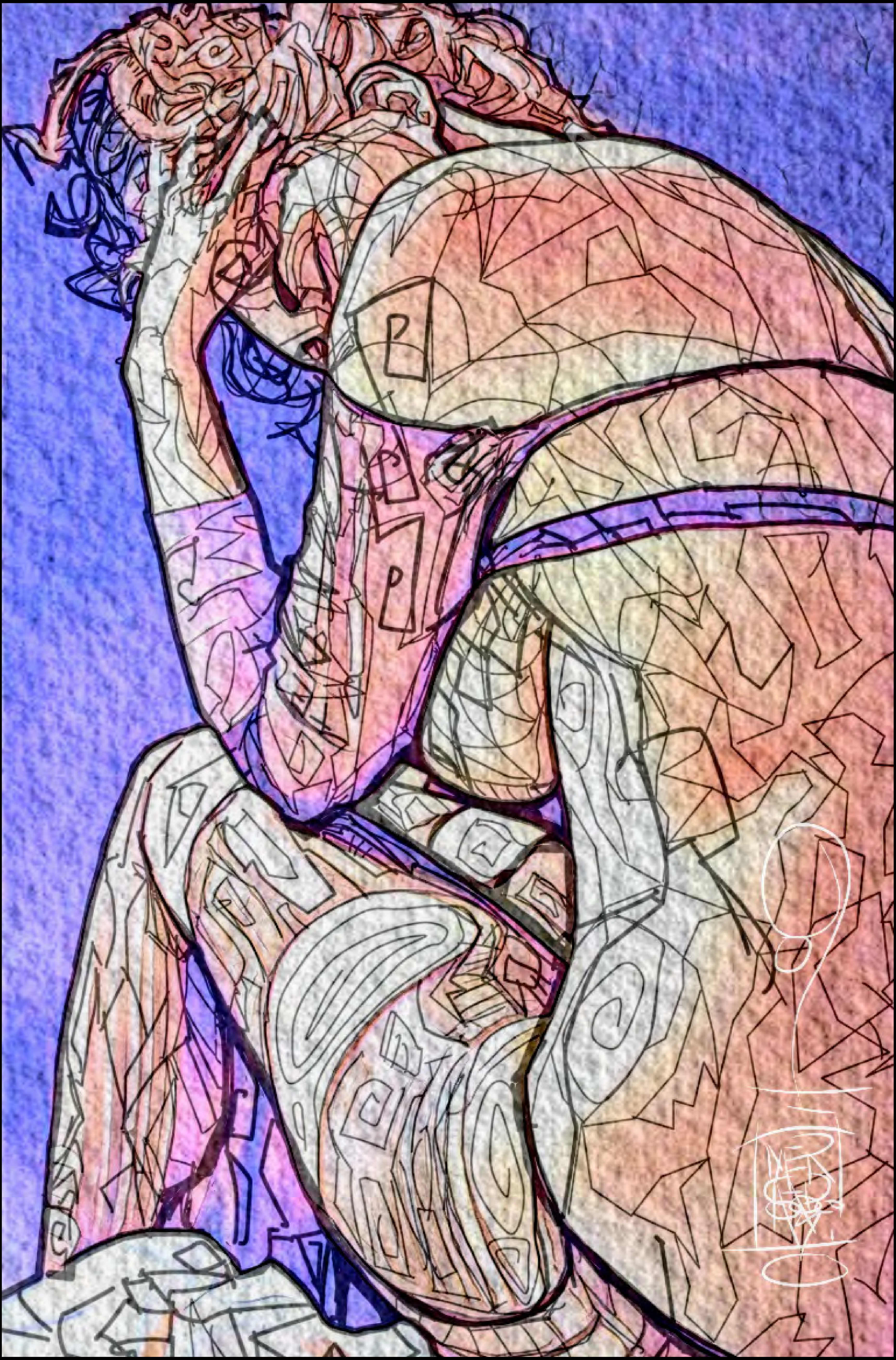


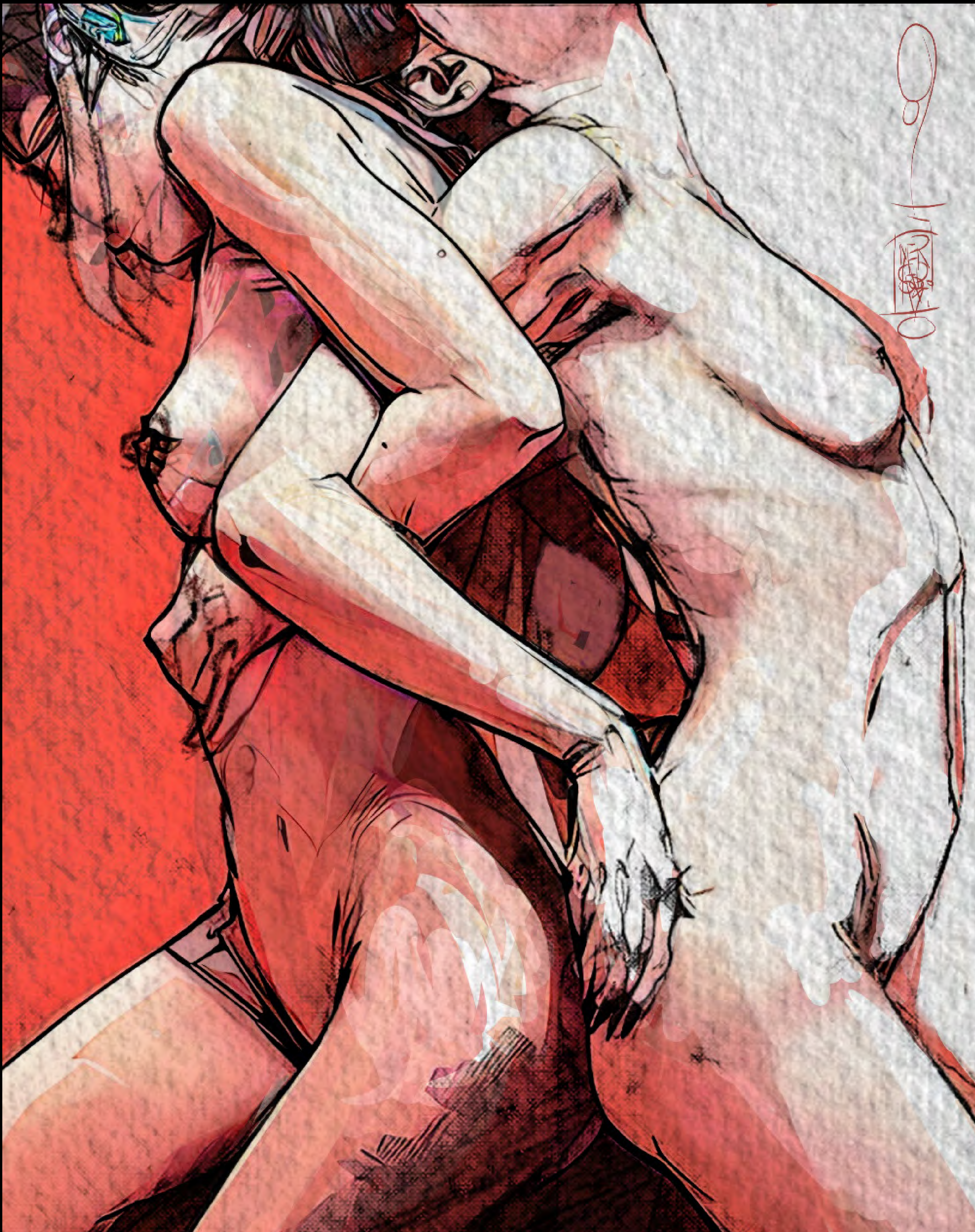




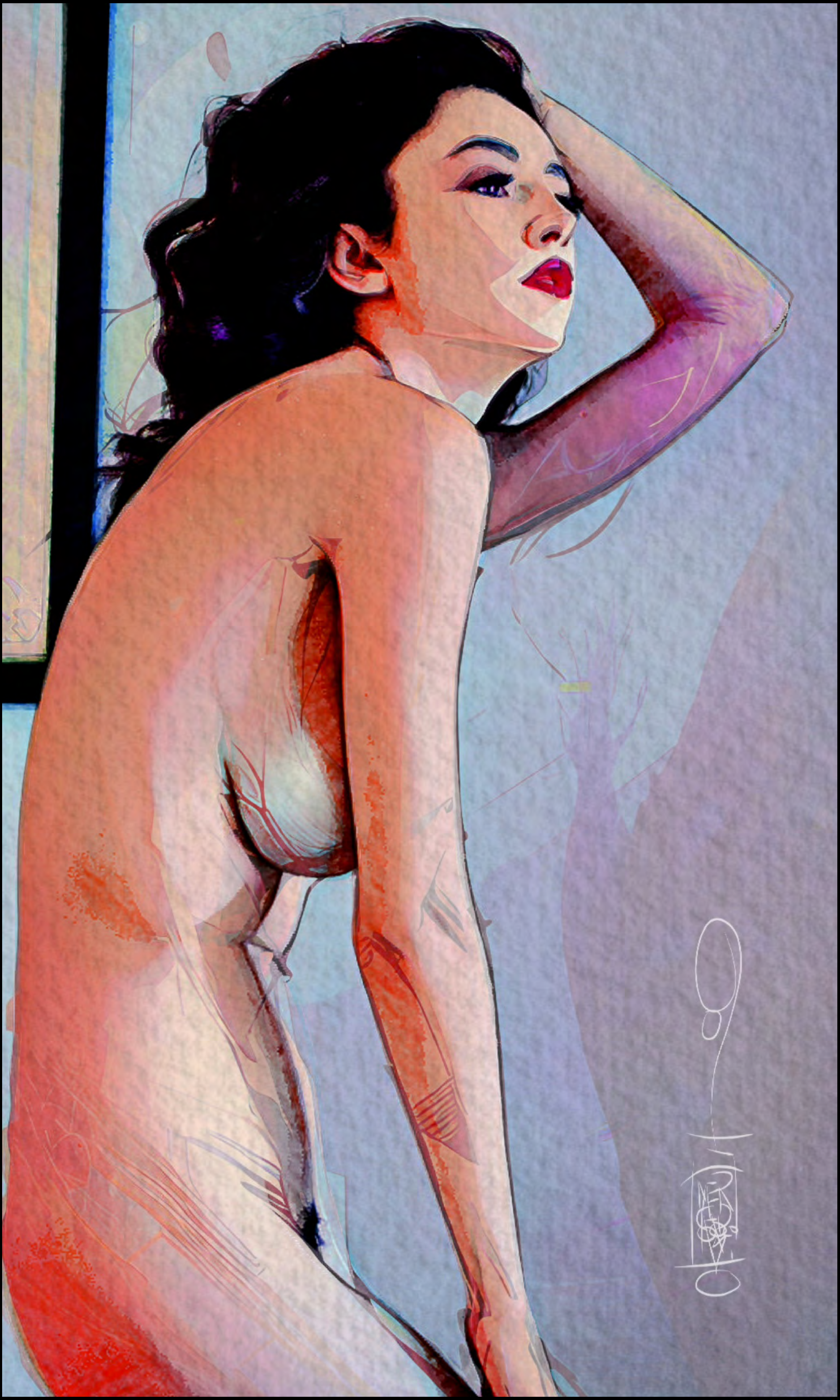


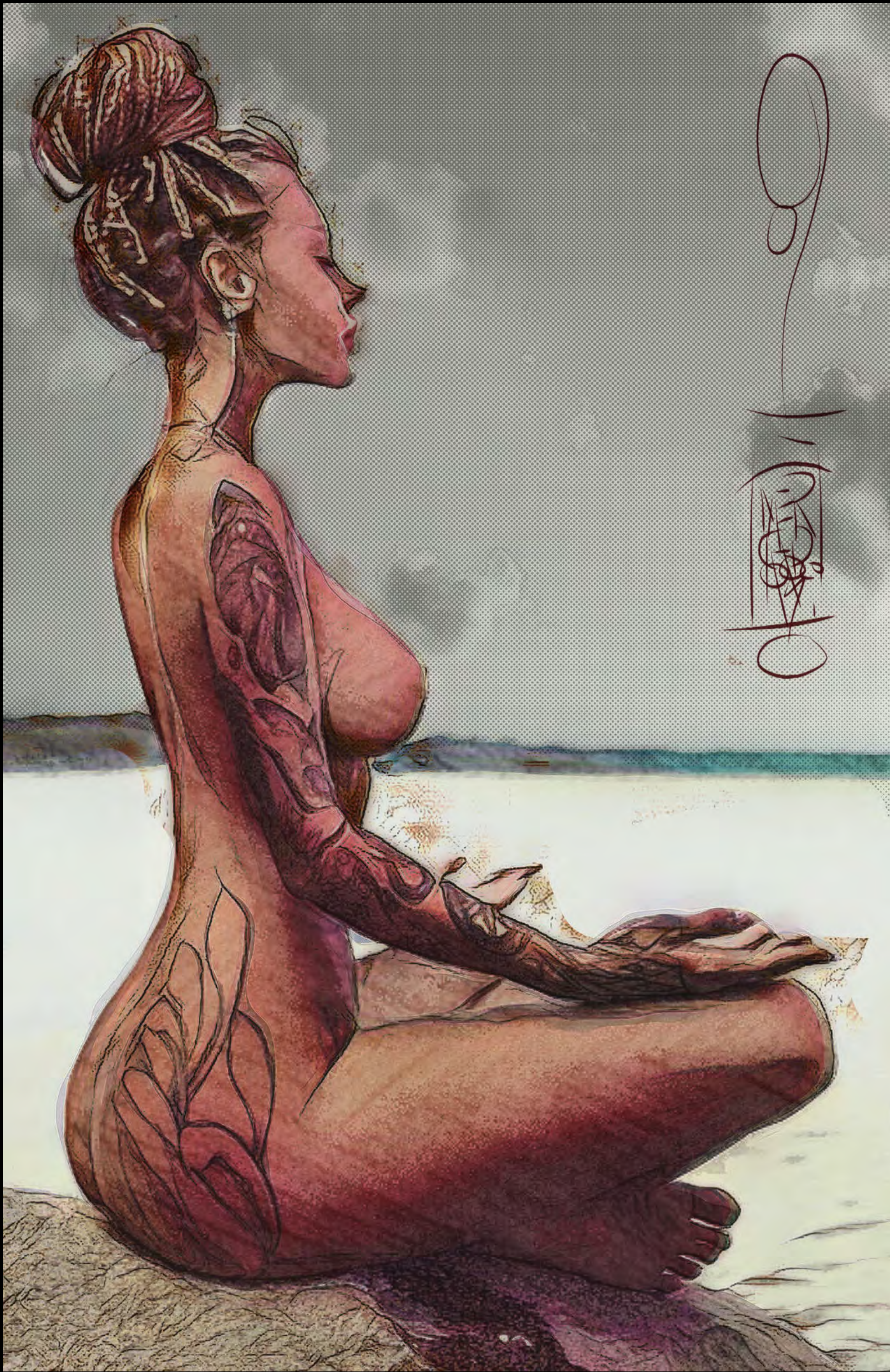


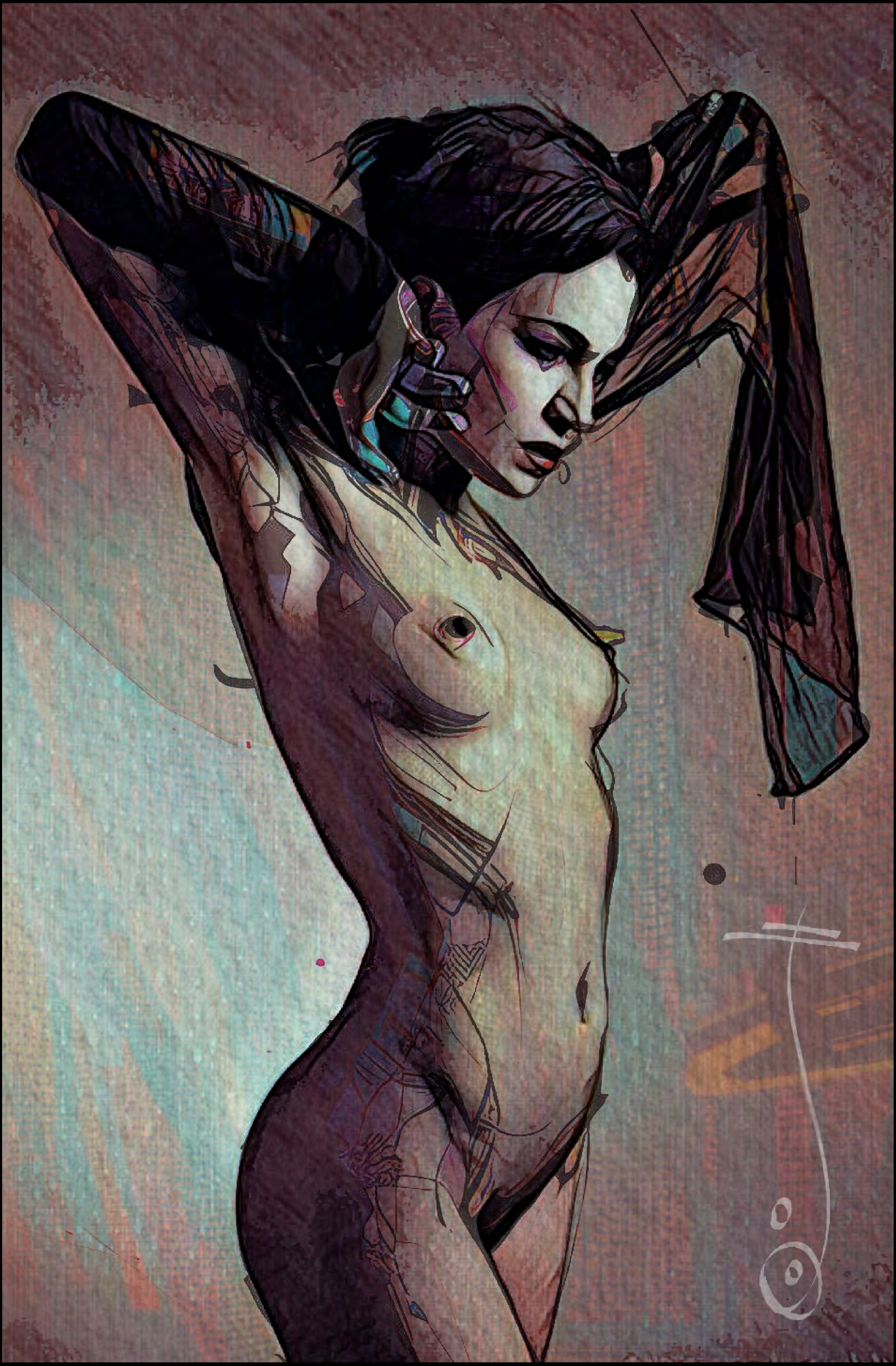


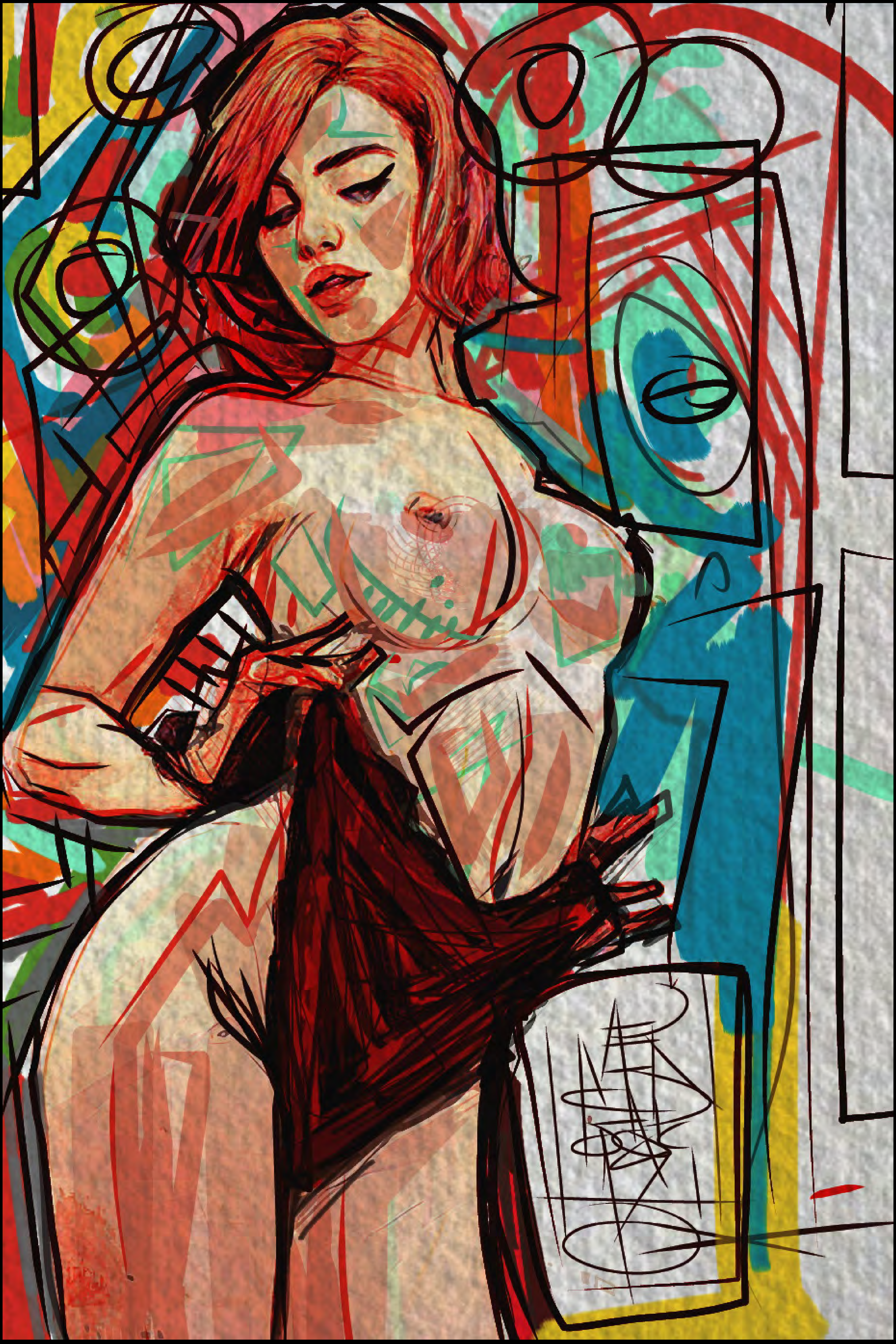




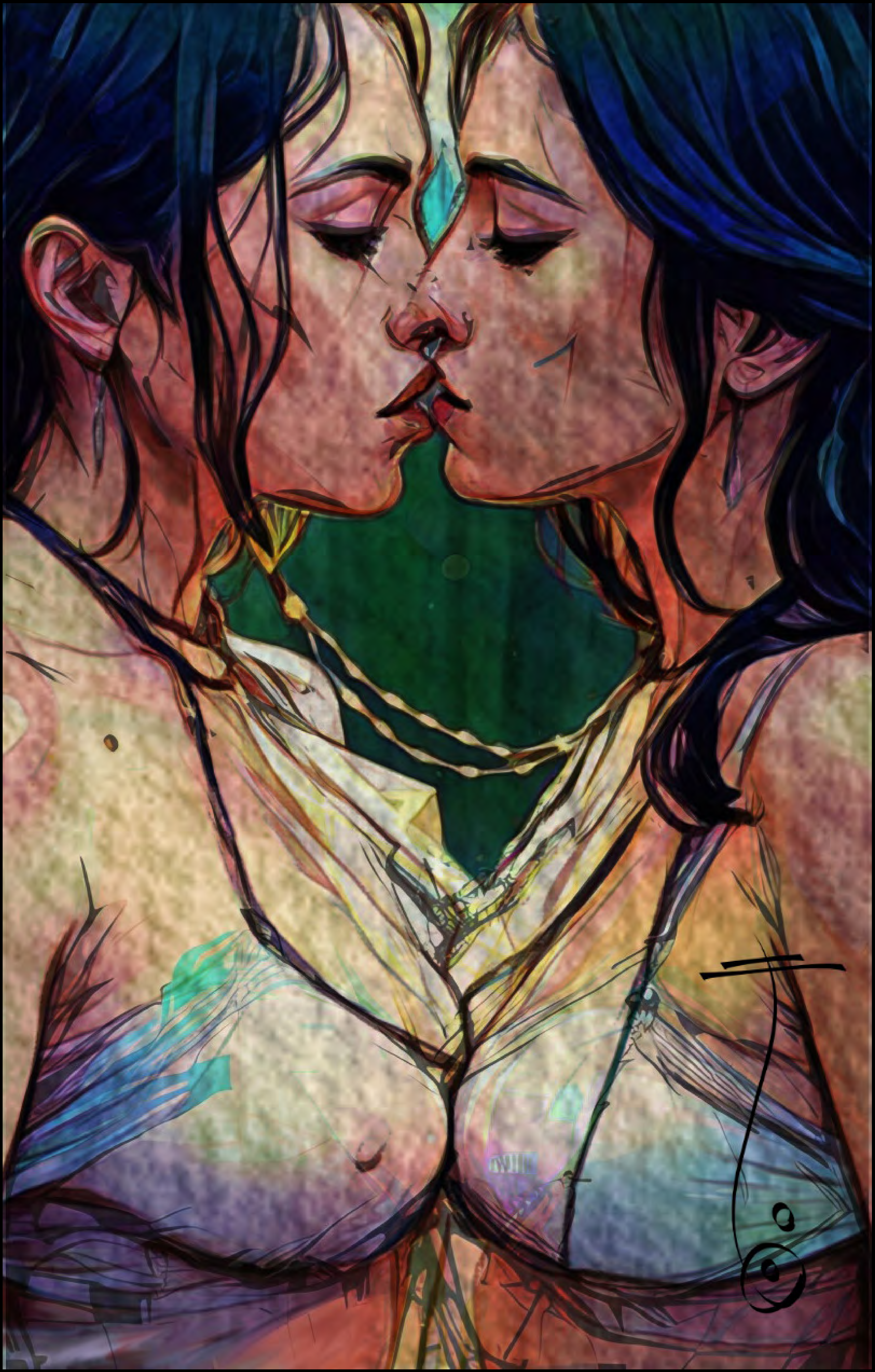


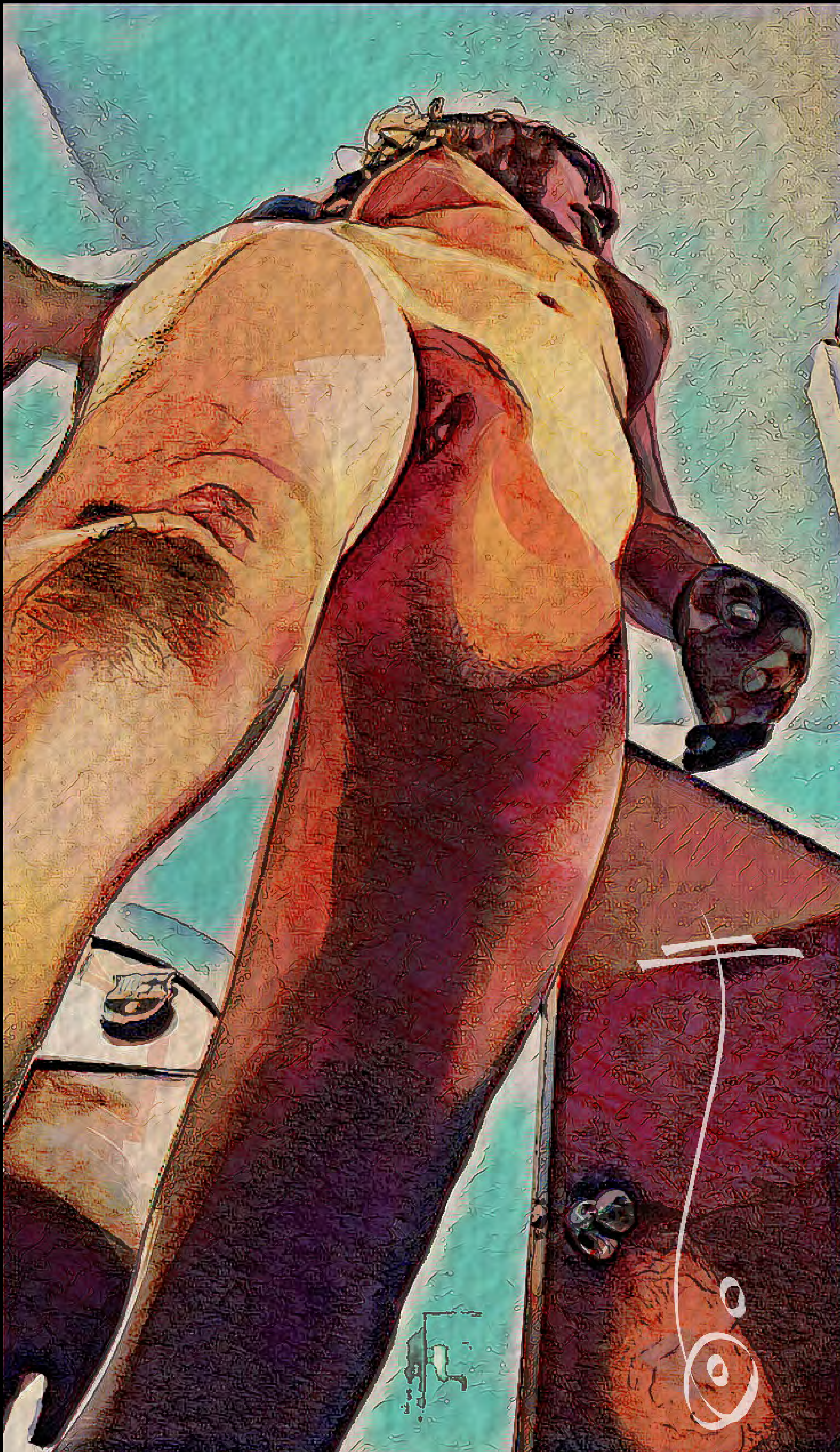


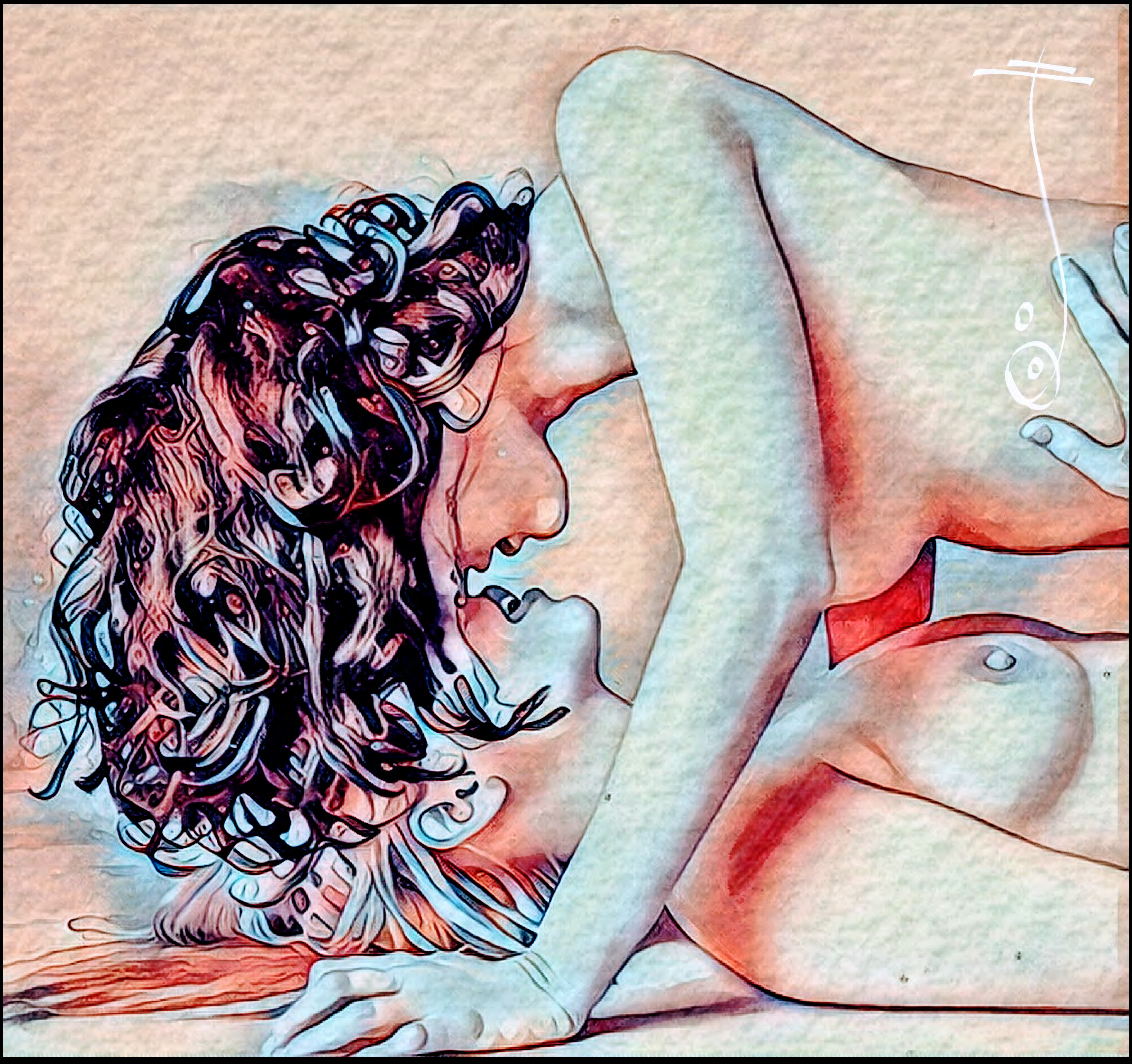


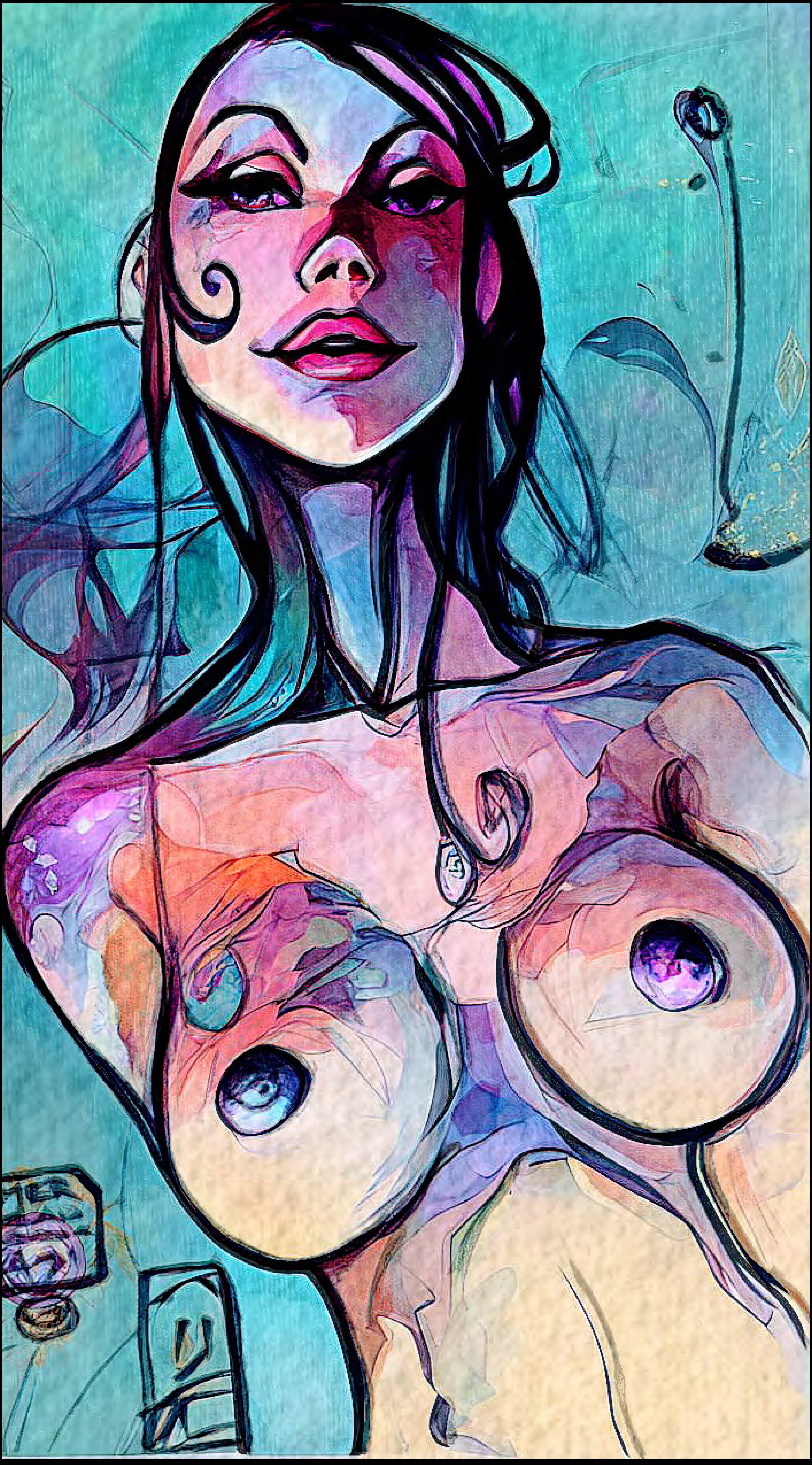


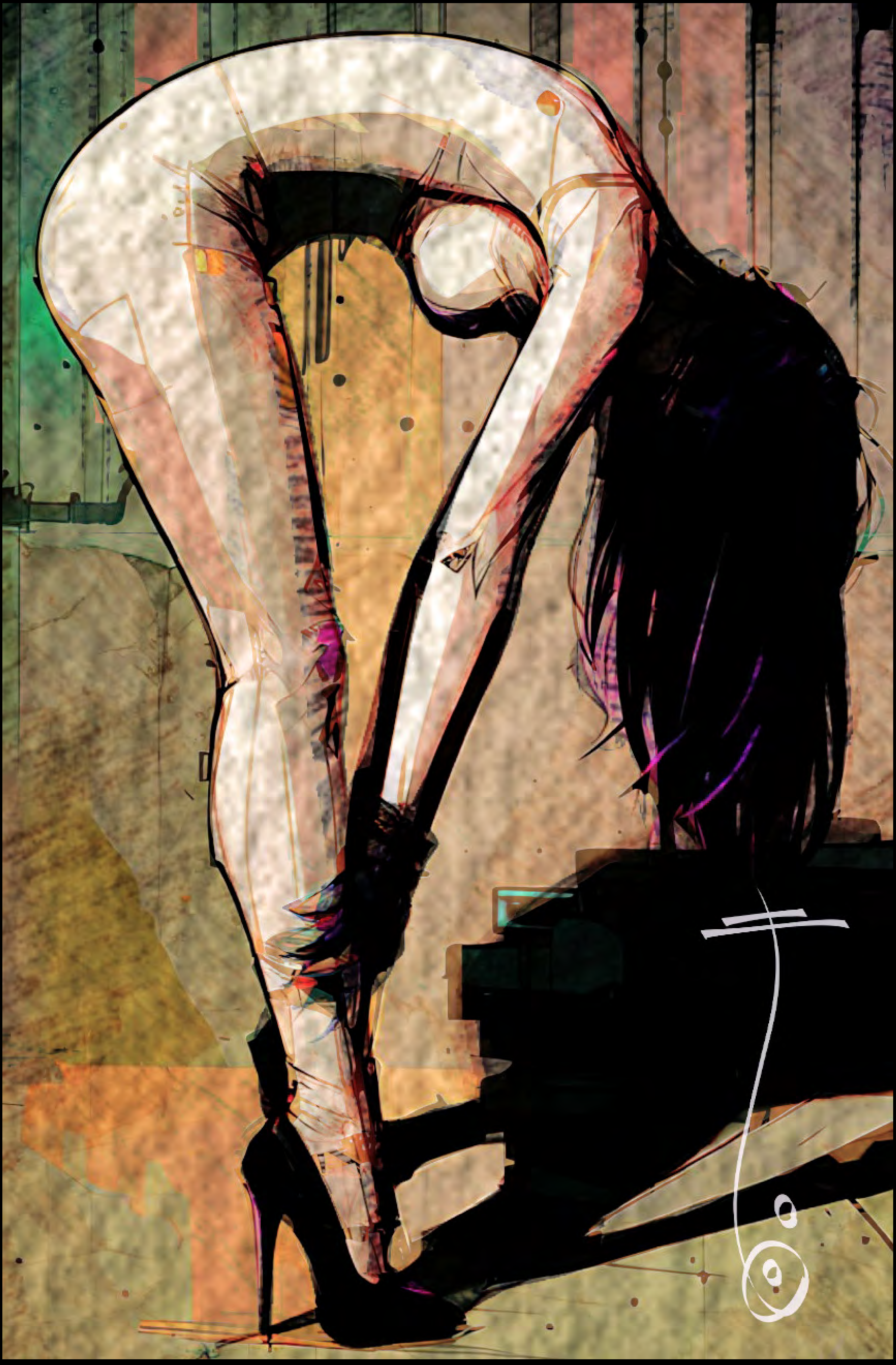


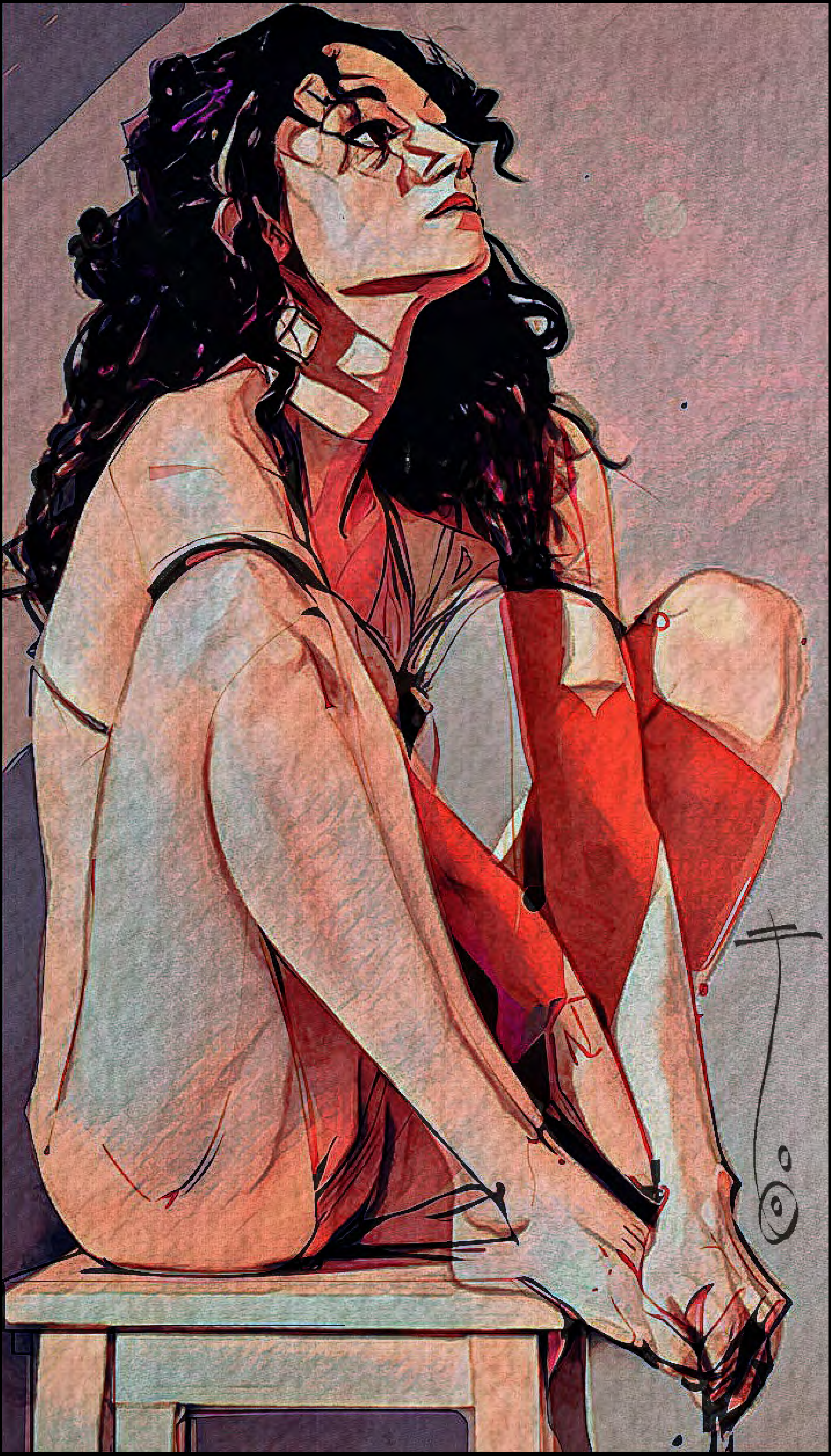


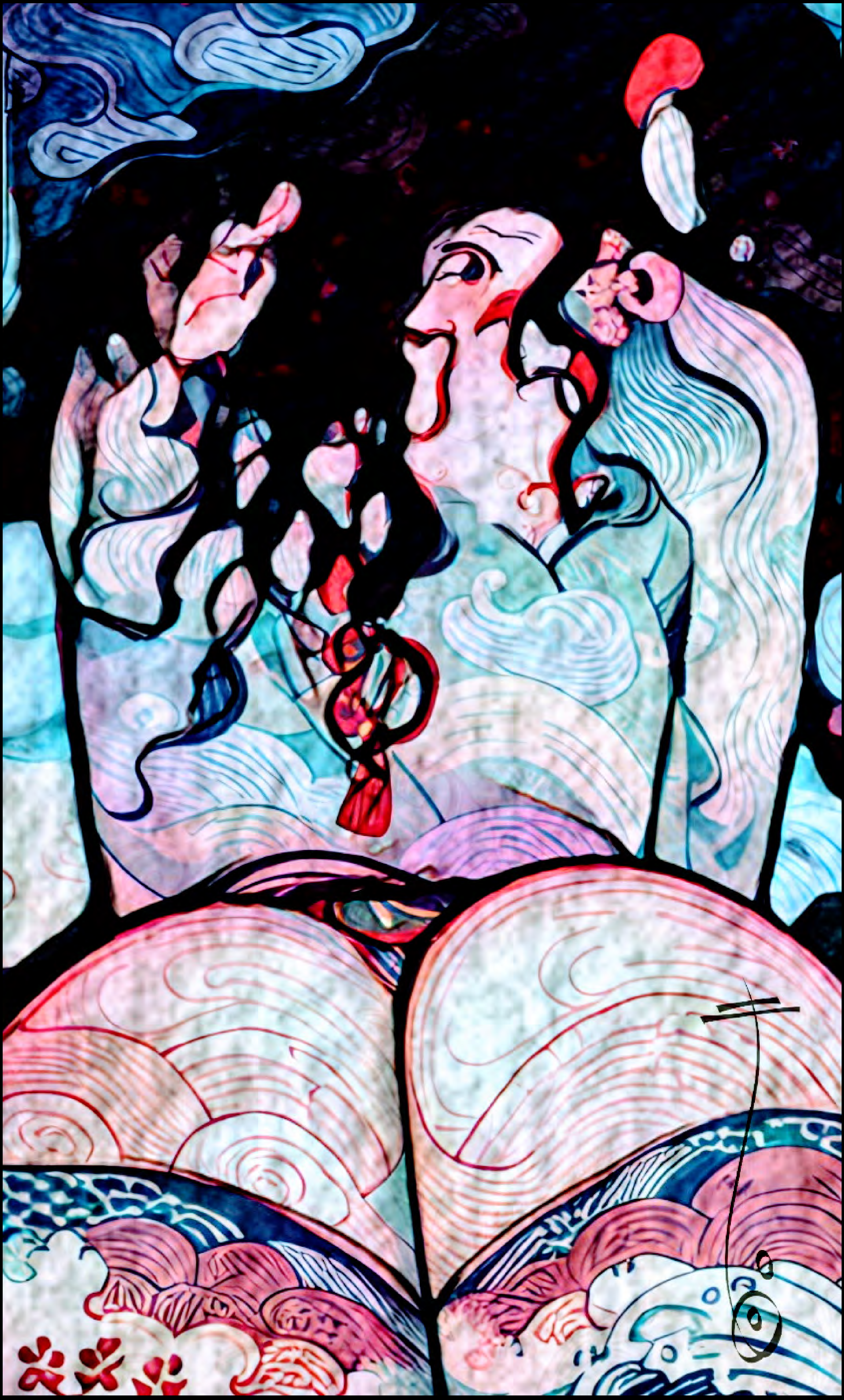




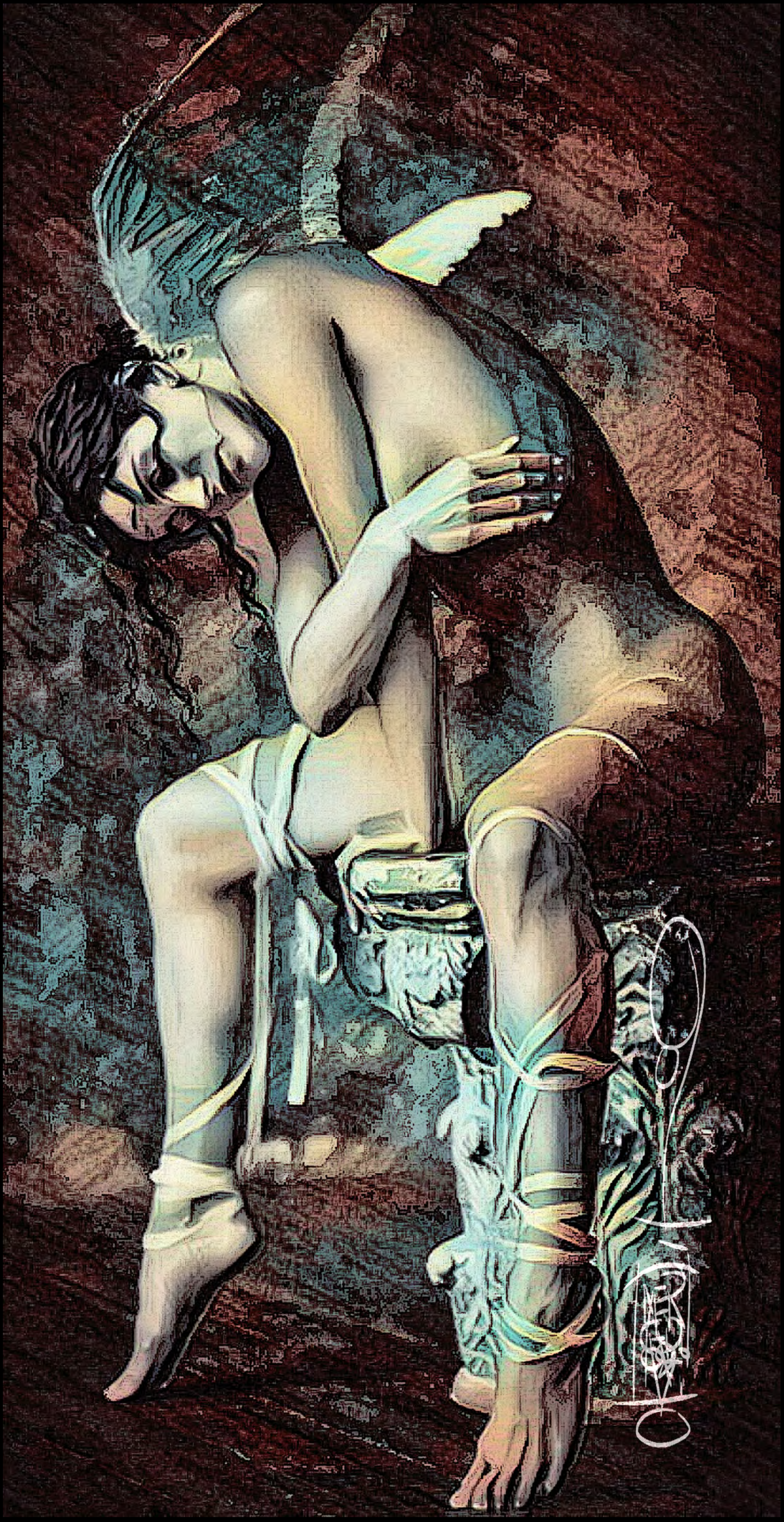


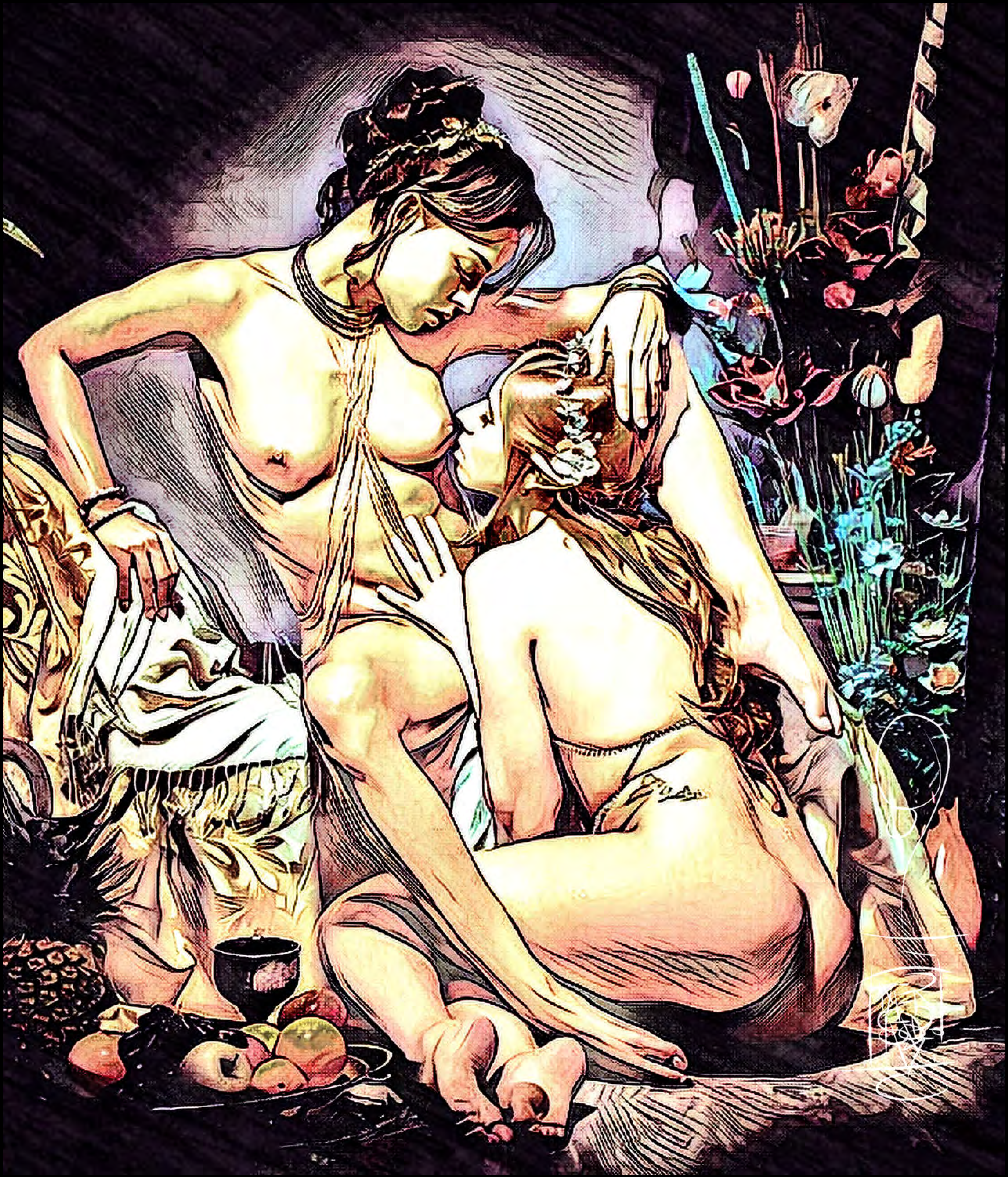


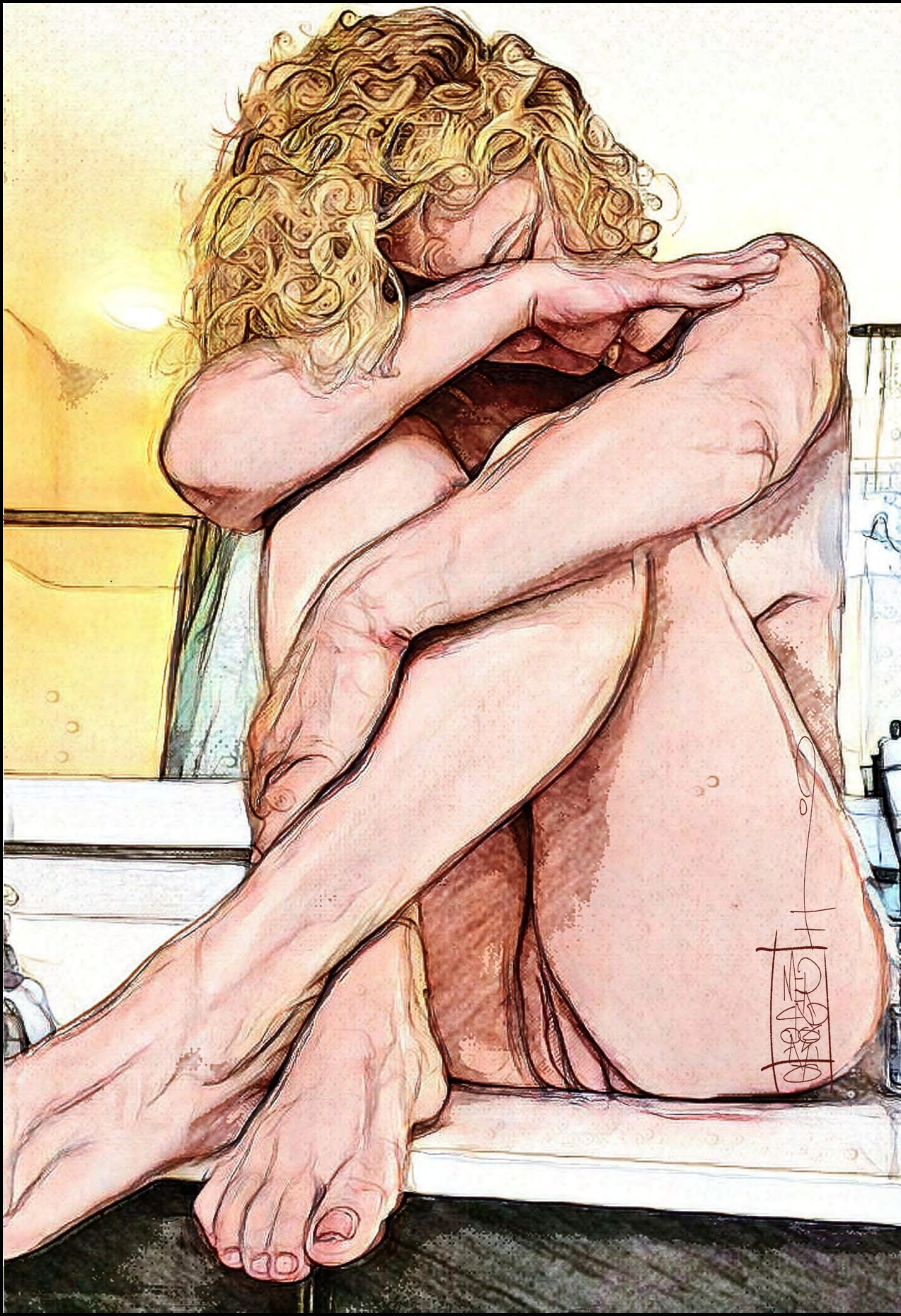


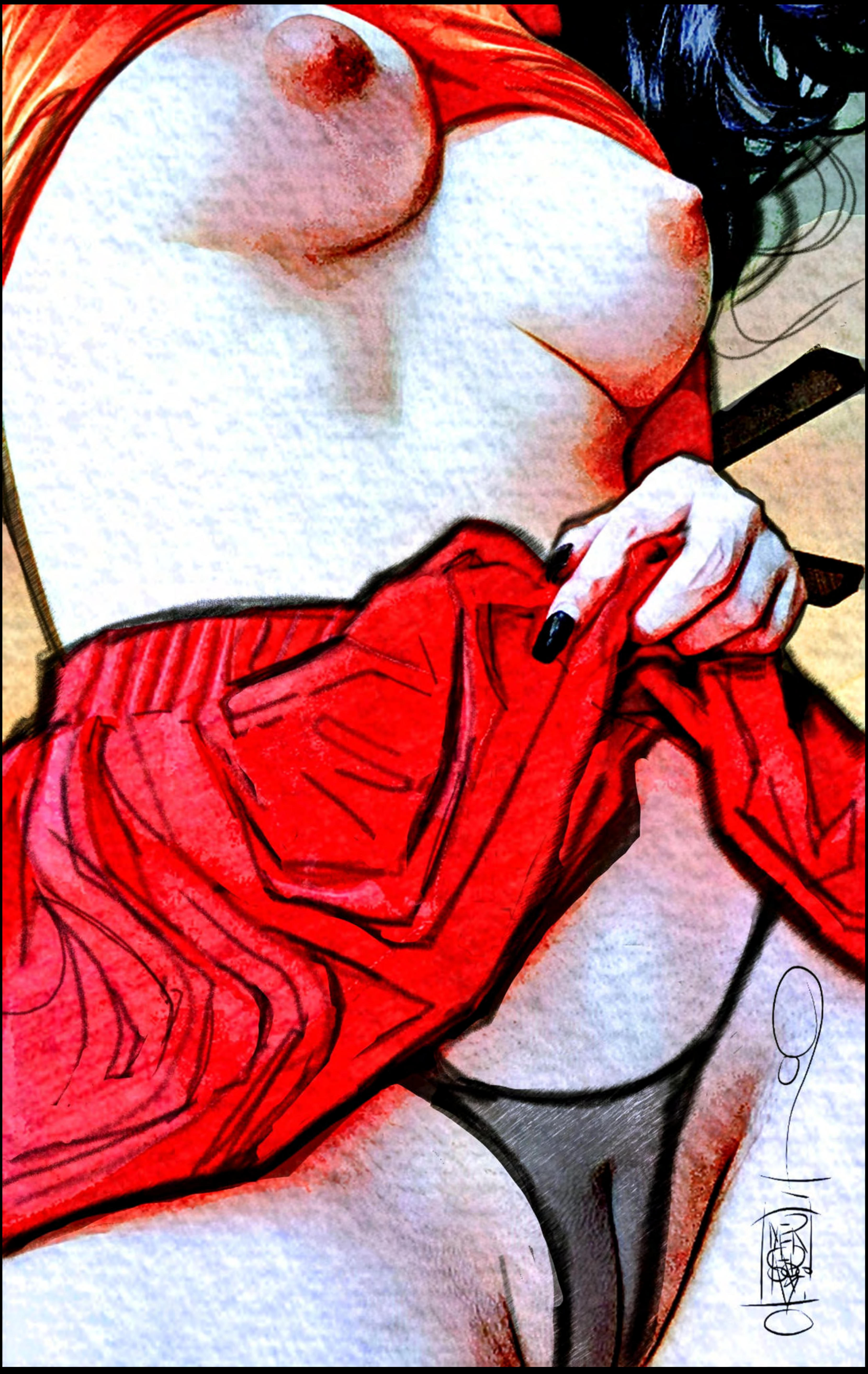


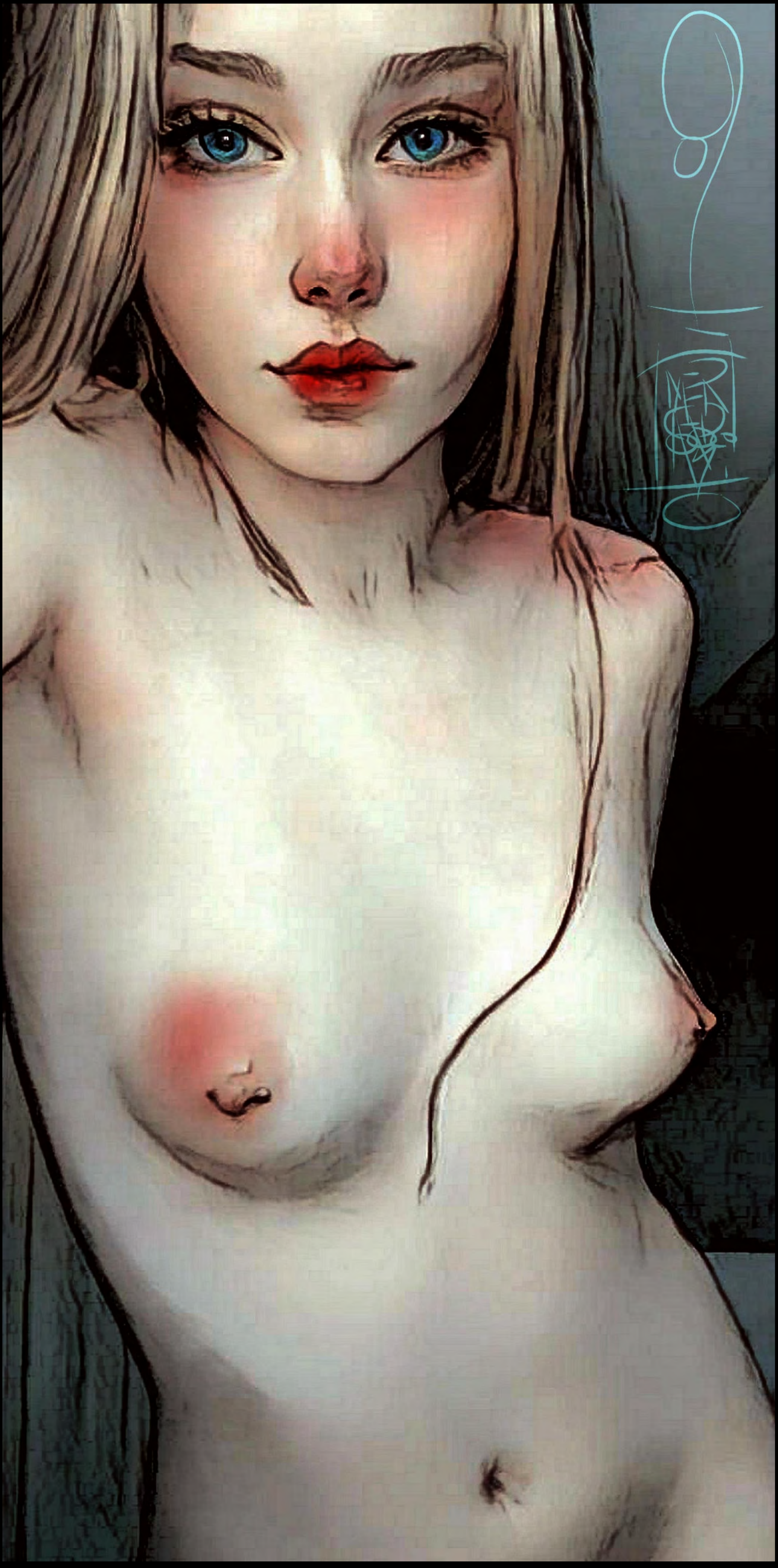












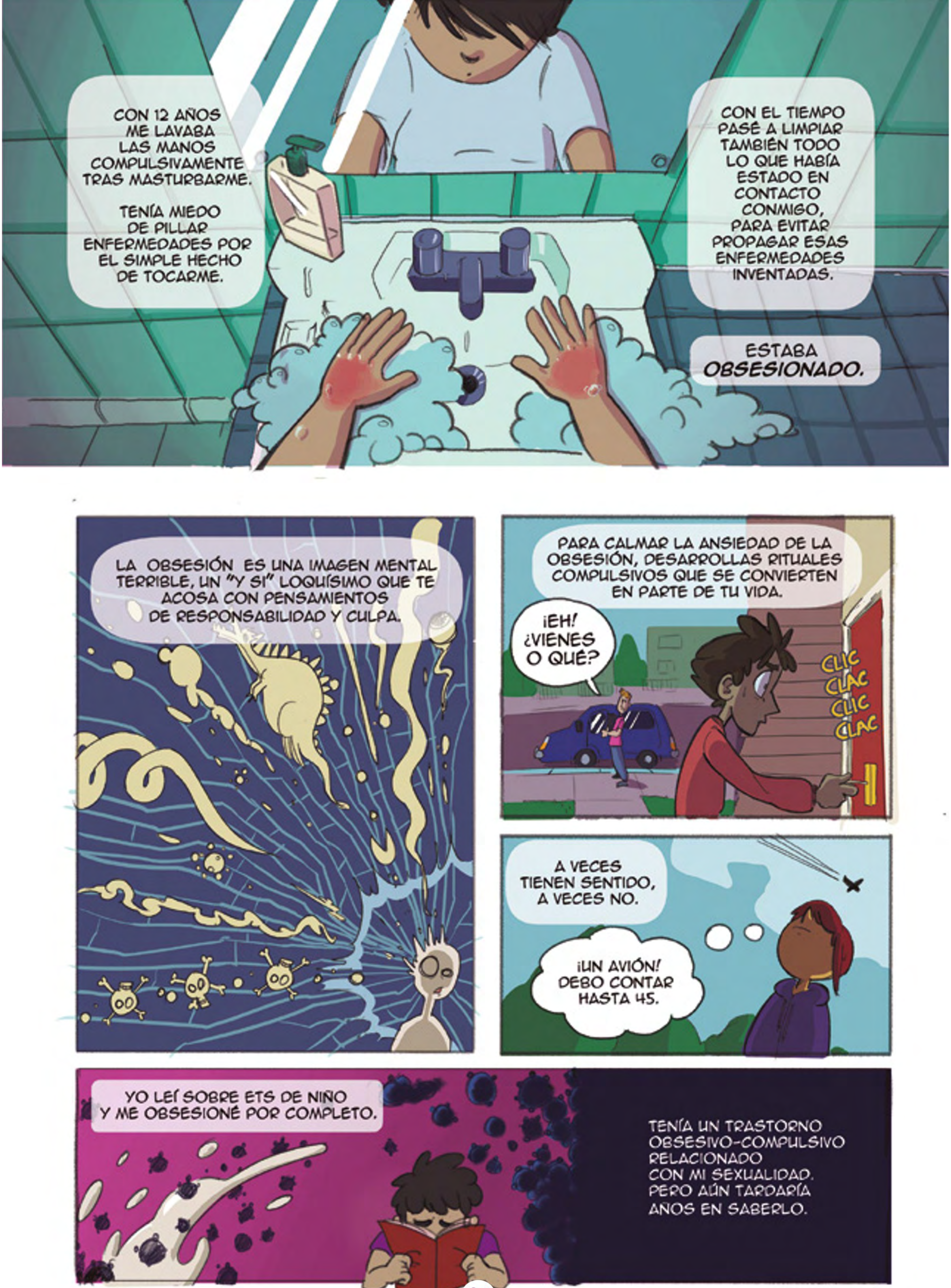


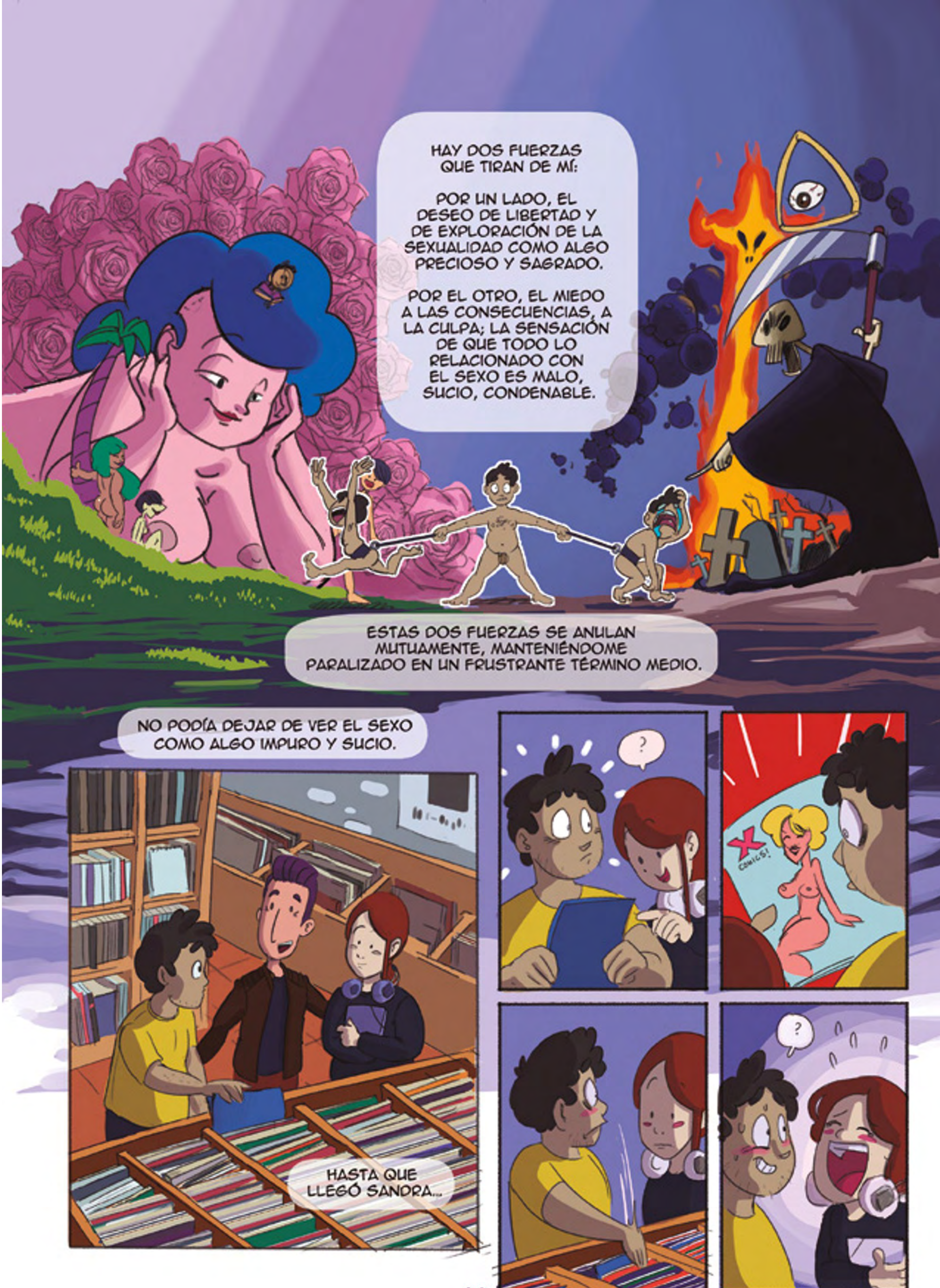
T.O.C.



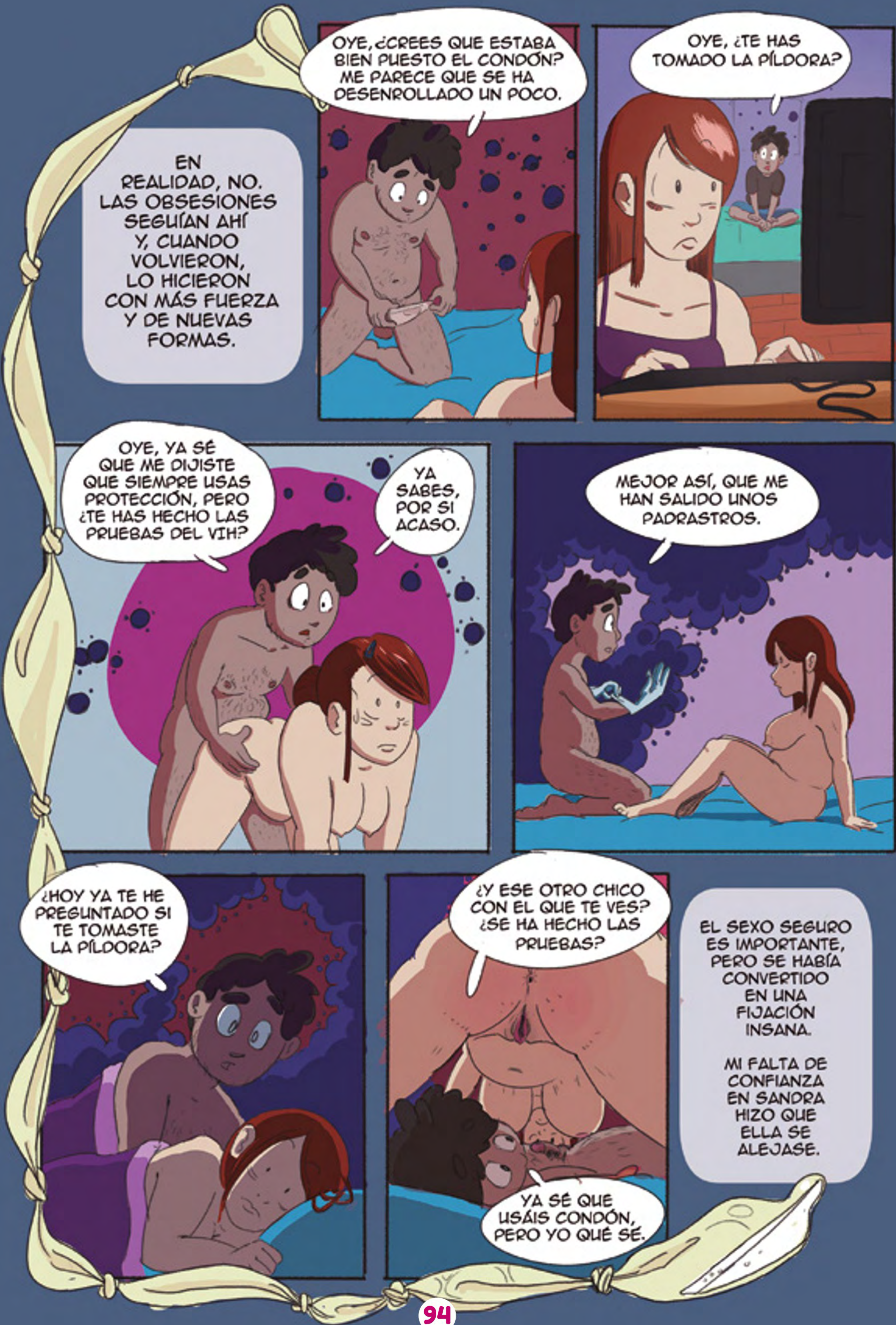
GUIÓN Y DIBUJO:
GONZALO SAN MARTÍN


TODOS SABÍAMOS LO QUE IBA A PASAR ESA NOCHE.
ESTABA HABLADO,
COMPRENDIDO
Y ACORDADO.
UH...
Y AUNQUE ME MORÍA DE GANAS TANTO COMO LOS DEMÁS...
... CREO QUE ME VOY A CASA.

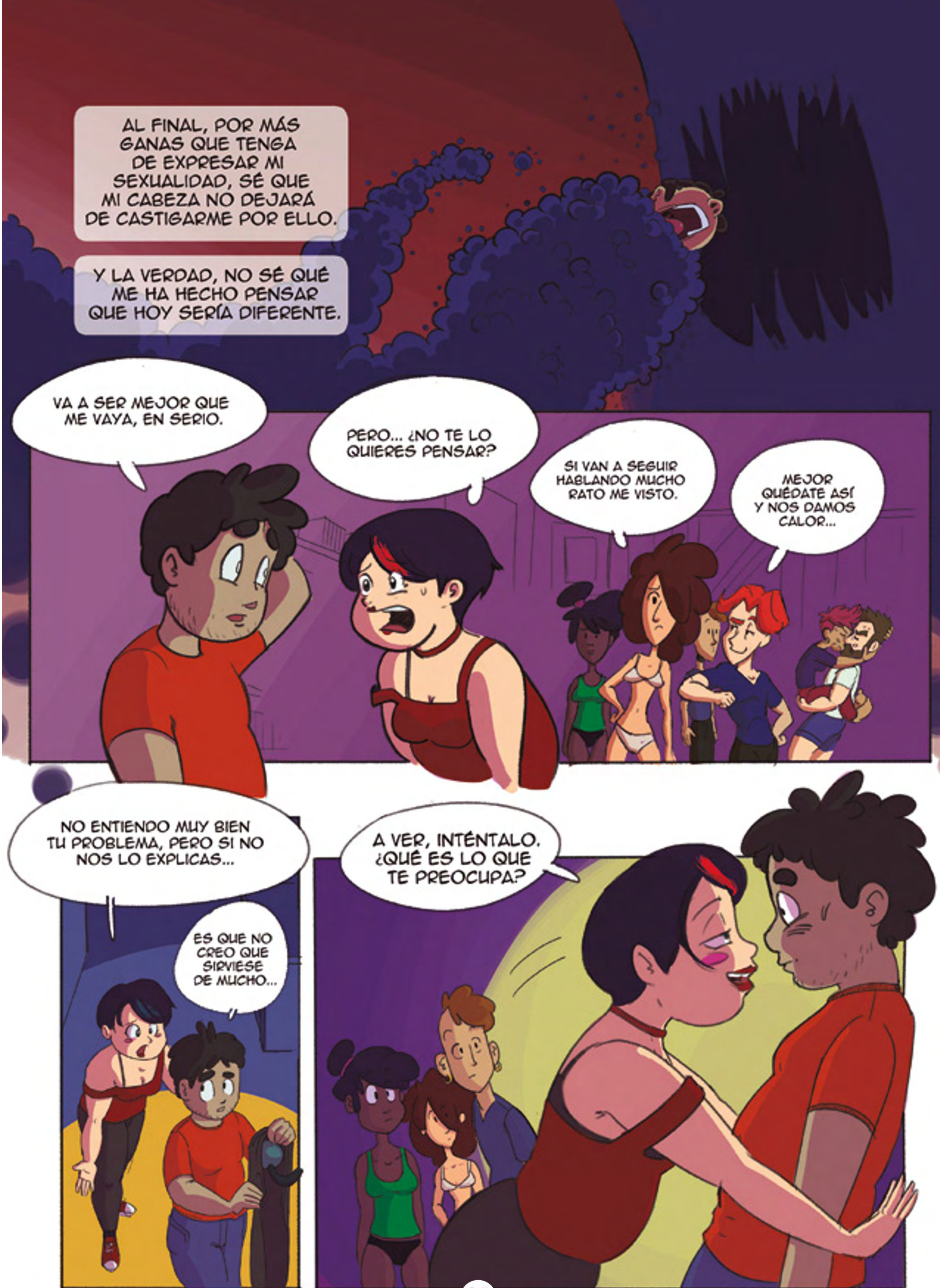

CON 12 AÑOS ME LAVABA LAS MANOS COMPULSIVAMENTE TRAS MASTURBARME.
TENÍA MIEDO DE PILLAR ENFERMEDADES POR EL SIMPLE HECHO DE TOCARME.
CON EL TIEMPO PASÉ A LIMPIAR TAMBIÉN TODO LO QUE HABÍA ESTADO EN CONTACTO CONMIGO, PARA EVITAR PROPAGAR ESAS ENFERMEDADES INVENTADAS.
ESTABA *OBSESIONADO.*
LA OBSESIÓN ES UNA IMAGEN MENTAL TERRIBLE, UN "Y SI" LOQUÍSIMO QUE TE ACOSA CON PENSAMIENTOS DE RESPONSABILIDAD Y CULPA.
PARA CALMAR LA ANSIEDAD DE LA OBSESIÓN, DESARROLLAS RITUALES COMPULSIVOS QUE SE CONVIERTEN EN PARTE DE TU VIDA.
¡EH! ¿VIENES O QUÉ?
CLIC CLAC CLIC CLAC
A VECES TIENEN SENTIDO, A VECES NO.
¡UN AVIÓN! DEBO CONTAR HASTA 45.
YO LEÍ SOBRE ETS DE NIÑO Y ME OBSESIONÉ POR COMPLETO.
TENÍA UN TRASTORNO OBSESIVO-COMPULSIVO RELACIONADO CON MI SEXUALIDAD. PERO AÚN TARDARÍA AÑOS EN SABERLO.


HAY DOS FUERZAS QUE TIRAN DE MÍ:
POR UN LADO, EL DESEO DE LIBERTAD Y DE EXPLORACIÓN DE LA SEXUALIDAD COMO ALGO PRECIOSO Y SAGRADO.
POR EL OTRO, EL MIEDO A LAS CONSECUENCIAS, A LA CULPA; LA SENSACIÓN DE QUE TODO LO RELACIONADO CON EL SEXO ES MALO, SUCIO, CONDENABLE.
ESTAS DOS FUERZAS SE ANULAN MUTUAMENTE, MANTENIÉNDOME PARALIZADO EN UN FRUSTRANTE TÉRMINO MEDIO.
NO PODÍA DEJAR DE VER EL SEXO COMO ALGO IMPURO Y SUCIO.
HASTA QUE LLEGÓ SANDRA...
?
X
COMICS!
?


SU VISIÓN DEL SEXO NO ESTABA CONTAMINADA POR CULPAS NI ASCOS.
ERA INOCENTE Y SENSUAL.
VIO BELLEZA DONDE YO SOLO VEIA PRINGUE Y VERGÜENZA.
OYE, ¿HOY NO TE LAVAS LAS MANOS?
...!
¡SANDRA ME HABÍA CURADO!



EN REALIDAD, NO. LAS OBSESIONES SEGUÍAN AHÍ Y, CUANDO VOLVIERON, LO HICIERON CON MÁS FUERZA Y DE NUEVAS FORMAS.
OYE, ¿CREES QUE ESTABA BIEN PUESTO EL CONDÓN? ME PARECE QUE SE HA DESENROLLADO UN POCO.
OYE, ¿TE HAS TOMADO LA PÍLDORA?
OYE, YA SÉ QUE ME DIJISTE QUE SIEMPRE USAS PROTECCIÓN, PERO ¿TE HAS HECHO LAS PRUEBAS DEL VIH?
YA SABES, POR SI ACASO.
MEJOR ASÍ, QUE ME HAN SALIDO UNOS PADRASTROS.
¿HOY YA TE HE PREGUNTADO SI TE TOMASTE LA PÍLDORA?
¿Y ESE OTRO CHICO CON EL QUE TE VES? ¿SE HA HECHO LAS PRUEBAS?
YA SÉ QUE USÁIS CONDÓN, PERO YO QUÉ SÉ.
EL SEXO SEGURO ES IMPORTANTE, PERO SE HABÍA CONVERTIDO EN UNA FIJACIÓN INSANA.
MI FALTA DE CONFIANZA EN SANDRA HIZO QUE ELLA SE ALEJASE.


AL FINAL, POR MÁS GANAS QUE TENGA DE EXPRESAR MI SEXUALIDAD, SÉ QUE MI CABEZA NO DEJARÁ DE CASTIGARME POR ELLO.
Y LA VERDAD, NO SÉ QUÉ ME HA HECHO PENSAR QUE HOY SERÍA DIFERENTE.
VA A SER MEJOR QUE ME VAYA, EN SERIO.
PERO... ¿NO TE LO QUIERES PENSAR?
SI VAN A SEGUIR HABLANDO MUCHO RATO ME VISTO.
MEJOR QUÉDATE ASÍ Y NOS DAMOS CALOR...
NO ENTIENDO MUY BIEN TU PROBLEMA, PERO SI NO NOS LO EXPLICAS...
ES QUE NO CREO QUE SIRVIESE DE MUCHO...
A VER, INTÉNTALO. ¿QUÉ ES LO QUE TE PREOCUPA?

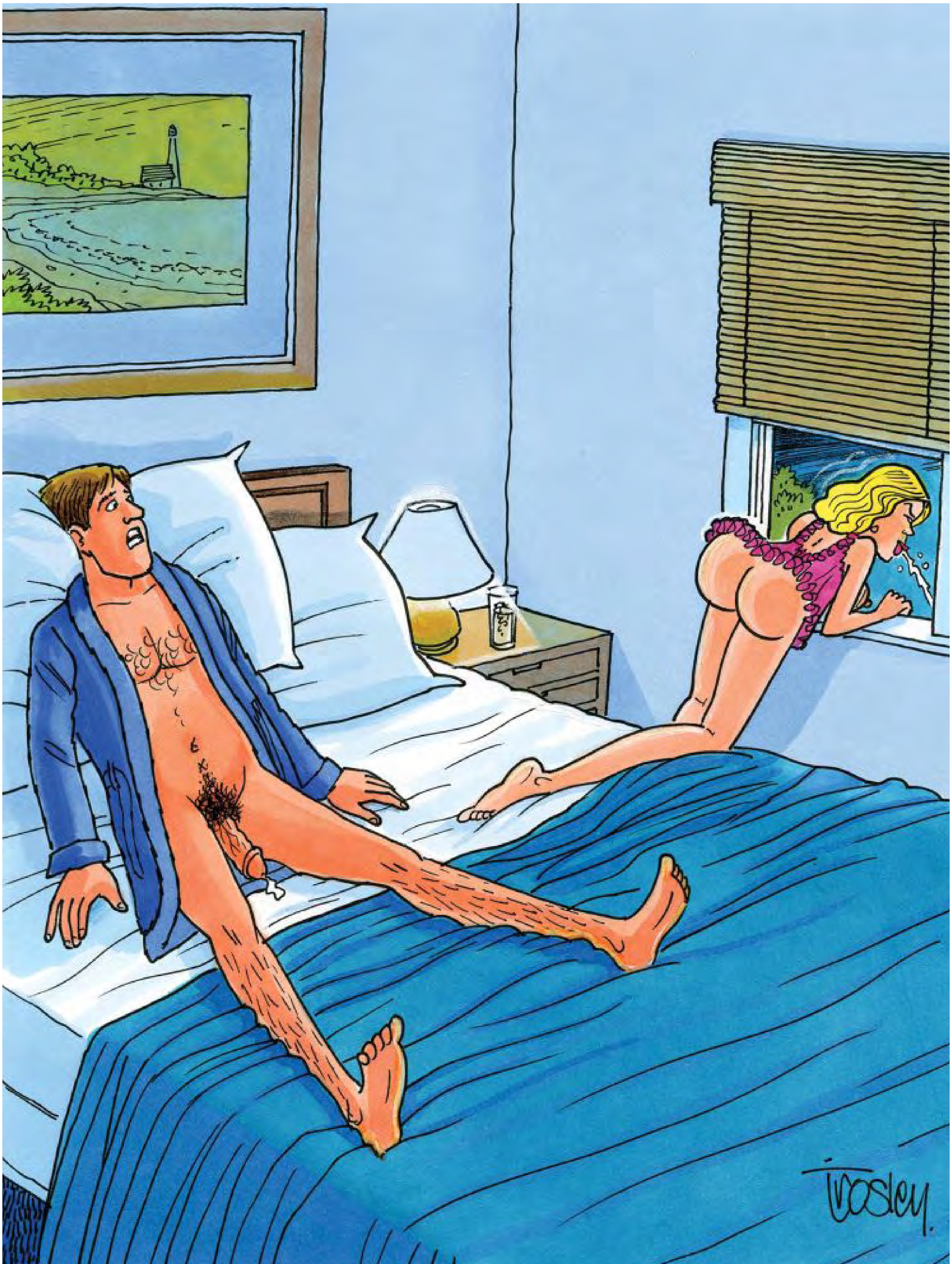

ES QUE, A VER, CON TANTOS FLUIDOS VETE A SABER LO QUE NOS PODEMOS PEGAR. BUENO, PODEMOS LLEVAR CONDÓN, DIRÁS.
SI SE LA CHUPAS A ALGUIEN QUE NO LLEVE CONDÓN Y LUEGO A MÍ, SE QUEDA SU "LO-QUE-SEA" EN EL LATEX DE MI CONDÓN.
Y LUEGO, ME LA CHUPA OTRA PERSONA Y LO DE MI CONDÓN PASA A SU BOCA Y SE CONTAGIA.
...
O PEOR, DESPUÉS ESA PERSONA LE COME EL COÑO A ALGUIEN Y ENTONCES ESOS RESTOS ESTÁN DENTRO DE ESA OTRA PERSONA...
Y PODRÍA PEGÁRSELE ALGO, O PEOR... ¡¡QUEDARSE EMBARAZADA!!
PEROPEROPERO... ¡ESO ES UNA LOCURA!
LO SÉ, PERO ME RAYARÍA CON ELLO.
UF... MIRA, NO TENGO NI IDEA DE CÓMO AYUDARTE.
PERO YO TAMBIÉN TENGO MIS MOVIDAS, ¿VALE?
ME INCULCARON QUE EL SEXO ES ALGO SUCIO, Y QUITARSE ESE ESTIGMA ES DIFÍCIL.
POR ESO DECIDÍ RODEARME DE GENTE QUE NO VAYA A JUZGARME NI A HACERME SENTIR PRESIONADA.
PODEMOS TENER ESPECIAL CUIDADO CON LA PROTECCIÓN. DE HECHO NO ESTARÍA DE MÁS. Y...
NO TIENES QUE HACER NADA QUE NO QUIERAS.


AL FINAL... DECIDÍ QUEDARME.
DISFRUTÉ TODO LO QUE PUDE A PESAR DE QUE MI CABEZA NO DEJÓ DE PENSAR Y PENSAR.
HUBO COSAS QUE QUERÍA HACER PERO CON LAS QUE NO ME ATREVÍ.
HUBO OTRAS QUE SÍ QUE HICE.
HACER TODO ESTO TAMPOCO ME "CURÓ" LAS OBSESIONES, CLARO...


LO QUE SÍ ME AYUDÓ FUE ACUDIR A UN PROFESIONAL Y SEGUIR SUS CONSEJOS.
Venza sus obsesiones
CONOCER MI PROBLEMA...
APRENDER SOBRE ELLO Y ACEPTAR QUE SE TRATA MÁS DE "LIMAR" QUE DE "CURAR"...
Y HABLAR SIN MIEDO DE MI CONDICIÓN.
ME SORPRENDIÓ DESCUBRIR QUE NO ESTABA SOLO.
PASO A PASO ME ATREVÍ A ROMPER MUROS.
A PROBAR COSAS QUE QUERÍA PERO QUE TEMÍA HACER.


LA OBSESIÓN VA A SEGUIR CONMIGO SIEMPRE.
PERO HAY PROGRESOS... CON PACIENCIA.
Y MOMENTOS BUENOS.
MOMENTOS GENIALES.
MÓNICA... ¿TE ACUERDAS DE SI EL OTRO DÍA ME CAMBIÉ DE CONDÓN?
ES QUE CREO QUE SE DESENROLLÓ UN POCO.
AGH
TRANQUIIIILO, ESTÁ TODO BIEEEEEN...
BUF...
...ME QUEDA UN LARGO CAMINO.

HUMOR LASCIVO



"No, you don't have to swallow it…but must you spit it on my neighbor?"


Visit www.imagenobscura.com, the home of LASCIVIA magazine
IMAGENOBSCURA

LASCIVIA — 120 DAYS OF SODOM

22 Sex Acts You Didn't Know Existed

By Jamie

Our friends and readers are adventurous, horny and kinky. We've been around the block. We've heard it all.

Or have we?

If you're like me, you're probably curious about other people's fetishes and all the weird sex stuff that drives them wild. Even if a fetish does nothing for us personally, or seems like a strange sex act, it's still fascinating. The spectrum of human desire and lust is a wild ride!

And just when you think you've seen everything, there's more: a kinky date tells you a strange sex fantasy, or you read something about a really uncommon sex fetish.

Here are some wonderful, weird sex acts you didn't know existed!

22 Sex Acts You Might Not Know About

1. Axilism

You don't have to have an armpit fetish for this unusual sex act—armpit fucking, basically. Sliding your dick into that space provides a nice wrap if the arm is down, and a nice view if it's open. It feels surprisingly good to receive, too, unless someone is too ticklish.

2. Muffing

You've probably never heard of the inguinal canals, orifices above your testicles. Muffing is basically finger-penetration of these spaces. It was popularized in a cult zine, Fucking Trans Women, by Mira Bellwether in 2010.

Nonbinary, androgynous, or gender nonconforming people, along with transgender women who are pre-operative or want to avoid the complications and pain of gender reassignment surgery, may enjoy penetration of this secret space. Men can also experience muffing.



3. Bald Skull Fucking

Never say never. This weird sex act is not really that uncommon. Some women have a bald fetish, and love to wrap their pussy around a skull and rub against it!

4. Melissaphilia

Ever dreamed of being attacked by wasps? Fans of this strange sex act go out of their way to court bee stings because it turns them on.

5. Prostate Milking

Men can have their prostate gland, located just inside the ass, massaged with fingers or a small, bent butt dildo. Stimulating the gland will release fluids, so this odd sex act is sometimes called milking.

6. Mummification

Wrap things up with leather, latex, tensor bandages, sheets, silk—you name it. Mummification is the ultimate in bondage, being full-body bondage. It can also be about depersonalization and sensory deprivation.

Although this strange sex act is generally safe if it is brief and breathing is easy, be very careful about tight wraps or airless ones. Our skin literally needs to breathe and people can suffocate if you use fully body Saran wrap, even if their mouth is free to gulp air.

7. Ruined Orgasms

This sex act based on submission, domination, humiliation, and control. Just as someone is climaxing, the stimulation is removed so that their orgasm is ruined. They will feel desperate and unrelieved of their sexual tension and become completely dependent on the dom psychologically for relief and pleasure.



8. Cervix Sex

This weird sex act refers to stimulating the cervix, which is the nut-sized bulb inside the vagina at the top. Most women don't like touching this spot and find it too sensitive in all the wrong ways when a dick or toy or doctor's instruments land on it. But there are some who really enjoy the sensation.

9. Primal Play

Talk about wild sex! This unusual sex style prioritizes our animal heritage. Lovers might wear animal skins and little else, chase each other, scratch and bite, and fuck outside in the woods.

10. Sounding

Penetrating the urethra with a thin wand is called sounding, a strange sex act that some find extremely pleasurable. It can also be used as part of BDSM sadomasochism, or cock and ball torture.

11. Dollification

Dollification is an odd sex act that is all about transformation. Men, women, and other genders all enjoy being dollified, or turned into a living doll. Bimbofication is similar but focuses on the trashier, sex object elements of doll transformation.

12. Figging

Figging, sometimes known as gingering, is an old method of torture and humiliation, where a piece of peeled ginger was inserted into the anus so it would burn the hole. Some people enjoy this weird sex act as part of BDSM punishment, and some just love the way it stings their tender butt hole.



13. Electrostimulation

Using e-stim sex toys is a weird sex act that is becoming quite popular. Instead of the classic vibration sensation, there is an electric shock. It's a novel feeling for our nerves and quite pleasurable. Always use toys designed for sex because they are designed for safe jolts. Jerry rigging your own is dangerous, even deadly.

14. Felching

For many of us, it's a double hard no. Some lovers don't want either cum or ass and its trace contents anywhere near our mouths. Felching is a weird sex act where one lover sucks their own cum out of the other's ass.

15. Erotic Hypnosis

Erotic hypnosis was once a very uncommon sex practice no one had heard of, but now it's everywhere. It's the ultimate in submission, according to adherents, because it's not just your body at the time of sex, but completely transforming your mind and submitting fully.

Erotic hypnosis is usually about transformation, with consensual brainwashing techniques to turn you into a slut, bimbo, doll, sissy, and slave.

16. CBT

Cock and ball torture is an unusual sex practice that is part of BDSM, for example, sadomasochism. CBT can take the form of crushing, impact play, bondage, weights, chastity, and more. Hardcore forms can be dangerous and deadly, so keep things on the mild side or find a dom who is experienced and safe.



17. Cockwarming

This odd sex act was recently trending online, but it's nothing new. Basically, it's putting one lover's cock into the pussy, ass, mouth—whatever the orifice of choice, and just leaving it there without the intention of "getting off."

Cockwarming is not about thrusting, licking, or moving back and forth, but just about keeping that cock warm. It's an intimacy thing, allowing lovers to connect their bodies for long periods of time.

This is an ancient tantra practice, not surprisingly. Every little move feels tingly when one stops expecting to come or to "get there." It can also be wonderful for partners who have erectile issues, pain issues, medication side effects, or other medical problems that affect their genitals.

Being able to be inside or have her partner inside without thrusting, which may be painful or impossible, gives a different kind of connection and pleasure.

18. Humiliation Play

Not really a weird sex act but a whole umbrella of them. Humiliation is often the driving motivation behind all kinds of specific fetishes, for certain people, including cuckolding, wearing diapers, human furniture kinks, to name a few.

Some folks get off on age regression, some like the sensation of diaper cloth or of wetting themselves, and for some, it's the humiliation.

19. Intestine Snaking
Yes, this is a thing. This weird sex act is all about putting a three foot winding dildo up your ass, penetrating your intestines. It can be very dangerous, so proceed with caution!



20. Tentacle Fetish

You might think that this fetish must be relegated to manga or monster fantasy erotica, but sea creature and alien monster dildos have made tentacle play a weird sex act that you can try!

21. Breeder Kinks

Some people are turned on by sex as a breeding thing. While many of us try to avoid this very possibility. At some times in our life we may hope that nature takes its course so we can start a family. But there are literal impregnation kinks, where the idea or reality of impregnating someone amp up the volume.

This kink is more along the lines of livestock breeding than bonded humans preparing for baby. It can be connected to domination or sadism as well. Agricultural and industrial imagery, or impregnation machines, and sci fi imagery about future breeding technologies, are often part of the fantasy.

22. Menophilia

The modern man is seldom squeamish about menstruation, a natural part of life. No need for life, or sex, to stop at that time of the month. But a few guys have a weird sex kink for menstruation. They love to lick her while she's dripping blood and some sniff or chew bloody panties or tampons.

Do you have a weird or unusual kink or fetish?
Dare to share!










10°21
23942
missile launch
CLICK!
BAM!!!
BOOM!!
VAMPIROS SEXUALES
PADRE, ¿SEGURO QUE LA PUERTA AGUANTARÁ?
TRANQUILO, HIJO MÍO, ESTE SILO FUE CONSTRUIDO PARA SALVAGUARDAR AL MISMÍSIMO PONTÍFICE...
¡SNIFF!... SI HUBIERA LLEGADO...
NO SE ENTRISTEZCA, AMADEO. DIOS LO TENDRÁ EN SU GLORIA, TAN SEGURO COMO QUE NOSOTROS ACABAREMOS CON ESOS MALDITOS PECADORES.
KOMPAK
PESTOSO GÓMEZ: JEFE DE LA RESISTENCIA.
PADRE AMADEO DE LOS SANTOS COGOLLOS: ACTUAL LÍDER RELIGIOSO DEL MUNDO CASTO.
MADRE TERESA, LA PUDOROSA: CABECILLA DEL GRUPO PARAMILITAR "LUCHADORAS POR LA GLORIA DE DIOS".
JUNTO CON UNOS POCOS ACÓLITOS, ESTOS TRES HUMANOS CONFORMAN EL ÚLTIMO VESTIGIO DE CORDURA Y VIRGINIDAD EN UN MUNDO DOMINADO POR SERES MUTADOS, LOS LLAMADOS "VAMPIROS SEXUALES". ELLOS SON:
HUESOS Y TORNILLOS
Cap. 15
LA ÚLTIMA FRONTERA
Guión y Dibujos de MAN
MAN


¡Padre Amadeo!
¿Qué ocurre, hijo?
Una de las hermanas sufre un shock nervioso y no sabemos qué hacer.
¡¡¿Y tú eres una hija de Dios?!!
Pero...
¡Nos van a violar a todas...! ¡Buaaa...!
¡Debes ser fuerte! ¡No puedes derrumbarte ahora!
¡¡¡No puedes rendirte!!!
¡¡Vamos a morir!!
¡¡...Buaaa!!
¡¡Antes o después... nos cogerán!!
Octavio, no podemos permitir que esta chica mine la moral de todo el grupo. Llévala a mi habitación y que no salga hasta que esté recuperada.
Sí señor, déjelo en mis manos.
Vamos, hermana, déjala descansar un poco...
Pero...
Tranquila, el hermano Octavio se encargará de todo.
¡Snif!


NOS VIOLARÁN A TODOS... SNIFF...
...Y NOS CONDENARÁN AL INFIERNO...
...SEGURO QUE ANTES O DESPUÉS ENTRARÁN...Y ENTONCES... SEREMOS TODOS VIOLADOS...
TIENES RAZÓN, HERMANA... NO PODREMOS RESISTIR MUCHO TIEMPO...
¿?!
CLAC CLAC
POR ESO TENEMOS QUE ESTAR PREPARADOS.
NO PODEMOS DARLES ESE GUSTO.
¿TE...TE REFIERES A SUICIDARNOS?
SABES QUE ESO NOS MANDARÍA DIRECTOS AL INFIERNO...
HABLO DE NO SENTIR NADA CUANDO ESOS SERES MANCILLEN NUESTROS CUERPOS, DE PERMANECER INDIFERENTES, DE ELEVAR NUESTRA ALMA HACIA LOS CIELOS Y ASÍ PERMANECER PUROS Y CASTOS DE ESPÍRITU...
...SÍ, Y ASÍ PODREMOS REUNIRNOS CON EL CREADOR... PERO...NO SEREMOS CAPACES... NO SABEMOS A QUÉ NOS ENFRENTAMOS...NUNCA LO HEMOS PROBADO...
ESO TIENE FÁCIL ARREGLO.
¡¡AGH!!
¿QUÉ HACES, PECADORRR?


¡¡ SI LO HACEMOS CONDENAREMOS NUESTRAS ALMAS AL INFIERNO !!
-¡¡ NO !! ¡ SOMOS HERMANOS, HIJOS DE UN MISMO DIOS, Y ESTAMOS EN LUCHA CONTRA EL MAL...!
¡ES LA GUERRA! ESTO NO ES MÁS QUE UN SACRIFICIO... NOS CONVERTIRÁ EN MÁRTIRES... ¡EN SANTOS!
¿ SANTOS ?
YO... SIEMPRE HE QUERIDO SER UNA SANTA...
...ACEPTO...
MMMHH...
PERO... ¿ TENDREMOS QUE PRACTICAR MUCHO ?
MUCHO, HERMANA.
¡OOHH!
HASTA QUE PODAMOS CONTROLAR NUESTROS CUERPOS.



¿SEGURO QUE ESTO ES NECESARIO?
POR SUPUESTO, TENEMOS QUE ESTAR PREPARADOS PARA TODO.
BUENO.
OOH, ME HAS MANCHADO TODA...
YA HEMOS PRACTICADO BASTANTE, ¿NO? PODEMOS DEJARLO Y...
¡¡AY!! ¡QUÉ BRUTO! ¡YA ES LA SEGUNDA VEZ QUE ME EMBISTES...! ¡SÉ UN POCO MÁS DULCE, ¿NO?!
¡TE VOY A DAR YO DULZURAAAH...!


¡OOHHH!
MMM...
¡AHH!
¿CONTROLAS YA TUS SENTIDOS, HERMANA?
NOOH... NO PUEDO DEJAR DE SENTIRLO... ¡Y...CREO QUE EMPIEZA A GUSTARMEE...!
PUES HABRÁ QUE SEGUIR.
¡OHH!
¡¡SÍIIII!



¡¡OOH!!
...
UN DÍA DESPUÉS...
HERMANO, HACE UN PAR DE SEMANAS QUE NO VEO A OCTAVIO Y A LA HERMANA MARTA.
TRANQUILA, OCTAVIO TIENE INSTRUCCIONES PRECISAS, Y ESE CHICO ES CAPAZ DE LEVANTARLE EL ÁNIMO A UN MUERTO. NO PERMITIRÁ QUE NADIE MINE LA MORAL DE NUESTRAS TROPAS.
¡CUÁNTO SABE USTED, PADRE AMADEO!
TODO POR LA CAUSA, HERMANA, TODO POR DIOS.
BUENO, CHICA, TU PROBLEMA YA ESTÁ SOLUCIONADO.
NUNCA MÁS TEMERÁS A LOS VAMPIROS SEXUALES...
...PORQUE DENTRO DE UNAS HORAS...
... SERÁS UNO DE ELLOS...
¡JE, JE!
7

FIN

HUMOR LASCIVO



"Oh, it's not the money for me...I do it for the exposure!"



And what I want from him is his body. Naked and hot with love; boiling with desire: squeezing the trembling of my breasts and my arms.

Juan Rulfo

LASCIVIA

€ 8.00

EUR

enrique.rojas.roman@gmail.com

@imagenobscuraV3

Bridgette Monet



Porn Actress of the Month

LASCIVIA — DEEP THROAT

Is Porn Destroying Us?

By Mattha Busby

Pornhub, XVideos, XNXX, and OnlyFans.

The United States' top four porn sites, a kind of Mount Rushmore of virtual smut, attract some 2.3 billion American visits per month. Users typically stay for ten minutes, perusing eight or nine different pages in that time. It's a crude approximation, but let's say three-quarters of them are men jerking off, each of whom ejaculate approximately one tablespoon's worth of semen. That's enough cum to fill an Olympic-sized swimming pool every three days.

Videos by VICE

All that discarded spunk, lost, like tears in the rain. To some—conservative doomsayers, misogynist scolds—this is to be interpreted as a highly fertile symbol of our collapsing social fabric. To others, porn is just fun and games. What is undeniable is that we're consuming far more of it than at any point in human history, and the effects of this are yet to fully register.

Unless you knew a pervy Frenchman with his own home kino setup, indecent imagery was hard to find before 1953, when Playboy changed publishing forever by turning ogling into a literary-adjacent activity for the modern gentleman. Today, the soft porn peddled by that magazine feels quaint. Now, all manner of guys, girls, and gang bangs lurk in our pockets at all times, waiting to be unleashed from our devices for free, instantly, in resplendent HD.

It's easy to hand-wring about porn, or to make sweeping generalizations that fail to capture the complexity of the topic. Whenever disingenuous politicians need something or someone to blame for the downfall of society, sex workers are never far from their crosshairs, and it's important to recognize this and call it out as opportunistic scapegoating. Yet it's also too simple to brush off all criticism of X-rated content as sex-negative moralizing.

As we enter 2025, it feels like we're approaching an inflection point; countries around the world are moving to restrict access to online porn, often under the guise of protecting children, and the conversation around its potential harms is expanding. At this stage, most are familiar with the age-old complaints: that porn portrays unrealistic depictions of sex, that it objectifies women, that the industry itself can be exploitative. All are points worth debating. Yet



we live in a new era for porn, and it's a new set of arguments driving recent crackdowns.

"With internet porn, a guy can see more hot babes in ten minutes than his ancestors could see in several lifetimes," said Gary Wilson, an anti-porn campaigner, in his 2012 TedTalk 'The Great Porn Experiment.'

Wilson, a biology professor and author of a bestselling book on porn's neural effects, stated that our brains start to rewire themselves when confronted with this "genetic bonanza." Since 2012, enough has changed that much of Wilson's presentation already feels outdated, yet this part has been borne out by research. The more porn we watch, the more we come to rely on the "porn harem" for release, as an increasing numbness to everyday pleasures seeps in.

This viewpoint is particularly troubling when you consider how early this starts; many teens are masturbating to videos of people getting brutally face-fucked before they've even kissed someone in real life. There are important issues to consider here around sexual expectations and consent, but on a purely chemical level, research suggests we have a generation of hyper-malleable young minds being trained to prioritize short-term pleasure via porn-delivered dopamine hits. As scientist Andrew Huberman warns, "The higher the dopamine peak, the bigger the drop." Putting PornHub in charge of your happiness isn't a healthy feedback loop.

However, it is one that has led to the invention of an entirely new cultural archetype. 'Gooners'—a relatively new online movement of people who spend their free time locked in extreme marathon masturbation sessions—could only ever exist at this strange moment in history. These saturnine figures 'edge' their way through bedroom-bound shadow-lives paying endless homage to porn through bi-hourly explosions of squirting genitalia, a relentless multi-screen Mardi Gras of open tabs, gritted teeth, and post-orgasmic regret.

There are consequences to this stuff. This week, police were called to disperse a "gooneral" held for a man named Nautica Malone, who went viral late last year when he was filmed approaching a drive-thru window naked from the waist down. Malone, who was found dead by suicide on January 11, was memorialized as a "Goonlord" and a victim of "goonicide" (a portmanteau of "gooning" and "suicide") by crowds that gathered at Bikini Beans Coffee in Tempe, Arizona. How well they actually knew Malone isn't public knowledge,



but they caused a stir after turning up armed with live-streaming gear and pamphlets honoring the deceased.

According to local police, Bikini Beans staff members—who wear skimpy beachwear to work as part of a promotional gimmick—were told by Malone's family on the day of his passing that the 27-year-old had ended his life "over the incident." The police also stated that Malone had described his recent mental state as "fucked up" in a note he left for his wife.

In recent times, porn-related public health crises have been declared in 16 U.S. states. Eight have hidden adult content away behind age-check mechanisms of varying robustness. In 2023, Texas passed a law forcing sites to include cigarette-pack style warnings that "pornography is potentially biologically addictive" and "proven to harm human brain development." (Neither have been scientifically proven, though last year the American College of Pediatricians said that high porn consumption is associated with downward shifts in the neural reward system similar to those seen in people 'chasing' highs from uppers or alcohol.)

At the most extreme end of the censorship scale, groups like ultra-conservative US-based think tank the Heritage Foundation have called for online porn to be banned entirely.

Of course, it's possible to watch porn without getting lost in some life-wrecking gooner underworld. For many, it can be a way to normalize and explore non-mainstream types of sexuality free of harm. It also gives performers the chance to make an absolute fortune.

Kazumi, a porn star who ramped up her OnlyFans presence during the pandemic and is now a multimillionaire, acknowledges that "anything in excess is probably not great for you." But, she says, parents are responsible for educating their children about sex, adding, "Not every single person that sees inappropriate stuff as a kid becomes a weird pervert."

The Filipino-American argues that she is merely "providing a product," which of course she is. However, access to this kind of product via high speed internet, all of the time, almost anywhere you want it (5G allowing), is a novel phenomenon, and the consequences may take decades to fully understand. In fact, it's exactly this ubiquity that makes porn's effects so difficult to measure.



Yet recent years have given us one example of a remote village being granted instant, high speed access to porn for the first time.

In 2023, Elon Musk's Starlink system brought reliable internet to a remote community deep in the Amazon rainforest. The Marubo people have preserved their way of life for hundreds of years along the banks of Rio Ituí, taking ayahuasca and sleeping communally.

It's one of the most isolated places on Earth, yet once Musk's web connection was switched on, tribal leaders started voicing concerns about minors watching and sharing porn—despite growing up in a culture where even public kissing is frowned upon. Alfredo Marubo, a local critic of the Starlink connection, added that men in the village had begun acting in a more sexually aggressive manner, and told the New York Times that he was worried young people would seek to replicate the "graphic sex" they were now seeing on their screens.

Like social media and online gambling, porn is certainly capable of creating intense psychological cravings. One study found that roughly 11 percent of men and 3 percent of women reported some agreement with the statement "I am addicted to pornography." However, claims by certain groups—such as anti-obscenity nonprofit The National Center on Sexual Exploitation—that porn is "potentially biologically addictive" remain contested, with academics yet to reach a consensus.

"It's important to remember that 'porn addiction' is a moral category rather than a health one—it's people who say they're unhappy about their porn consumption," says Professor Alan McKee, author of What Do We Know About the Effects of Pornography After Fifty Years of Academic Research?. "The best predictor of people saying they're addicted to pornography is not how much of it they consume, [it's] how religious they are. Highly religious people are more likely to say they're addicted than anybody else."

For Tyson Adams, a sex coach who watched porn every day for 20 years, there is no doubt about the moreish nature of porn—or the recklessness of the industry that produces it.

"Their aim is to get us addicted as fast as possible, and to get us to stay on their websites as long as they can," he tells me. "A lot of men come to me with penis dysmorphia, where they believe they have a small cock, because



porn stars have such big penises. All of this is leaving men suffering from erectile dysfunction and premature ejaculation. Then, they're afraid to bid for connection with women. This is totally fucking with our culture."

The indivisibility of porn from the internet raises a pertinent question. Is it really porn people are getting addicted to, or is it their online devices? For those of us who treat our screen-time stats with the same level of aversion as our bank statements, it can feel as though porn—just like football, silly animal videos, or arguing with strangers about politics—is simply another vessel for the delivery of something more fundamentally intoxicating: dopamine. When we're locked to our devices in the "machine zone" stages of hyper-dopamine production, we can feel as though the rest of the world sinks away; that nothing else matters outside of the silhouette of the screen—a less than ideal mindset to be in when it comes to decision-making.

Much has been made of the transformation in Twitter since the social media app was acquired by Musk and renamed 'X' in July 2023. Users have reported a drastic uptick in the amount of extreme and explicit content they are seeing in their algorithmically curated 'For You' feeds, enshrined by Musk as the inescapable central pillar of the platform since his takeover. So far, his tenure is perhaps best characterized as an expensive attempt to answer an array of fascinating socio-political questions, one of which was provided by Donald Trump's election win. But there are plenty more questions, like what happens when you feed hundreds of millions of users far right ideology and hardcore porn through the same, addictive pipe?

The answer may already be with us, albeit hidden away in tens of thousands of musty 'goon caves' across the globe. "You get lost in the screens, sounds, and sensations," a self-identifying gooner named Benny told VICE in 2023. "You go into a trance-like meditative state of euphoria. You lose track of time and reality, truly living in the moment." On the one hand, you can take this behavior en masse and it doesn't sound conducive to high voter turnouts or a functioning democracy. On the other, people have been fighting grim real-world prospects with escapism for years, and maybe gooning is no different to cinemas and night clubs.

In the tireless search for novelty, porn is also becoming more and more gung ho. OnlyFans stars like Bonnie Blue and Lily Phillips have kickstarted an arms race to see who can generate the most outrage and page views. Thanks to AI,



it's now possible to create porn depicting anything you want, and deep-fake porn slop featuring political leaders and celebrities is saturating cyberspace. Immersive VR porn is very much a thing for the most pioneering onanists among us, and it surely won't be too long before someone makes an affordable sex robot capable of providing hand relief without tugging your dick clean off your body.

For those unwilling to invest in masturbatory tech, there is potentially another, much darker, path ahead. It's the kind of descent that can happen gradually, and feel almost imperceptible, until it culminates in something far more damaging than anyone could have anticipated.

Like building up tolerance to a drug, it has been hypothesized that porn users may gradually have to watch content that is more and more extreme to achieve the same levels of satisfaction. Case in point: "Matthew," whose wife "Emily" spoke to the Guardian after he was arrested for viewing images depicting child abuse. "He told me he'd been using pornography for years and it had escalated," she said.

"I didn't go on the dark web looking for porn," Matthew told the paper. "But it was like opening Pandora's box—your moral conscience is saying, 'Don't do it,' but the addict's brain is saying, 'You could get a hit from this.'"

Watching porn tends to be an inherently private act, but the negative effects are progressively leaking out into wider society. In UK crime stats for 2022, more than 800 people were arrested each month for online sexual offenses, and research suggests that porn can serve as a gateway to illegal content depicting children.

Matthew, who didn't go to jail but was placed on probation and the sex offenders' register, said he came close to taking his own life after his arrest. "The only thing that stopped me was it was my dad's birthday that weekend, and it didn't seem fair on him," he explained. His wife is still reeling from the effects: "I probably have some PTSD… We had to change the doorbell ringtone after the police raid because every time it went off, I couldn't cope."

Like Matthew, many others say they've been pushed to the brink of suicide by porn. "I was searching for connection," one man told me. "At the darkest points in my life, I was consuming a lot of porn. If I were at a place where I



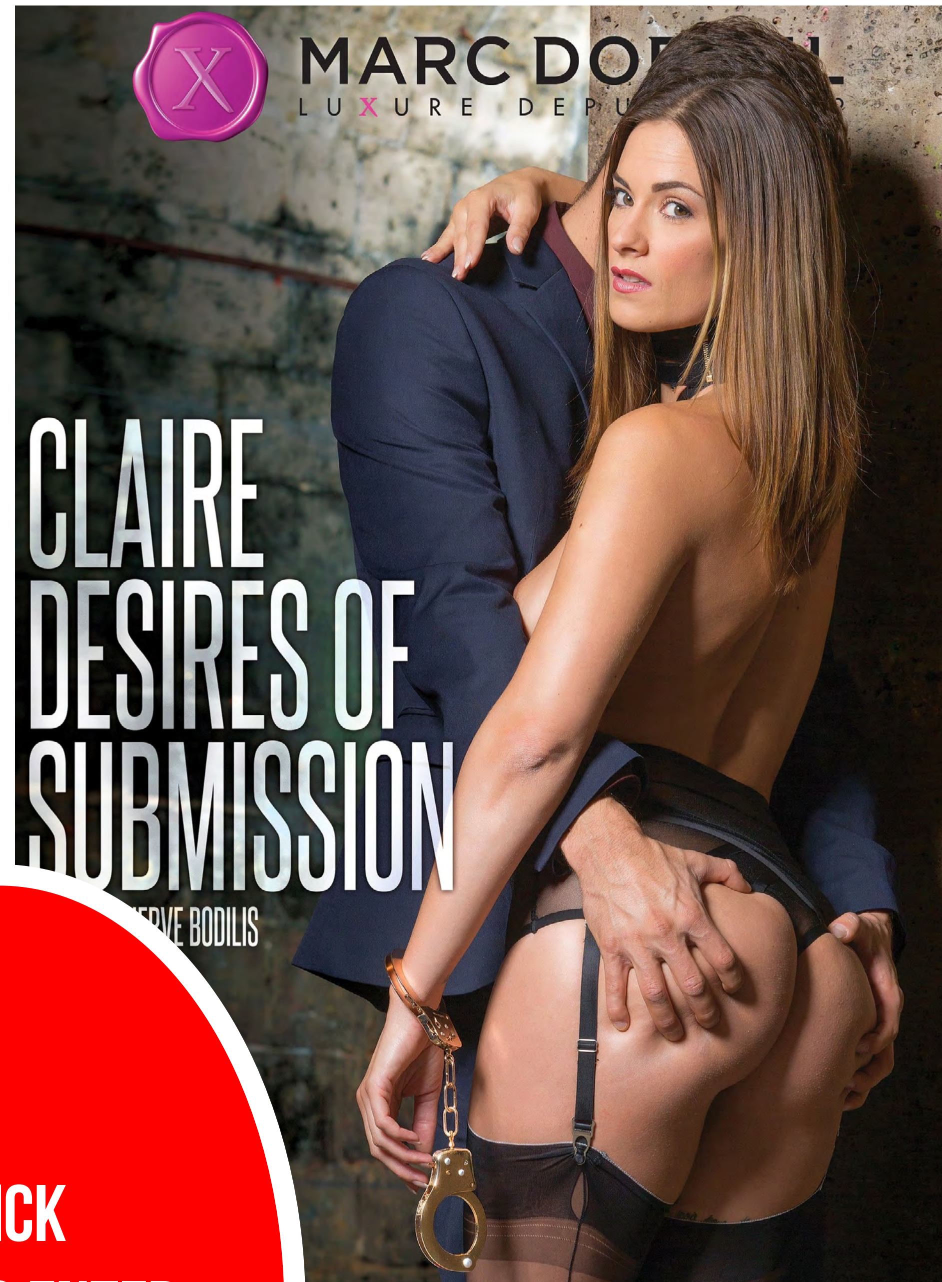
was preparing for what would mean my certain death, I would lean heavily into the instant gratification mechanism of porn to ease that pain. But every time, it made me feel worse. It always felt shameful."

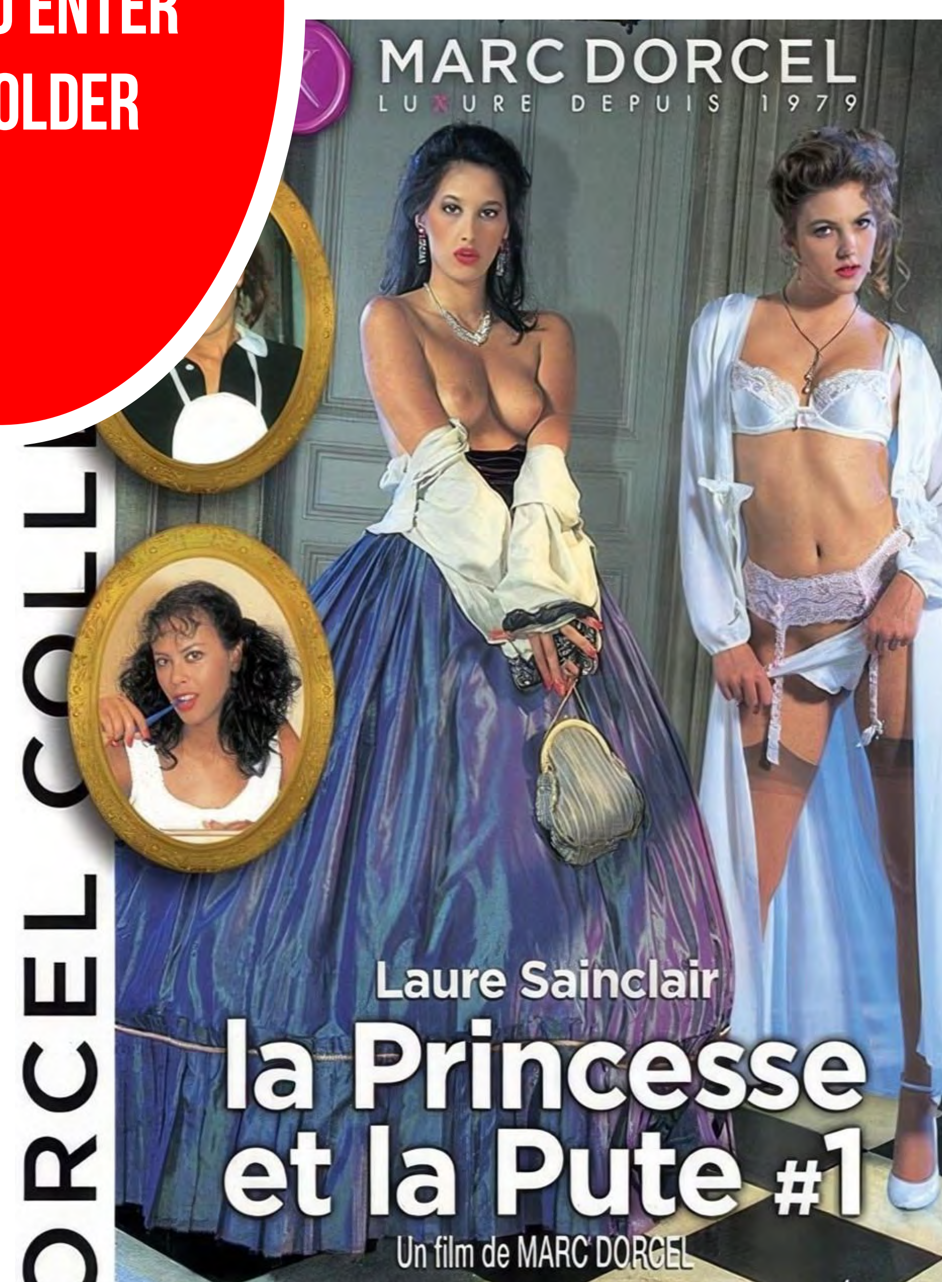
Perhaps the most universally affecting anti-porn argument of all relates to climate. Internet use could well account for 8 percent of carbon emissions by 2030, and porn accounts for a large chunk of all web traffic. (Five years ago, when PornHub's viewing figures were half what they are now, researchers found that porn streaming generates the same amount of carbon dioxide as Belgium.) As such, it may not be inaccurate to describe the human race as quite literally wanking itself to death—and now even those guys in the Amazon are at it.

We should refrain from leaning too fully into the doom. There is certainly more than enough of it floating around in the world already, and anyway, this isn't about demonizing sexual exploration or denying anyone their right to a BangBros subscription. However, we should acknowledge the cultural shifts tied to mass porn consumption, and how they are leading us into an uncertain new era that will likely redefine how we talk and think about sex, how we form relationships, and how we perceive intimacy. Pleasure is one of the driving forces of human civilization, and maybe porn is most useful as a barometer of how our relationship to pleasure is changing profoundly, in ways we are only just beginning to understand.






MARC DORCEL
LUXURE DEPUIS 1979
A FILM HERVE BODILIS
ANISSA KATE
THE WIDOW

CLAIRE
DESIRES OF
SUBMISSION


SUZIE
CARINA
TARRA
WHITE
INGLORIOUS BITCHES

MARC DORCEL
LUXURE DEPUIS 1979
Laure Sainclair
la Princesse
et la Pute #1
Un film de MARC DORCEL

HUMOR LASCIVO



"Pretty springy board, isn't it?"


La
Llave


OnlyFans.com/gabistaniak








@gabistaniak



Gabistaniak




OnlyFans.com/luabunny





Luabunny

“I don’t want to have any more orgasms”: when arousal is not welcome, desired, or pleasurable

Rita Abundancia

The recent release of the film Babygirl, starring Nicole Kidman, highlighted the intense and exhausting filming that the actress experienced. “There were moments when I thought: I don’t want to have any more orgasms. I didn’t want anyone to get close to me,” she said in an interview with The Sun. The need for space was due, according to her, to the emotional exhaustion that filming scenes with high sexual content implies. However, she made it clear that the enormous trust she had with Harris Dickinson, the actor who played her lover in the fiction, was key to being able to carry out her work in the film.

Regardless of whether her statements are totally sincere or are part of marketing to sell the film, the truth is that sexual arousal is not always welcome, nor pleasurable, nor desirable. There is what is called persistent genital arousal disorder, which, although it is a rare pathology, can turn the life of those who suffer from it (generally women) into hell. This syndrome is characterized by excessive and unwanted physical (genital) arousal, outside of an erotic context, which involves an increase in blood flow to the genital organs and, in women, an increase in vaginal secretions, without any desire for sexual activity.

For many people this may be a fantasy, but it must be taken into account that arousal and pleasure are different concepts. While the first belongs to the physiological dimension and is part of the reflexes, sensations and bodily abilities, the second has more to do with the psyche, the ability to perceive things, the connotations attributed to them (whether positive or negative), erotic imagination and even feelings. From which it follows that being aroused and feeling pleasure are not always consistent acts.

Gynecologist and sexologist Francisca Molero, director of the Ibero-American Institute of Sexology and honorary president of the Spanish Federation of Sexology Societies (FESS), has become a reference in this pathology since she had her first case 20 years ago. “Before, it was called ‘persistent sexual arousal disorder’ and different hypotheses were addressed. One of them emphasized the idea that women are less aware of certain physical stimuli that can activate sexual arousal, while men are more accustomed to these automatic responses of the body, as occurs in spontaneous erections. Over time, it was called ‘persistent genital arousal disorder’, because the stimuli are concentrated in the genitals and resemble the changes that occur in the arousal phase. Sometimes, these symptoms are resolved with orgasm, but most of the time they are not, and they can even get worse. In fact, women who suffer from this disorder avoid sex and begin to have relationship problems,” she explains. And he adds: “I would say that, within sexual problems, this is the worst tolerated and the most intrusive because it greatly worsens the quality of life of those who suffer from it.”

Neither 100 orgasms a day nor Milo Manara’s fantasy

This syndrome has nothing to do with nymphomania or with the plot of The Click (1983), the famous erotic comic by Milo Manara where a woman who has had a remote control device implanted in her brain becomes sexually insatiable every time the mechanism is activated. Those who suffer from this pathology describe the arousal as an enormous and painful pressure or pulsation in the genitals, as reflected in the documentary 100

Orgasms a Day. In the film, Rachel, an American housewife and mother of three children, tells how the arousal appears without warning and without her intending it. It can be when she is shopping in a supermarket, in the middle of a pilates class or when she is at the bank. Another of the protagonists, Jeannie, tells how she went to a gynecologist for help and he answered her: "What you have is every man's dream."

"Although many sexual problems have a psychological origin, persistent genital arousal disorder is a multifactorial syndrome with predominant physiological factors. This does not take away from the psychological impact it produces and its relationship with beliefs and experiences around sexuality," says Molero. "It can be closely related to etiological factors of a neurological, central or peripheral nature. For example, the compression of a nerve root, due to an injury or other problem. This nerve root is activated, involuntarily, and sends sensory information to the spinal cord from the genital region of the body. Information that is translated as sexual arousal, although it is not. This can be caused by a Tarlov cyst, uterine varicose veins or other problems. It is also known that it can have its origin in the sudden cessation of taking antidepressants, especially if they have been taken for long periods of time," says this gynecologist.

Addressing the treatment of persistent genital arousal disorder is complicated because each case is unique and because it is not always easy to diagnose. Furthermore, the fact that it is a rare syndrome, without a specific or 100% effective treatment, increases the suffering of patients. "You have to know how it works, take into account the physical part and identify the triggering factors, which can have a lot to do with movement (taking the bus or car) or vibration (music, drumming...)," explains Molero. "You also have to know the sexual response well, treat the genitals in a welcoming way, take care of the vulva. If there is pain, it can be treated with painkillers, and antidepressants and pelvic floor physiotherapy can sometimes help," says this professional.

Persistent genital arousal disorder has a physical basis, but it can lead to the appearance of psychological problems due to this intimate and inevitable connection between body and psyche. "One of the most predictable consequences is the appearance of anticipatory anxiety," says Alba Povedano, psychologist, sexologist and manager of the Amantis Gràcia erotic shop in Barcelona. "A state of hypervigilance sets in, waiting for the next outcome to come, which keeps the nervous system on alert. This affects the whole being in a transversal way. Many people avoid relationships, isolate themselves and can end up being victims of depression."

What Povedano recommends is "cognitive-behavioral therapy and mindfulness to promote relaxation, breathing and full attention." "Generally, we live very disconnected from our bodily sensations and, due to cultural issues, women can experience this unwanted excitement with more shame and guilt than men. On the other hand, it is curious how this disorder seems to be in tune with the times we live in, with consumerism, with giving more value to quantity than to quality, with praising strength and underestimating subtlety, with making erotic toys more and more powerful and with feeling less and less," the psychologist emphasizes.

Pelvic floor physiotherapy can help, although not always, with this disorder. Sonia Bedate, a physiotherapist specialized in pelvic floor, osteopath and sexologist with a practice in Mérida and Almendralejo (Badajoz), remembers only one patient with this problem in her years as a professional. "She had the mistaken perception that the disorder had been triggered by treatments for vaginal infections. The truth is that she spent a lot of time sitting, with a lot of compression of the pelvis, and had restless legs syndrome. Pelvic floor physiotherapy can decompress and release any entrapment of neuropathic, vascular or Tarlov cyst origin in the lumbosacral area. It can help to eliminate blockages or compressions, and to free everything up to facilitate venous return," Bedate points out.


Transferencia
BanCoppel
¿Vives en México?
ESCRIBE A enrique.rojas.roman@gmail.com Y SOLICITA EL NÚMERO DE LA TARJETA

Cosplay of the month





Year 11 No 5 Mar 2025